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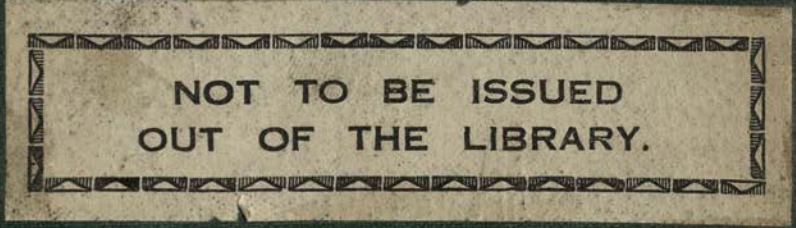
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THE PLATFORM RECITER.

THE

PLATFORM RECITER

EDITED BY

ALFRED H. MILES.

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I. MODERN POETRY FOR RECITATION.
II. LOVE, HEROISM, AND DOMESTIC LIFE.
III. LEGENDS AND BALLADS, ETC., ETC.

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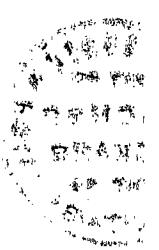

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PREFACE.

THE PLATFORM RECITER series has been designed with a view of providing a library of modern poetry and prose suitable for platform use.

In the pursuit of this object the platform has been kept steadily in view, and two conditions have been regarded as of imperative obligation; namely, that the pieces selected should be in every case suitable for public rendering, and that the type used should be sufficiently clear and distinct for reading upon platforms, which are none too well provided with light.

To secure the first condition, the Editor has selected from the most successful pieces of the modern platform, drawing largely upon the *repertoires* of the leading elocutionists, and including some of the best and rarest of the pieces from the programmes of Mr. Samuel Brandram, Mr. Clifford Harrison, Mr. Alexander Watson and others;—and to secure the second, he has adopted a size of type and a judicious system of spacing, which he hopes leaves nothing to be desired on the score of convenience.

The volume is divided into three parts: I. A general selection of the most successful pieces from the programmes of the best elocutionists; II. A selection of poems and prose readings on Love, Heroism, and Domestic Life, especially, but not exclusively, suitable

for the use of Lady reciters; III. A collection of "Legends," lays of "Life, Progress and Duty," "Ballads," "Sacred, Moral and Religious" pieces, and "Short poems for young Reciters," together with several tales and sketches in prose.

The Editor desires to express his obligations to the late Robert Browning and his publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., to Lord Houghton, Professor Blackie, Mr. Edward F. Turner, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Hamilton Aidë, Mr. Douglas Sladen, Mr. Tristram St. Martin, the late Mr. Charles Mackay, Mr. James Runciman, Miss Jean Ingelow, Rev. S. B. Gould, Rev. W. J. Christie, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Mr. W. C. Bennet, Mr. G. Manville Fenn, Messrs. Harper Bros., Messrs. Bell & Sons, Messrs. S. Low and Co., Messrs. Thacker & Co., Messrs. Wells, Gardner & Co., and the Religious Tract Society, for kind permission to include some of their valuable copyrights.

A. H. M.

Oct. 1*st*, 1891.

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MODERN POETRY,

FOR RECITATION.

EDITED BY

ALFRED H. MILES.

HERVÉ RIEL.

ROBERT BROWNING.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker still;
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight,
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard:
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croiseckese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried
its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So, the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are staunched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel,"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.
Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure.

His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please, your honours," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,

If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;

And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh, rats! rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast dry-saltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, come, bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!

"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen-hundred and seventy-six:"

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
A Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!

And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's not in her.
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "For Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and crop over; lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE CONFESSIONAL

(SPAIN).

ROBERT BROWNING.

It is a lie—their Priests, their Pope,
Their Saints, their : . . all they fear or hope
Are lies, and lies—there! through my door
And ceiling there! and walls and floor,
There lies, they lie—shall still be hurled,
Till spite of them I reach the world!

You think Priests just and holy men!
Before they put me in this den
I was a human creature too,
With flesh and blood like one of you,
A girl that laughed in beauty's pride
Like lilies in your world outside.

I had a lover—shame, avaunt!
This poor wrenched body, grim and gaunt,
Was kissed all over till it burned
By lips the truest, love e'er turned
His heart's own tint: one night they kissed
My soul out in a burning mist.

So, next day, when the accustomed train
Of things grew round my sense again,
"That is a sin," I said; and slow
With downcast eyes to church I go,
And pass to the confession-chair,
And tell the old mild father there.

But when I faltered Beltran's name,
"Ha?" quoth the father, "much I blame
The sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?
Despair not—strenuously retrieve;

Nay, I will turn this love of thine
To lawful love, almost divine.

"For he is young, and led astray,
This Beltran; and he schemes, men say,
To change the laws of Church and State;
So thine shall be an angel's fate,
Who, ere the thunder breaks, shall roll
Its cloud away and save his soul.

"For, when he lies upon thy breast,
Thou mayst demand, and be possessed
Of all his plans, and next day steal
To me, and all those plans reveal,
That I and every priest, to purge
His soul, may fast and use the scourge."

That father's beard was long and white,
With love and truth his brow seemed bright:
I went back, all on fire with joy,
And, that same evening, bade the boy
Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,
Something to prove his love of me.

He told me what he would not tell
For hope of heaven or fear of hell;
And I lay listening in such pride!
And, soon as he had left my side,
Tripped to the church by morning light
To save his soul in his despite.

I told the father all his schemes,
Who were his comrades, what their dreams.
"And now make haste," I said, "to pray
The one spot from his soul away;
To-night he comes, but not the same
Will look!" At night he never came.

Nor next night: on the after-morn
I went forth with a strength new-born:
The Church was empty; something drew
My steps into the street; I knew
It led me to the market-place:
When, lo, on high, the father's face!

That horrible black scaffold dressed,
That stapled block . . . God sink the rest!
That head strapped back, that blinding vest;
Those knotted hands and naked breast,
Till near one busy hangman pressed,
And, on the neck these arms caressed . . .

No part in aught they hope or fear!
No heaven with them, no hell!—and here,
No earth, not so much space as pens
My body in this worst of dens,
But shall hear God and man my cry,
Lies—lies, again—and still they lie!

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMPAIGN.

ROBERT BROWNING.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day:
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans,
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)—
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well!" cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
We've got yon Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touch'd to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And, his Chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

MY FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.

EDWARD F. TURNER.

How I ever came to do it I don't know. I was not a theatrical man. I had never acted a part in my life, except once at charade when I was a little boy, and then my elder brother smacked my head in the passage afterwards because I let out the word with appalling significance immediately I came on. As far as I have anything like an impression on the subject, I think it was all owing to Duncan. If it was not, I have done him a wrong of tall dimensions, inasmuch as I have cut him persistently ever since it occurred, seven years ago.

If I am not dreaming, Duncan called on me on the day of the performance, and said, in about two breaths and a half, that it was for the benefit of a charity, and somebody could not play the small part of Giuseppe Diavolo at the last moment because his mother was ill, and would I do it, and it was as easy as possible, and I should only be on the stage a few minutes, and the theatre was in Bayswater, and would I start, please, not later than a quarter-past six, and he was sure I could not refuse, and it was very kind of me to say I would do it (I had not said anything of the kind), and there was the book with the part all marked, and he was very sorry he could not stop, but he had to go and see the costumier, who had only sent him one grey whisker instead of two to play an old man's part in, and, as he said before, it really was very good-natured indeed, and *au revoir*—and then I found myself alone with the book.

If I am not still dreaming, I rushed out to call Duncan back; but by the time I got to the top of the stairs, the tails of his coat were just whisking out of the door, and he either would not or could not hear my despairing shout.

I believe, also, that when I came back into my room again, I took the book up and began to learn my part. I shall always declare to the end of my life—and thumb-screws won't make me depart from the statement—that at 5 P.M. I knew every single word of it. But I confess myself totally at a loss to account for the phenomenon, that at 5.30 I didn't know it quite so well; that at 6 a distinct coolness had sprung up between me and it; and that at 6.15, when I had been requested to start for the scene of action, we were complete strangers to each other.

I started mechanically, book in hand, and I hailed a cab. My composure of mind was not augmented by the circumstance that the driver confounded the elegant little bijou theatre to which he was directed to take me, first with a low music-hall, and then with a lower music-hall; and that he then, as it were, suddenly repenting, drove me in triumph up to the front entrance of a dissenting chapel. We ultimately arrived at my real destination; but the devious route by which I had come, and the stoppages which had occurred on the way, had consumed so much time, that the performance was about to begin; and all hope of my having a little quiet "study" at my part had vanished.

I think, but I am not sure, that I expected, when I got to the door, to see Duncan there in the act of putting on his whiskers. If I did I was doomed to disappointment, for he was nowhere visible. This being so, I thought I had better ask for the "green-room," and I did so of a man who was standing at the door, in a tone which might naturally accompany an inquiry for the condemned cell.

"Green-room, sir? Bless yer, there ain't no green-room 'ere; but the dressin'-rooms is hunder the stage. You've come to the wrong hentrance haltogether; but if you go along that there passidge, and hopen that there door at the

hend of it, and go down the stairs (which, the roof being low and the timbers sticking hout, you'll wery likely 'it your 'ed as you goes), you'll find another door as leads into another passidge, and the dressin'-rooms leads hout of that."

This complicated and not, strictly speaking, cheerful direction is impressed on my memory with exactness, because I *did* hit my head against a protruding timber as I went down the stairs to which the man had alluded. And as I have the scar now, I am led to think that this part of the evening, at all events, is not a creature of my imagination.

Giddy with the blow, I found myself, somehow, in the passage out of which the various dressing-rooms led, and the questions which I had to solve were, which dressing-room was intended for me, how I was going to be dressed, and who was going to dress me. I gently tried a door with the words "Dressing-room" written over it. It was locked, and a shrill treble scream from within gave me reason to suppose that if it had *not* been locked the consequences might have been embarrassing. I fled on tiptoe, and was getting desperate, when a door lower down opened a little way, and an anxious head was thrust out. It was so disguised with paint, an unearthly wig, and two venerable grey whiskers, that I should not, I think, have recognised its owner but for the fact of his speaking to me in the unmistakable tones of Duncan.

"My dear fellow, this is your room. I told the man at the stage-door to show it to you. For mercy's sake, make haste! you've got to be dressed, and you come on quite early in the first act. Come along, pray."

I went along, pray; and the next thing I remember is that I found myself dressed up as a brigand, with a long cloak thrown loosely over me, as to which I can recall that whenever I walked I tripped up in it, and fell forwards, and whenever I stood still I caught my heels in it, and fell backwards. After I had done this impartially about six times each way, I thought it advisable to tuck it up. I am

inclined now to believe that I must then have looked rather more like an elderly lady going over a crossing on a wet day than a bloodthirsty brigand.

I was scarcely tucked up when Duncan, who had gone upstairs and told me to wait in the dressing-room till he called me, came rushing down.

"Come up instantly—you'll be on in a minute. Don't forget the pistols, and the sword, and the rifle, and the dagger."

I had put those weapons all down while arranging the cloak to my satisfaction, and I now seized them hastily, and put the dagger through my belt on one side with the handle downwards, and the pistols on the other side with the barrels pointing upwards, so that if they had been loaded and had gone off they must infallibly have blown my head off; and I clung to the sword in one hand, and to some part, but I really don't know what part, of the gun in the other hand, and ran after Duncan.

The moment I got to the top of the stairs the dagger began to wriggle, and the weight of the handle being at the wrong end, it fell out of the scabbard, and I had to pick it up; and as the scabbard had got mixed up with the belt, and I could not unfasten it, I had to make dabs at it with the dagger, which resulted in my receiving six small flesh wounds, and then throwing the dagger away. I was in the very act of doing so when my turn came to go on.

I am prepared to state on oath, that from the time of my reaching the theatre until that moment no subject had been more distant from my mind than my part. Owing to my lateness, the succession of events had been so rapid and startling that I had not had one instant for reflection of any kind, and had given myself up to the situation like a straw in a whirlwind.

Accordingly, when Duncan gave me a push and whispered, "Now then, fire away; flourish your gun, and say, 'Ha! ha! whom have we here?'" I was as much astonished at the moment as if he had asked me to assassinate his mother.

The scene must, I think, have been a forest. My reason for thinking so is, that there were two or three evergreens and a general appearance of green paint about, and that two ladies, an old and a young one, were wandering up and down and trying not to see me (which was a difficult matter, as the size of the stage would not allow of my being more than about three yards off them), and that they mentioned at intervals that the carriage had broken down, and they feared they had lost the path, and they sincerely trusted that Heaven would not, in that very unpleasant dilemma, desert them.

I have sometimes since, in a quiet hour, speculated in my mind as to whether, in happier circumstances, I might have gone so far as to deliver myself of the ridiculous observation, "Ha! ha! whom have we here?" I almost think I should have got to it in time; I seem even to recall a desperate effort to clear my mind and be equal to the occasion; but at the critical moment when my lips were about to move and say something—it might have been "Ha! ha! whom have we here?" or it might not; I won't pledge myself on the point—I dropped a pistol. I stooped down instinctively to pick up the pistol, and down went the gun, and then the other pistol, and then the sword, and then the pistol I had just picked up; and the more agonised I grew, and the more desperately I struggled, the more hopeless I found it to retain all my weapons at one and the same moment. If I got a firm hold of the pistols, the gun was prostrate and the sword between my legs; if I secured the sword and one pistol, the other pistol rolled about the stage like a nine-pin, and the gun fell with a thud on my toe. The violence of my exertions caused the arrangement by which I had fastened up my cloak to give way; and just as I had at last fairly got hold of sword, gun, and pistols, and was clutching them in my arms like a person nursing several babies at once, down went that abominable garment to its full length, and the next moment I had tripped up, and was rolling about the stage on my back, with the implements of war on the top of me,

clutched in my arms as before, and hurting most dreadfully.

I know that Duncan has denied it since, but I am positively certain that exactly at that moment he observed, in a most unkind tone of voice from the side-wings—it is painful to me to repeat his coarse language, but I must do it—he observed, "Come off, you ass."

I was so convinced of it at the time, and so full of indignation that I sat up (I couldn't stand), forgetful of audience and of everything but my wrongs, and threw first one pistol and then another at the place from which Duncan's voice came. The first one broke a plate-glass window, and the other hit the stage carpenter on the head.

The discharge of these missiles was followed by an instant burning desire for precipitate flight. I got up like lightning (I managed it that time), made for the wings, tore off my cloak, went upstairs, downstairs, and along passages, as if pursued by all the furies; reached the stage-door, rushed past the man who was there, opened it, and made for home in a costume consisting of buff-coloured boots up to the thighs, a leather belt about two feet wide, with the scabbard of the dagger still thrust into it wrong side up, and a crimson coat and trousers. I must add that I was also garnished with a gigantic pair of beetle eyebrows, a large black beard, and a shaggy wig. I had been originally finished off with a conical-shaped hat, but that must have come off somewhere, for I certainly had nothing on my head, except the wig, when I started from the theatre. My impression is, that it fell off and rolled about like a pudding-basin in distress when I tumbled down.

How I ever got through the streets I know not. At all events, I am persuaded that if I had had to be let in at my lodgings by the servant, I should have been responsible for her sudden death from fright. But luckily I had, from some instinctive impulse, transferred my latch-key, notwithstanding the haste in which I had dressed, to the pocket of my threatrical costume, and I was able to let myself in.

I sent back the costume in a hamper next day, anonymously. No one ever sent me back my own clothes, and, for the wealth of the Indies, I couldn't have gone to the theatre to claim them.

I have stated here what I believe to have been facts that actually occurred. There is only one thing which makes me doubt whether my whole story is not based on some extraordinary hallucination. It is this—that in a theatrical magazine which I took up accidentally soon after the date on which I suppose these events to have happened, there was contained a criticism on the performance in which I had, as I thought, taken part in the character of Giuseppe Diavolo, and in that criticism appeared the following paragraph:—

"The play was a melodrama of the heaviest type, and it was relieved only from intolerable dulness by the irresistibly droll acting of the gentleman who played the part of a comic brigand named Giuseppe Diavolo. This actor contrived, out of the slender material of pure pantomimic action, to provoke the most side-splitting laughter we ever remember to have heard in a theatre, and his sudden and somewhat unexplained disappearance left a blank which was not supplied during the remainder of the evening."

BERTHA IN THE LANE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Put the broidery-frame away,
For my sewing is all done;
The last thread is used to-day,
And I need not join it on.
Though the clock stands at the noon,
I am weary. I have sewn,
Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,
And stand near me, Dearest-sweet.
Do not shrink nor be afraid,
Blushing with a sudden heat!
No one standeth in the street?—
By God's love I go to meet,
Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down; drop it in
These two hands, that I may hold
'Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,
Stroking back the curls of gold:
'Tis a fair, fair face, in sooth—
Larger eyes and redder mouth
Than mine were in my first youth.

Thou art younger by seven years—
Ah!—so bashful at my gaze,
That the lashes, hung with tears,
Grow too heavy to upraise?
I would wound thee by no touch
Which thy shyness feels as such.
Dost thou mind me, Dear, so much?

Have I not been nigh a mother
To thy sweetness—tell me, Dear?
Have we not loved one another
Tenderly, from year to year,
Since our dying mother mild
Said, with accents undefiled,
"Child, be mother to this child"?

Mother, mother, up in heaven,
Stand up on the jasper sea,
And be witness I have given
All the gifts required of me—
Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,
Love that left me with a wound,
Life itself that turneth round!

Mother, mother, thou art kind,
Thou art standing in the room,
In a molten glory shrined
That rays off into the gloom!
But thy smile is bright and bleak
Like cold waves—I cannot speak,
I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof
One hour longer from my soul.
For I still am thinking of
Earth's warm-beating joy and dole!
On my finger is a ring
Which I still see glittering
When the night hides everything.

Little sister, thou art pale!
Ah! I have a wandering brain—
But I lose that fever-bale,
And my thoughts grow calm again.
Lean down closer—closer still!
I have words thine ear to fill,
And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,
  Thee and Robert,—through the trees,—
When we all went gathering
  Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.
Do not start so! think instead
How the sunshine overhead
Seemed to tickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day!
  Hills and vales did openly
Seem to heave and throb away
  At the sight of the great sky:
And the silence, as it stood
In the glory's golden flood,
Audibly did bud, and bud.

Through the winding hedgerows green,
  How we wandered, I and you,
With the bowery tops shut in,
  And the gates that showed the view!
How we talked there; thrushes soft
Sang our praises out, or oft
Bleatings took them from the croft:

Till the pleasure grown too strong
  Left me muter evermore,
And, the winding road being long,
  I walked out of sight, before,
And so, wrapt in musings fond,
  Issued (past the wayside pond)
On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sate down beneath the beech
  Which leans over to the lane,
And the far sound of your speech
  Did not promise any pain;
And I blessed you full and free,
With a smile stooped tenderly
O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word
As the speakers drew more near—
Sweet, forgive me that I heard
What you wished me not to hear.
Do not weep so, do not shake,
Oh,—I heard thee, Bertha, make
Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and he too! let him stand
In thy thoughts untouched by blame.
Could he help it, if my hand
He had claimed with hasty claim?
That was wrong perhaps—but then
Such things be—and will, again,
Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee when he swore
He would love but me alone!
Thou wast absent, sent before
To our kin in Sidmouth town.
When he saw thee who art best
Past compare, and loveliest,
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,
Thou and I, Dear, if we might?
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds
Flying straightway to the light:
Mine are older.—Hush!—look out—
Up the street! Is none without?
How the poplar swings about!

And that hour—beneath the beech,
When I listened in a dream,
And he said in his deep speech
That he owed me all esteem,—
Each word swam in on my brain
With a dim, dilating pain,
Till it burst with that last strain.

I fell flooded with a dark,
In the silence of a swoon.
When I rose, still cold and stark,
There was night; I saw the moon
And the stars, each in its place;
And the May-blooms on the grass,
Seemed to wonder what I was.

And I walked as if apart
From myself, when I could stand,
And I pitied my own heart,
As if I held it in my hand,
Somewhat coldly, with a sense
Of fulfilled benevolence,
And a "Poor thing" negligence.

And I answered coldly too,
When you met me at the door;
And I only heard the dew
Dripping from me to the floor:
And the flowers I bade you see,
Were too withered for the bee,—
As my life, henceforth, for me.

Do not weep so—Dear—heart-warm!
All was best as it befell.
If I say he did me harm,
I speak wild,—I am not well.
All his words were kind and good—
He esteemed me. Only, blood
Runs so faint in womanhood!

Then I always was too grave,—
Liked the saddest ballad sung,—
With that look, besides, we have
In our faces, who die young.
I had died, Dear, all the same;
Life's long, joyous, jostling game
Is too loud for my meek shame.

We are so unlike each other,
  Thou and I, that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
  But for mutual tenderness.
Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
And meant verily to hold
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows
  Close beside a rose-tree's root;
Whosoe'er would reach the rose
  Treads the crocus underfoot.
I, like May-bloom on thorn-tree,
Thou, like merry summer-bee,—
Fit that I be plucked for thee!

Yet who plucks me?—no one mourns
  I have lived my season out,
And now die of my own thorns,
  Which I could not live without.
Sweet, be merry! How the light
Comes and goes! If it be night,
Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door?
  Look out quickly. Yea, or nay?
Some one might be waiting for
  Some last word that I might say.
Nay? So best!—so angels would
Stand off clear from deathly road,
Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet.
  When I wear the shroud I made,
Let the folds lie straight and neat,
  And the rosemary be spread,
That if any friend should come,
(To see thee, Sweet!) all the room
May be lifted out of gloom,

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring,
Which at nights, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave, where it will light
All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave drop not a tear!
Else, though fathom-deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wear
I shall feel it on my face.
Rather smile there, blessèd one,
Thinking of me in the sun,
Or forget me—smiling on!

Art thou near me? nearer! so—
Kiss me close upon the eyes,
That the earthly light may go
Sweetly, as it used to rise
When I watched the morning-grey
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way
He was sure to come that day.

So,—no more vain words be said!
The hosannas nearer roll.
Mother, smile now on thy Dead,
I am death-strong in my soul.
Mystic Dove alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind above loss!

Jesus, Victim, comprehending,
Love's divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels' hands of fire!
I aspire while I expire.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
  Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers, —
  And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
  The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
  The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
  They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
  In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
  Why their tears are falling so?—
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
  Which is lost in Long Ago—
The old tree is leafless in the forest—
  The old year is ending in the frost—
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—
  The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
  Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers
  In our happy fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy—
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary,—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year—her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay:
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice, it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes!
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud by the kirk-chime!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have:
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh!" say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
Turns the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—
And all day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth—
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray—
So the Blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word;
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words except 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angel's song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with Me, My child.'

'But no," say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone;
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children—"Up in heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun:
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm—
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,—
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see.
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity;—
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne, amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[*To abbreviate for recitation omit stanzas* II. *to* XII. *and* XLIV.]

I.

A KNIGHT of gallant deeds,
And a young page at his side,
From the holy war in Palestine
Did slow and thoughtful ride,
As each were a palmer and told for beads
The dews of the eventide.

II.

"Oh, young page," said the knight,
"A noble page art thou!
Thou fearest not to steep in blood
The curls upon thy brow;
And once in the tent, and twice in the fight
Didst ward me a mortal blow."

III.

"Oh, brave knight," said the page,
"Or ere we hither came,
We talked in tent, we talked in field,
Of the bloody battle-game;
But here, below this greenwood bough,
I cannot speak the same.

IV.

"Our troop is far behind,
The woodland calm is new;
Our steeds, with slow grass-muffled hoofs,
Tread deep the shadows through;
And, in my mind, some blessing kind
Is dropping with the dew.

V.

"The woodland calm is pure—
I cannot choose but have
A thought from these, o' the beechen-trees,
Which in our England wave.
And of the little finches fine
Which sang there while in Palestine
The warrior-hilt we drave.

VI.

"Methinks, a moment gone,
I heard my mother pray!
I heard, sir knight, the prayer for me
Wherein she passed away;
And I know the heavens are leaning down
To hear what I shall say."

VII.

The page spake calm and high,
As of no mean degree;
Perhaps he felt in nature's broad
Full heart, his own was free:
And the knight looked up to his lifted eye,
Then answered smilingly—

VIII.

"Sir page, I pray your grace!
Certes, I meant not so
To cross your pastoral mood, sir page,
With the crook of the battle-bow;
But a knight may speak of a lady's face,
I ween, in any mood or place,
If the grasses die or grow.

IX.

"And this I meant to say—
My lady's face shall shine
As ladies' faces use, to greet
My page from Palestine;
Or, speak she fair or prank she gay,
She is no lady of mine.

X.

"And this I meant to fear—
Her bower may suit thee ill;
For, sooth, in that same field and tent,
Thy *talk* was somewhat still:
And fitter thy hand for my knightly spear
Than thy tongue for my lady's will!"

XI.

Slowly and thankfully
The young page bowed his head;
His large eyes seemed to muse a smile,
Until he blushed instead,
And no lady in her bower, pardiè,
Could blush more sudden red:
"Sir knight,—thy lady's bower to me
Is suited well," he said.

XII.

Beati, beati, mortui!
From the convent on the sea,
One mile off, or scarce so nigh,
Swells the dirge as clear and high
As if that, over brake and lea,
Bodily the wind did carry
The great altar of St. Mary,
And the fifty tapers burning o'er it,
And the Lady Abbess dead before it,
And the chanting nuns whom yesterweek
Her voice did charge and bless,—
Chanting steady, chanting meek,
Chanting with a solemn breath,
Because that they are thinking less
Upon the dead than upon death.
Beati, beati, mortui!
Now the vision in the sound
Wheeleth on the wind around;
Now it sweepeth back, away—
The uplands will not let it stay
To dark the western sun:
Mortui!—away at last,—
Or ere the page's blush is past!
And the knight heard all, and the page heard none.

XIII.

"A boon, thou noble knight,
If ever I servëd thee!
Though thou art a knight and I am a page,
Now grant a boon to me;
And tell me sooth, if dark or bright,
If little loved or loved aright
Be the face of thy ladye."

XIV.

Gloomily looked the knight—
"As a son thou hast servëd me,
And would to none I had granted boon
Except to only thee!
For haply then I should love aright,
For then I should know if dark or bright
Were the face of my ladye.

XV.

"Yet it ill suits my knightly tongue,
To grudge that granted boon,
That heavy price from heart and life
I paid in silence down;
The hand that claimed it, cleared in fine
My father's fame: I swear by mine,
That price was nobly won!

XVI.

"Earl Walter was a brave old earl,
He was my father's friend;
And while I rode the lists at court
And little guessed the end,
My noble father in his shroud,
Against a slanderer lying loud,
He rose up to defend.

XVII.

"Oh, calm below the marble grey
My father's dust was strown!
Oh, meek above the marble grey
His image prayed alone!
The slanderer lied: the wretch was brave—
For, looking up the minster-nave,
He saw my father's knightly glaive
Was changed from steel to stone.

XVIII.

"Earl Walter's glaive was steel,
With a brave old hand to wear it,
And dashed the lie back in the mouth
Which lied against the godly truth
And against the knightly merit:
The slanderer, 'neath the avenger's heel,
Struck up the dagger in appeal
From stealthy lie to brutal force—
And out upon the traitor's corse
Was yielded the true spirit.

XIX.

"I would mine hand had fought that fight
And justified my father!
I would mine heart had caught that wound
And slept beside him rather!
I think it were a better thing
Than murdered friend and marriage-ring
Forced on my life together.

XX.

"Wail shook Earl Walter's house;
His true wife shed no tear;
She lay upon her bed as mute
As the earl did on his bier:
Till—'Ride, ride fast,' she said at last,
'And bring the avengëd's son anear!
Ride fast, ride free as a dart can flee,
For white of blee with waiting for me
Is the corse in the next chambère.'

XXI.

"I came, I knelt beside her bed;
Her calm was worse than strife;

'My husband, for thy father dear,
Gave freely when thou wast not here
His own and eke my life.
A boon! Of that sweet child we make
An orphan for thy father's sake,
Make thou, for ours, a wife.'

XXII.

"I said, 'My steed neighs in the court,
My bark rocks on the brine,
And the warrior's vow I am under now
To free the pilgrim's shrine;
But fetch the ring and fetch the priest,
And call that daughter of thine,
And rule she wide from my castle on Nyde
While I am in Palestine.'

XXIII.

"In the dark chambère, if the bride was fair,
Ye wis, I could not see,
But the steed thrice neighed, and the priest fast prayed,
And wedded fast were we.
Her mother smiled upon her bed
As at its side we knelt to wed,
And the bride rose from her knee
And kissed the smile of her mother dead,
Or ever she kissed me.

XXIV.

"My page, my page, what grieves thee so,
That the tears run down thy face?"—
"Alas, alas! mine own sistèr
Was in thy lady's case:

But *she* laid down the silks she wore
And followed him she wed before,
Disguised as his true servitor,
To the very battle place."

XXV.

And wept the page, but laughed the knight,
A careless laugh laughed he:
"Well done it were for thy sister,
But not for my ladye!
My love, so please you, shall requite
No woman, whether dark or bright,
Unwomaned if she be."

XXVI.

The page stopped weeping and smiled cold—
"Your wisdom may declare
That womanhood is proved the best
By golden brooch and glossy vest,
The mincing ladies wear;
Yet is it proved, and was of old,
Anear as well, I dare to hold,
By truth or by despair."

XXVII.

He smiled no more, he wept no more,
But passionate he spake—
"Oh, womanly she prayed in tent,
When none beside did wake!
Oh, womanly she paled in fight,
For one belovëd's sake!—
And her little hand, defiled with blood,
Her tender tears of womanhood
Most woman-pure did make!"

XXVIII.

—" Well done it were for thy sistèr,
Thou tellest well her tale!
But for my lady, she shall pray
I' the kirk of Nydesdale.
Not dread for me but love for me
Shall make my lady pale;
No casque shall hide her woman's tear—
It shall have room to trickle clear
Behind her woman's veil."

XXIX.

—" But what if she mistook thy mind
And followed thee to strife,
Then kneeling did entreat thy love
As Paynims ask for life?"
—" I would forgive, and evermore
Would love her as my servitor,
But little as my wife."

XXX.

" Look up—there is a small bright cloud
Alone amid the skies!
So high, so pure, and so apart,
A woman's honour lies."
The page looked up—the cloud was sheen—
A sadder cloud did rush, I ween,
Betwixt it and his eyes.

XXXI.

Then dimly dropped his eyes away
From welkin unto hill—
Ha! who rides there? the page is 'ware,
Though the cry at his heart is still:
And the page seeth all and the knight seeth none,
Though banner and spear do fleck the sun,
And the Saracens ride at will.

XXXII.

He speaketh calm—he speaketh low,—
"Ride fast, my master, ride,
Or ere within the broadening dark
The narrow shadows hide."
"Yea, fast, my page, I will do so,
And keep thou at my side."

XXXIII.

"Now nay, now nay, ride on thy way,
Thy faithful page precede.
For I must loose on saddle-bow
My battle-casque that galls, I trow,
The shoulder of my steed;
And I must pray, as I did vow,
For one in bitter need.

XXXIV.

"Ere night I shall be near to thee,—
Now ride, my master, ride!
Ere night, as parted spirits cleave
To mortals too beloved to leave,
I shall be at thy side."
The knight smiled free at the fantasy,
And adown the dell did ride.

XXXV.

Had the knight looked up to the page's face,
No smile the word had won;
Had the knight looked up to the page's face,
I ween he had never gone:
Had the knight looked back to the page's geste,
I ween he had turned anon,
For dread was the woe in the face so young,
And wild was the silent geste that flung
Casque, sword, to earth, as the boy down-sprung
And stood—alone, alone.

XXXVI.

He clenched his hands as if to hold
His soul's great agony—
"Have I renounced my womanhood,
For wifehood unto *thee*,
And is this the last, last look of thine
That ever I shall see?

XXXVII.

"Yet God thee save, and may'st thou have
A lady to thy mind,
More woman-proud and half as true
As one thou leav'st behind!
And God me take with HIM to dwell—
For HIM I cannot love too well,
As I have loved my kind."

XXXVIII.

She looketh up, in earth's despair,
The hopeful heavens to seek;
That little cloud still floateth there,
Whereof her loved did speak:
How bright the little cloud appears!
Her eyelids fall upon the tears,
And the tears down either cheek.

XXXIX.

The tramp of hoof, the flash of steel—
The Paynims round her coming!
The sound and sight have made her calm,—
False page, but truthful woman;
She stands amid them all unmoved:
A heart once broken by the loved
Is strong to meet the foeman.

XL.

"Ho, Christian page! art keeping sheep,
From pouring wine-cups resting?"—
"I keep my master's noble name,
For warring, not for feasting;
And if that here Sir Hubert were,
My master brave, my master dear,
Ye would not stay the questing."

XLI.

"Where is thy master, scornful page,
That we may slay or bind him?"—
"Now search the lea and search the wood,
And see if ye can find him!
Nathless, as hath been often tried,
Your Paynim heroes faster ride
Before him than behind him."

XLII.

"Give smoother answers, lying page,
Or perish in the lying!"—
"I trow that if the warrior brand
Beside my foot were in my hand,
'Twere better at replying!"
They cursed her deep, they smote her low,
They cleft her golden ringlets through;
The Loving is the Dying.

XLIII.

She felt the scimitar gleam down,
And met it from beneath
With a smile more bright in victory
Than any sword from sheath,—
Which flashed across her lip serene,
Most like the spirit-light between
The darks of life and death.

XLIV.

Ingemisco, ingemisco!
From the convent on the sea,
Now it sweepeth solemnly,
As over wood and over lea
Bodily the wind did carry
The great altar of St. Mary,
And the fifty tapers paling o'er it,
And the Lady Abbess stark before it,
And the weary nuns with hearts that faintly
Beat along their voices saintly—
Ingemisco, ingemisco!
Dirge for abbess laid in shroud
Sweepeth o'er the shroudless dead,
Page or lady, as we said,
With the dews upon her head,
All as sad if not as loud.
Ingemisco, ingemisco!
Is ever a lament begun
By any mourner under sun,
Which, ere it endeth, suits but *one?*

THE OSTLER'S STORY.

TOLD IN THE STABLE.

ALFRED H. MILES.

TELL you a story, Master 'Arry? Ah! there's only one story as ought to be told in this yer stable, and that's the old un as allus hupsets me to tell. But I don't mind a-goin' over the old ground once ag'in, Master 'Arry, as you know werry well, if these yer gents 'as a mind to listen to a hold man's yarn. It beats all the printed stories as ever I see, but then, as I ain't no scholar, and can't see werry well neither, p'raps that ain't no much wonder arter all. Reading ain't much in my line yer see, sir, and, as the old master used to say, "Bring up yer boys to the prerfishuns yer means 'em to foller." 'Osses is my prerfishun, sir, and 'osses I was brought up to.

Excuse me just a minute, sir, if yer don't mind a-settin' on this yer stool. I don't like to see nobody a-leanin' ag'in that there post. That were "Snowflake's" stall, sir, in the old time, and "Snowflake" were little Dora's pony.

My father were os'ler here, sir, afore I were born, and I growed up to the stable, Master 'Arry, just as your ole father growed up to the 'All. It were in ole Sir Markham's time, this were—ole Sir Markham, whose picture hangs above the mantel in the dinin'-'all, as fine a hold English gen'leman as ever crossed a 'unter and follered the 'ounds. The first time as ever I see Sir Markham were when I were about four year old. O' course, we lived on the estate, but I don't know as I'd ever been up to the 'All till that

partickler mornin', when I came wi' a message for my father, and meets ole Sir Markham in the park. Now, yer know, Sir Markham were a queer ole chap when he liked. He didn't take no nonsens from nobody, he didn't. I've seen him thrash the keeper afore now with his own ridin' whip, and he wouldn't 'a' stood partickler about a boy or two, and as there'd been a deal of fruit stole out o' the orchard about that time, he thought he'd jist up and frighten me a bit. So he hollers out—"Hi! there, you boy, what right 'a' you got in my park?" but I see a sort o' twinkle in his eye, so I knowed he weren't real cross, and so I up and says, "Ain't boys got a rights to go where their fathers is?" He didn't say nothing more to me then, but when he see my father he says, "That's a smart boy o' yours, Jim," he says, "and when he's a bit older yer must 'ave 'im up 'ere to 'elp."

Well, sir, I got a bit older in time, and I come up 'ere to 'elp, and, 'ceptin' for a very little while, I've been 'ere ever since.

I were a boy of fourteen when the things 'appened as make up the rest o' my story. Sir Markham he were a matter o' sixty year old, I should say, and Miss Dora, as I see it said in a book, once, "sweet, wery sweet, wery, wery sweet seventeen."

I allus 'ad a hadmiration for Miss Dora. "Darling Dora" they called 'er at the 'All, and so did I, when nobody wasn't listenin'. Nobody couldn't know 'er without admirin' 'er, but I 'ad a special sort of hadmiration for 'er as 'ad made me do any mortal thing she asked me, whatever it might 'ave costed.

Yer see, when I were quite a little chap, and she were no much bigger, she ses to me one day, when I were a bit scolded, she ses, "Never mind, Jim," she ses, "cheer up; you'll be a man o' some sort some day;" and I tell you, though I allus 'ad a hidea that way myself, when she said it I grow'd a hinch straight off. If yer believes in yourself, Master 'Arry, yer can do a lot, but if somebody else believes in yer there ain't nothink in the whole world what yer can't do.

My partickler business in the stable were Miss Dora's pony, Snowflake, darling Dora's darling, as it got called o' times. She rode out a great deal, did Miss Dora, and she rode well, and I generally 'ad to foller 'er on the bay cob. She'd spend a lot o' time about this yer stable, one way and another, and we got to be werry partickler friends. Not as I presum'd, mind yer, nor as she forgot 'er station; she were just a hangel, she were; what couldn't be spoilt by nobody's company, and what couldn't 'elp a-makin' o' other people wish as they were summut in the hangel line, too.

But yer a-gettin' impatient I see, gents, and I ax yer pardon for a-ramblin' a bit.

Well, it were Chris'mas time, as it might be now, and young Markham (that were your father, Master 'Arry) he were 'ome from Oxford for 'is 'olidays, with as nice a young fellow as ever stepped, as 'ad come with him to spend Chris'mas at the 'All. They called 'im the "Captain," not that he were a harmy captain, or anythink of that, he were a captain of summut at the college—maybe football or summut else. Somehow he often came 'ome with young Markham at 'oliday times, and 'im and Miss Dora was partickler friendly like.

It were not a werry snowy Chris'mas that year, though there were plenty of frost, and the lake in the park would 'a' borne the London coach and four without a crack. Young Markham and the Captain and Miss Dora did a deal o' skatin', and ole Sir Markham invited a lot o' friends to come and stay Chris'mas for the sake o' the sport. They did say as Aunt Dorothy as Miss Dora were called arter 'ad been a-preachin' at 'im for a-neglectin' o' Miss Dora and a-keepin' 'er at the 'All without no society, and I s'pose that's why Sir Markham were a-aggitatin' himself a bit cos' we never 'ad no fuss at Christmas as a rule.

Well, we was werry busy at that time, I can tell yer; several of the wisitors brought their own 'osses with them, and me and my father had plenty to do a-lookin' arter 'em.

Among the wisitors as come from London, were a real millitary hofficer, a reg'lar scaff'ld pole he were, for length and breadth, with mustaches as 'ud 'a' done for reins, if 'e'd only been a 'oss. He weren't no favourite o' mine, not from the fust. He were a bit too harbitry for me. He were a-thinkin' he were a-goin' to hintroduce 'is harmy regerlations into our stables, but he allus 'ad to wait the longest, for all 'is hinterferin'. But what used to rile me the most with him were 'is nasty, sneerin' ways at young Markham's friend, the Captain. Yer see, sir, he were a real harmy captain, and so I s'pose he were a bit jealous o' our young Captain, as was a lot better than 'im, arter all. O' course I didn't see it at the time, but I've said to myself lot's o' times since, it were a reg'lar plant, that's what it were, that Aunt Dorothy 'ad brought the big soldier down o' purpose for Miss Dora to fall in love with, but 'e were just a little bit too late.

Well, yer know, gents, I told yer as I were quite a youngster at the time, and though ole Sir Markham said as I were werry sharp, I must confess as I didn't quite understand 'ow things were a-goin' on. I noticed that the two captains kept pretty clear of each other, and that Miss Dora never came near the stables for three days together, which were a werry unusual thing for 'er; and one of the ole servants at the 'All told me as the hofficer 'ad been hasking Sir Markham if he might pay his addresses to Miss Dora, and that Sir Markham 'ad said he might.

My ole father were a-hactin' a bit queer about that time, too; he kept a-hasken' me if I'd like to be a postboy, or drive the London coach, or anything o' that, cos', he ses, "yer know, Jim, Miss Dora 'ill be marryin' somebody one o' these days, and, maybe you'll 'ave to find summut else to do when Snowflake's gone." "Well," I ses, "if Miss Dora got married and go'd away, I reckon she'd take me with 'er to look arter 'er 'osses, so I sha'n't want no postboy's place, nor coachun's neither, as I sees." And father he seemed pretty satisfied, he did, only 'e says, "If ever you did want to drive to Scotland, Jim," he ses, "you go

across the moor to the Burnley Beeches, and then yer bears off to yer right by the Ambly Arms, three mile along you'll fine the great North Road, and there yer are."

Well, I didn't take no notice of this, though father he kept on sayin o' summut o' the sort all day long, and when it came to evenin', bein' Chris'mas Eve, we went up to the 'All to 'ave supper in the kitchen, and drink ole Sir Markham's 'elth. Sir Markham come down in the servants' 'all and made a speech, and some o' the gents come down too; but while things were a-goin' at their 'ighest, my father he says to me, "Jim, 'e says, if ever you want to go to Scotland you go acros the moor to the Burnley Beeches, and then yer bears off to yer right by the Ambly Arms, three mile along you'll fine the great North Road, and there yer are." All right, I ses, angry like, I don't want no Scotland, what d'yer want to bother me for with yer Burnley Beeches, and yer Ambly Arms? "Jim," 'e ses, solemn, "yer never know how useful a bit of hinformation may come in sometimes; now," he says, "you'd better run over to the stables and see if all is a-goin' on right." Well, I see it was no use argifin', so off I starts. I sees as I comes near the stables as there were a light there, as ought not to be, and o' course, I run back'ard to tell my father, but lor, I thought he were off 'is 'ed, for all he ses was, "If ever you wants to go to Scotland, Jim, it's across the moor to the Burnley Beeches, off to yer right, by the Ambly Arms, three mile along you'll fine the great North Road, and there yer are."

They'd been a-drinkin' a bit 'ard some of 'em, and I ses to myself father's been a-'elpin of 'em, and I tears off to the stables to see what was up.

Well, when I gets here, I comes in at that there door behind yer, sir, and what should I see, but Miss Dóra in Snowflake's stall, a-kissin' and a-cryin' over 'im like mad. She didn't take no notice o' me no more'n if I hadn't been there at all, and I came and stood ag'in that there post as you were a-leanin' ag'in just now, sir. Little Dora were a-sobbin' as if 'er 'art would break, and she were a-tryin' to say "good-bye." They're only little words, sir, at the

most, but werry often they're the 'ardest words in all the world to say.

Well, sir, to make a long story short, it were just this: Sir Markham had told 'er as she mustn't think nothink of young Markham's college friend, 'cos 'e were poor and 'adn't nothink but 'is wits and 'is learnin' to live on, and that the tall soldier 'ad been a-haskin' for 'er, and he'd promised 'er to 'im, and it 'ad clean broke 'er 'art, and so she 'ad come down to this yer stable where everythink loved 'er to tell 'er sorrows to her old pet Snowflake, to bury her face in his snowy neck, and wipe 'er eyes on his flowing mane.

But, afore I 'ad time to say anythink, who should foller me in at the door but the young Captain hisself, and 'e come and stood by me a moment without sayin' a word. He were werry pale, and 'is eyes shone like fire, and at last he ses, in a hoarse sort of a whisper, "Jim," 'e ses, "they wants to marry darling Dora to the big swaggerin' soldier, and I want yer to 'elp me prewent 'em." "'Elp yer prewent 'em," I ses; "why, I'll prewent 'em myself. I ain't werry big, p'r'aps, and maybe I couldn't reach 'is bloated face, but a stone 'ud find 'is head as quickly as it did the big Bible chap as David killed; and maybe I can shie." I hadn't practised on old Sir Markham's apples for nothink.

Well, sir, I needn't say as it didn't come to that. The fact is, everythink were arranged. It were a matter o' seventy miles to Scotland by the road, and they'd made up their minds to start for Gretna Green as soon as the wisitors 'ad gone to bed. Father were in the swim, and that's why he'd been a-'intin' to me all day and 'ad sent me to see what the light meant. My father 'e were a artful ole man, 'e were; he knowed better nor to 'ave anythink to do with it hisself. Why, I b'leave Sir Markham 'ud a murdered 'im if he 'ad, but me, o'-course, I was only a boy, and did as I were told.

Well, sir, a-hactin' under horders, I were a-waitin' with the post-shaise at them Burnley Beeches at eleven o'clock.

I'd been a-waitin' some time, and I begun to be afraid as they weren't a-comin'. At last I see a white somethink comin' along, and in another minute they was alongside. I shall never forget that night. Miss Dora fainted directly she were inside the carridge, and to me she looked as if she were dead. "For God's sake, and for Dora's sake, drive for your life, Jim," said the young Captain, and I just did drive for my werry life. It was werry dark, and I couldn't see much, and it must a bin a-rainin' or summut else, anyhow there were a preshus lot o' water got in my eyes till I couldn't see nothink. Father had taken care to git the 'osses in good condition, and they went away as though they knew as they were a-carryin' their darlin' Dora from death to life.

From the Burnley Beeches I drove as I 'ad been directed, past the Ambly Arms, and three mile further I found the great North Road, and there I wore. You never know how useful a bit o' hinformation may come in sometimes. It were pretty straight work now, and the only thing I 'ad to fear was a-wearin' out me 'osses afore we reached the Border. At two o'clock we stopped and bated, and the young Captain he give me the tip. He says, "Don't go *too* fast," he ses, "they won't be arter us for a hour or two yet, if they come at all; I've given 'em summut else to look for fust," 'e ses, "and it'll take 'em all their time."

Well, there ain't no need to make a long story out o' our run to Scotland; we got there safe enough arter imaginin' as we was follered by highwaymen, and goblins, and soldiers, and hall sorts o' other hevil sperits, which were nothink but fancy arter all.

Why, bless yer, we 'adn't no real need to fear; the young Captain he were one too many for 'em, he were, in more ways nor one. Afore he came away he smashed a big hole in the ice, in the middle of the lake, and put 'is 'at and Miss Dora's muff on the edge of the hole; and they were a-breakin' up the ice and dragging the lake all Chris'mas Day instead of a-follerin' us.

Next thing came the weddin' in the blacksmith's shop,

where the young Captain took our darling Dora all to hisself, with ne'er a bridesmaid but me to give 'er away and everythink else. Poor little Dora, she fainted right off ag'in directly it were all over; and the young Captain he flushed up regular, like one o' them hero chaps as they put in books. I never see such a change in anyone afore or since. 'E seemed as if 'e could do anything now Miss Dora were hall 'is own. I tell yer, sir, you can't fight nothing like 'arf so 'ard for yourself as yer can if you've got some one else to fight for.

After the weddin', the Captain put up at the "Blacksmith's Arms," where 'e writes a long letter to ole Sir Markham, and one to your father, Master 'Arry, which he give me to deliver, and with which I started 'ome ag'in.

Ole Sir Markham never forgave the young Captain for a-runnin' off wi' Miss Dora, and if it 'adn't 'a' bin for your father, Master 'Arry, I shouldn't never 'a' come back to the 'All. Arter that they went abroad to some foreign place as I never heerd of, and they lost track of 'em up at the 'All too arter a bit; though I know as your father, Master 'Arry, used to send 'em lots o' things without Sir Markham a-knowin' anythink about it. And then came the letter with the black edge as said as our Dora 'ad died o' one of them furren fevers as I didn't even know the name of, and arter that we never heard no more. Poor ole Sir Markham began to break up werry soon arter that. He were not like the same man arter Miss Dora went, and werry soon 'e kept to the 'ouse altogether, and we never saw nothink of 'im out o' doors.

Next thing we 'eard as he were ill, and everybody were a-wishin' as Miss Dora 'ud come back and comfort 'im. At last when he were really a-dyin', 'e kep' on a-callin' her "Dora, Dora," in 'is wanderin's like, and nobody couldn't answer 'im, their 'arts was that full as there weren't no room for words. I remember that night, sir, as if it were yesterday, and yet it were forty year ago, Master 'Arry, ten year afore you were born. It were Chris'mas Eve, and ole Sir Markham he were keepin' on a-haskin'

for Miss Dora, and I couldn't stand it no longer, so I come over 'ere to smoke my pipe and be to myself, yer see, and hide my feelin's like. Well, I were a-sittin' on a stool in that there corner, a-thinkin' about ole Sir Markham and our darlin' Dora, when I looks up, and as true as I ever see anythin' in my life I see her a-standin' there afore me. She didn't take no notice of me, though, but she run into Snowflake's stall there, sir, and buried her pretty face in 'is neck and stroked his mane and patted his sides, then she laughed one o' her silv'ry laughs and clapped 'er 'ands and calls out, "'Ome again, 'ome again at last; happy, happy 'ome. Jim, Jim, where's that lazy Jim?" But lor', sir, she were gone ag'in afore I could get up off the stool. I rushed up to the 'All like lightnin', I can tell yer, and I see a bright light a-shinin' in ole Sir Markham's bedroom. I never knowed 'ow I got up them stairs, but I heerd ole Sir Markham cry out as loud as ever I heerd 'im in my life, "Dora, Dora, come at last; darling Dora, darling." 'E never said no more, did ole Sir Markham, she had taken 'im away.

* * * * * *

You'll excuse me a-haskin' you not to lean ag'in that post, won't you, sir? it's a kind o' sort o' friend o' mine. There ain't a sorrow as I've ever had these forty year that I haven't shared with that post. It 'ave been watered by little Dora's tears, and it 'ave been watered by mine, and there ain't nothink in the ole world as I walues more. It ain't for the likes o' me to talk o' lovin' a hangel like 'er, sir, but I 'av'n't never loved no one else from that day to this, and maybe when my turn comes at last, Master 'Arry, to go where there ain't no difference between rich and poor, I may 'ear 'er bright, sweet voice cry out ag'in to me: "'Ome ag'in, Jim; happy, happy 'ome."

ETIQUETTE.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT.

THE *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo,
And down in fathoms many, went the captain and his crew;
Down with the owners, greedy men, whom hope of gain allured,
Oh, dry the starting tear—for they were heavily insured!

Beside the captain and the mate, the owners and the crew,
The passengers were also drowned, excepting only two—
Young Peter Grey, who tasted teas for Baker, Croop & Co.,
And Somers, who from Eastern shores imported indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a mast,
Upon a desert island were eventually cast.
They hunted for their meals, as Alexander Selkirk used,
But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.

For Peter Grey, and Somers too, though certainly in trade,
Were properly particular about the friends they made;
And somehow, thus they settled it, without a word of mouth,
That Grey should take the northern half, while Somers took the south.

On Peter's portion oysters grew, a delicacy rare,
But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't bear.
On Somers' side was turtle, on the shingle lying thick,
Which Somers couldn't eat, because it always made him sick.

Grey gnashed his teeth with envy, as he saw a mighty store
Of turtle, unmolested, on his fellow-creature's shore.
The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he shoved,
For turtle, and his mother, were the only things he loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow, as he settled in the south,
For the thought of Peter's oysters brought the water to his mouth.
He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed, and stuff,
For he'd often eaten oysters, but he'd never had enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other they had had,
When on board the *Ballyshannon* ! and it almost drove them mad
To think how very friendly with each other they might get
If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette.

One day when out a-hunting for the *mus-ridiculous*,
Grey overheard his fellow-man soliloquising thus:
"I wonder how the playmates of my youth are getting on—
McConnell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Byles, and Robinson?"

These simple words made Peter as delighted as could be,
Old chummies at the Charter House were Robinson and he.
He walked straight up to Somers, then he turned extremely red,
Hesitated, hemmed and hawed, then cleared his throat, and said :—

"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too bold—
But you have breathed a name I knew, familiarly, of old.
You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened to be by—
You know him?" "Yes, extremely well." "Allow me—so do I."

It was enough—they felt they could more pleasantly get on,
For (oh ! the magic of the fact) they each knew Robinson ;
And Mr. Somers' turtle was at Peter's service quite,
And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster bed all right.

They soon became like brothers, from community of wrongs,
They wrote each other little odes, and sang each other songs ;
They told each other anecdotes—disparaging their wives—
On several occasions, too, they saved each other's lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted for the night,
And got up in the morning as soon as it was light.
Each other's pleasant company they reckoned so upon,
And all because it happened they each knew Robinson.

They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore,
And day by day they learned to love each other more and more.
At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one day,
They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.

To Peter an idea occurred—"Suppose we cross the main?
So good an opportunity may not occur again."
And Somers thought a moment, then ejaculated, "Done!
I wonder how my business in the city's getting on?"

"But stay!" said Mr. Peter. "When in England, as you know,
I earned a living tasting teas for Baker, Croop & Co.,
I may have been suspended—my employers think me dead,"
"Then come with me," said Somers, "and taste indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a moment, when they found
The vessel was a convict ship from Portland, outward, bound.
When a boat came out to fetch them, though they felt it very kind,
To go on board they firmly and respectfully declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at the joke
They recognised a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke;
'Twas *Robinson*, a convict, in an unbecoming frock,
Condemned to seven years for misappropriating stock.

They laughed no more, for Somers thought he had been very rash
In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash;
And Peter thought, a foolish tack he must have gone upon,
In making the acquaintance of a friend of Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard;
They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged a word;
The *word* grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of the head,
But when they meet each other *now*, they cut each other—dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of mouth,
And Peter takes the north again, and Somers takes the south.
And Peter has the oysters, which he hates, in layers thick,
And Somers has the turtle, and it *always makes him sick.*

FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA;

OR, THE GENTLE PIEMAN.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT.

PART I.

AT a pleasant evening party I had taken down to supper
One whom I will call Elvira, and we talked of love and Tupper,

Mr. Tupper and the Poets, very lightly with them dealing,
For I've always been distinguished for a strong poetic feeling.

Then we let off paper crackers, each of which contained a motto,
And she listened while I read them, till her mother told her not to.

Then she whispered, "To theba ll-room we had better, dear, be walking;
If we stop down here much longer, really people will be talking."

There were noblemen in coronets, and military cousins,
There were captains by the hundred, there were baronets by dozens.

Yet she heeded not their offers, but dismissed them with a blessing;
Then she let down all her back hair, which had taken long in dressing.

Then she had convulsive sbobings in her agitated throttle,
Then she wiped her pretty eyes and smelt her pretty smelling bottle.

So I whispered, "Dear Elvira, say,—what can the matter be with you?
Does anything you've eaten, darling Popsy, disagree with you?"

But spite of all I said, her sobs grew more and more distressing,
And she tore her pretty back hair, which had taken long in dressing.

Then she gazed upon the carpet, at the ceiling, then above me,
And she whispered, "Ferdinando, do you really, *really* love me?"

"Love you?" said I, then I sighed, and then I gazed upon her sweetly,—
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly neatly.

"Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable azure,
On a scientific goose-chase, with my Coxwell or my Glaisher!

"Tell me whither I may hie me—tell me, dear one, that I may know—
Is it up the highest Andes? down a horrible volcano?"

But she said, "It isn't polar bears, or hot volcanic grottoes:
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely cracker mottoes!"

PART II.

"Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred, Poet Close, or Mister Tupper,
Do you write the bon-bon mottoes my Elvira pulls at supper?"

But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he had not had that honour;
And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that told so much upon her.

"Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg of you inform us;"
But my question seemed to throw them both into a rage enormous.

Mister Close expressed a wish that he could only get anigh to me;
And Mister Martin Tupper sent the following reply to me:

"A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread a bandit,"—
Which I know was very clever; but I didn't understand it.

Seven weary years I wandered—Patagonia, China, Norway,
Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastrycook his doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and daffodils and myrtle;
So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of mock turtle.

He was plump and he was chubby, he was smooth and he was rosy,
And his little wife was pretty and particularly cosy.

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about, and laughed
with laughter hearty—
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a party.

And I said, "O gentle pieman, why so very, very merry?
Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-seven sherry?"

But he answered, "I'm so happy—no profession could be
dearer—
If I am not humming 'Tra! la! la!' I'm singing 'Tirer,
lirer!'

"First I go and make the patties, and the puddings, and
the jellies,
Then I make a sugar bird-cage, which upon a table swell
is;

"Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-table
lacquers;
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find inside the
crackers"—

"Found at last!" I madly shouted. "Gentle pieman, you
astound me!".
Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically round me;

And I shouted and I danced until he'd quite a crowd around
him,
And I rushed away exclaiming, "I have found him! I have
found him!"

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road behind me
trilling,
"'Tira! lira!' stop him, stop him! 'Tra! la! la!' the
soup's a shilling!"

But until I reached Elvira's home, I never, never waited,
And Elvira to her Ferdinand's irrevocably mated!

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,—
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I.
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you*!'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shallot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

GIRT round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadows
For ages on the deep:
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how a town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears:
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumours
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;

All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet, now and then seemed watching,
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursèd land!

"The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy:
Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "Oh, faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bell's ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck

To watch the flowing darkness,
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance,
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned:
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honour
The noble Tyrol Maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honour still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (Oh crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD FRENCH LEGEND.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE fettered Spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which Life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet, on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the Great Archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the Legend—
When the Archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name;
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great *Te Deum*
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke;
So when St. Michael questioned
Thus the poor spirit spoke:—

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize our Lady's blessing
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me,
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my Life away;
Not all Love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him,—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace,—then, I know
He would endure with patience,
And strive against his woe."

Thus the Archangel answered:—
"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of Heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then through a special mercy
I offer you this grace,—
You may seek him who mourns you
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

"But when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment,
A thousand years in pain:
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain."

* * * * *

The Lime-trees' shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A Bridegroom and his Bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices:
What is that cold bleak air
That passes through the Lime-trees,
And stirs the Bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale:—
Why does the Bridegroom shudder
And turn so deathly pale?

* * * * *

Near Purgatory's entrance
The radiant Angels wait;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the Angel:
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor Spirit,
For Heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

THE EYE WITNESS ON THE ICE.

His evidence on matters connected with skating, in the course of which is introduced a dissertation on the art of tumbling.

CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

ONCE every year the earth suffers from a seizure of a violent and savage nature, which brings hidden benefits with it, but administers them with a rough hand, as a man might fling a purse of gold at your head, hitting you a nasty knock while he conveyed at the same time certain advantages which would compensate you for the accompanying thump.

This attack—it is called a Frost—is sometimes but an affair of only a day or two with us, sometimes it lasts for weeks together, while sometimes it comes and goes and hangs about us like an intermittent fever. It is, however, always sudden in assault. A short warning of *unusual* fog and darkness is given, and lo! we wake one morning at five, while it is yet dark, we say, "it has turned suddenly cold;" we hear the subsiding crack of the fuel of our long extinguished fire as it sinks together; we stretch out a reluctant arm for our wadded dressing-gown and make use of it as a supplementary blanket; nay, we harpoon towards us the shooting-jacket from the chair by the bed-side, and bivouac under that also; and in spite of all, and after all, we find that "we can't get to sleep again for the cold."

The symptoms develop now rapidly; the London boys outside give tongue, and though thinly clad, shout to each other in congratulation on this opportunity of effecting much slide-mischief on the pavement; the New Road is

dotted with fallen horses; the cabs move at a foot-pace; the water is hard to come at; the pipes are frozen and roar all day, meaning to burst when the thaw comes; the wet towels on the horse by the window become stiff with ice; and a variety of other inconveniences occur which cause the human race generally to be slow in rising from bed; to be prone to good living; to be grimy about the knuckles; to be apt to graze the same against the angles of furniture; to feel sore in the eyes, and torpid towards evening; and to make the best possible excuse for a second glass of punch before retiring for the night. In short it is undeniable that of the four elements the air has got the best of it now. It has locked the earth and the water up tight, and even the fire cannot hold its own, and affects a very small circle just round about it and no more.

It is not long before rumours go forth that the Serpentine —or, as some will have it, the Circontime—"will bear," and away rushes the populace to disport itself upon the broad expanse of its waters, or to stand in safety on the shore scoffing at the misfortunes of its more venturesome members. Away rushes the populace, and after them, away rushes the Eye Witness to take note with all his eyes of everything that is going on, and of the predominant characteristics of the scene.

Peppermint and oranges are the predominant characteristics, there is not a shadow of a doubt about it; hot, fiery, appetite-destroying peppermint, and cold, pale grief-engendering oranges. It is impossible to stir five paces without coming in contact with a tray full of peppermint drops, or a basket lined with blue paper to set off its cargo of oranges. There is evidently a reaction of the stomach contemplated in this provision. The orange, which is hideously unripe and cold, produces such internal anguish that the consumer of it rushes off for peppermint to allay his torment, while the heated diaphragm of the peppermint-eater calls loudly within him for the ever-near orange. Nay, in some cases there are to be found humane men who sell the bane and the antidote together, having a division in their baskets

with oranges on one side and peppermint drops on the other.

These two articles of consumption having it all their own way, it follows that the vendor of three-cornered tarts, with a dab of jam couchant in a field of paste, must come off second best, while the purveyor of gingerbread, roasted chestnuts, oily Brazil ditto, and even of hot elder-wine, are left nowhere in the race. Not so the merchants of walking-sticks, there is a brisk demand for them, a walking-stick being much affected by your inexperienced skater; indeed, such a supplementary prop is a serviceable thing, and whether planted on the ice to support the beginner—in which case it always slips away from him—or flourished wildly in the air to the detriment of the eyes of other skaters, it is a graceful and convenient appendage.

The man who has brought what looks like an engine of torture, but which is really an instrument for ascertaining the height, weight, and strength of those who may be anxious for information on those subjects, has made a sad mistake. What could he hope for but the neglect with which he is treated? Did he think that skaters who had measured their length on the ice would come and test the truth of their estimate afterwards, or that persons of corpulent proportions would wish to ascertain whether they were too heavy to venture on the ice?

Among the component members of the crowd upon the banks two great classes are to be found—the people who suffer from the cold and the people who enjoy the cold. These last might sometimes surely be less defiantly hardy with great advantage to themselves and others. It is most aggravating to see old Bellows, for instance, always stamping about and thumping his chest with the perpetual old phrase about the bracing nature of the air. We have no objection to his being braced, far from it, but there is no occasion for him to make such a fuss about it, as if it was a very creditable thing on his part, and as if nobody was braced but himself. Let him be braced quietly and modestly, and let poor little Wriggles—who is home on sick leave form

India, and is shivering his soul out—decline to be braced if he likes.

The single member of the rifle corps, who walks up and down with a lady on his arm, dressed in uniform, and with a red cock's plume in his cap, is sufficiently punished by his own feelings and by the sneer of passers-by, and may be left without further censure or comment. But the young man who has brought ladies with him to see him skate, and who while his skates are being put on becomes paler and paler with every added strap—this young man, who when at last fully equipped and launched forth upon the world of ice, instantly falls down with a sickly giggle, as if he enjoyed the joke—this personage, we say, is of some importance, because he at once leads us to that analysis of falls, that great dissection of the art of tumbling, which the world has hitherto so strongly felt the want of.

The poet Shakespeare, when he puts into the mouth of Touchstone that celebrated dissertation on the different degrees of removal in a quarrel, is able, it will be remembered, to dispose of his subject under seven heads. It is not so with the degrees of tumbling. The writer finds that this voluminous and most important topic can be done justice to in no fewer than eight divisions. A greater degree of condensation—a more merged classification—has been attempted, but the result was found to be imperfect; and the reader may depend upon the subjoined analysis as being reduced to the narrowest limits compatible with a complete examination of the subject.

There are, to deal with this matter after the Touchstone manner, eight degrees, or modes of tumbling—no more, and no less. There is first the *fling utter;* secondly, the *smash complicated;* thirdly, the *stagger victorious;* fourthly, the *scramble ineffectual;* fifthly, the *drop sudden;* sixthly, the *fall facetious;* seventhly, the *tumble truculent;* and eighthly, and lastly, the *crash unresisted.*

Here are the whole eight orders of tumbling—an awful list. Let us now examine each, and go into this fearful subject a little more in detail, beginning *at* the beginning

with the *fling utter.* He who having attained the highest possible degree of speed known in the annals of skating strikes suddenly against some particle of foreign matter which has become imbedded in the ice—be it a stone, a frozen twig, or what not,—he who when thus checked finds his feet cast up into the air, and presently his body in such violent contact with the ice that he slides along upon his shoulder and his ear fifteen yards before his legs have descended to the same level with the portions of his anatomy just hinted at—this man, and he alone, knows what it is to have experienced the fling utter. It is a condition of tumbling wholly dependent upon and inseparable from, a great degree of speed, and is intimately associated with that phenomenon known to skaters as 'the outside edge.' The fling utter is a piteous accident. It is frequent and terrible, and is attended by the following symptoms—a smart tingling in the ears, a sensation as of a rush of blood to the back of the head, a vision before the eyes of numerous black tadpoles ornamented with diamond frontlets or coronets, and floating in the air, a sudden taste of base metal in the mouth, a conviction on the part of the sufferer that his neck has become shorter, that his vertebræ are jammed together, that his heart is between his teeth, his legs in his body, his body up in his head, his stomach collapsed, his hands affixed to his ankles, and his feet joined on to his wrists. Enough of the fling utter; it is a fearful subject. Let us go on to the *smash complicated.*

This is an accident strangely connected with peculiar states of the nervous system. You see a man swooping down upon you, you have time to avoid him, but you can't; a hideous fascination draws you on, you meet with a dread concussion, you embrace him and cling to him, and he to you, your hat drops off, so does his, you perform together a frenzied waltz, which brings you to a slide, you are falling, remember, all this time, the sliders descend upon you, and you form the centre of an entangled mass of arms, legs, and bodies, in which no person can identify his own limbs till the great crash is over; the sufferer crawls out of this seeth-

ing mass of humanity on his hands and knees, and very commonly finds a recess or dimple in his hat, which brings the career of that article of costume to an untimely end. This is a brief history of the smash complicated, so called from the number of persons involved in it, and the manner in which all the victims of the accident become mixed up together in one common ruin.

We now come to the *stagger victorious*, and the *scramble ineffectual.* It has doubtless been the lot of most persons who have looked on at the sport of skating, to have their attention drawn to the conduct of some individual engaged in that pastime, who suddenly and for some unexplained reason flings his head and body back, stamps seven times with the heels of his skates, whirls his arms around, casts his stick into a distant parish, plunges forward, swerves, advances several hurried paces, stamps more wildly than before, revolves, clutches at the air, bows himself double, again flings himself back, recovers himself and his balance without any actual fall, and stands perfectly still for several minutes with his hands supporting the small of his back. This is the stagger victorious, concerning which it may be said in one word that it is a mistake, and that it is better to tumble down at once than to rack the back, strain the abdomen, and dislocate the limbs generally by the manœuvres just described. But if the stagger victorious is a mistake, what is the scramble ineffectual, a performance in which our acrobat goes through the whole of the above-mentioned extravagancies, and tumbles down after all? This is the most disappointing and the most humiliating of all modes of falling; the unhappy victim of the scramble ineffectual, having secured the attention of everybody present by the prolonged struggle which precedes his defeat.

Perhaps, however, the most undignified of all tumbles is that which has been characterised as the *drop sudden.* It is a very simple transaction, and is commonly unattended with serious results. It consists, to put the affair in two words, of a sudden (and involuntary) sitting-down act on

the part of the sufferer, who drops without any apparent cause upon the ice in a sitting posture, with his legs stretched out straight in front of him. It has been remarked, by great observers and profound thinkers, that the patient in this case will ordinarily remain in this position for some minutes before attempting to rise, that he is apt to look about him, and that after picking up his hat, which the drop sudden invariably jerks off, he will take a handkerchief therefrom, and carefully blow his nose whilst still in the sitting posture. From these observations the profound thinkers aforesaid have drawn the conclusion, that the drop sudden is a less alarming seizure than any other to which skaters are liable.

Let us speak of the *fall facetious*. The fall facetious is in its earlier stages intimately mixed up with the scramble ineffectual. It is generally preceded by the same resistance and staggering, and even the fall itself has no distinguished character of its own. It is in this case a question of the tumbler, and not of the tumble. He who treats his fall in the facetious manner will (with anguish in every limb) get up with a smiling countenance joining the laugh against himself, and even sometimes muttering in a gay manner disparaging remarks about his own clumsiness, or faintly humming a lively air. Let no person be taken in by this. Instances have been known in which sufferers by the fall facetious have skated for three minutes and a half after their accident, just as if nothing had happened, have then cast a hurried look around the swept circle in which they have been performing, and coming to the conclusion that nobody was looking, have limped off to some secret island, and have been found there hours afterwards, sitting among water-fowl and groaning with anguish.

The fall facetious, though a less candid, is a more amiable view of our subject than that exhibited in the *tumble truculent*. The tumbler truculent is a man of a somewhat savage, but a sincere and open character, who when he is in a rage, and in considerable bodily discomfort, is at no pains to conceal the fact. It is his habit, as is the case with most

dangerous characters, to dine early, and he has come out to skate immediately after his meal. Under these circumstances the shock of a severe fall is no doubt anything but conducive to digestion; yet is this no efficient defence of the fury with which the tumbler truculent turns upon the small boy upon the bank and asks him, "What the dickens he is laughing at?" It must not be forgotten that (at least as far as the present writer's knowledge extends) the tumble truculent has not arisen from any fault on the skater's part; he has either been tripped up, or has stumbled over some defect in the ice, and the tripper up or the ice itself, as the case may be, will at such times come in for certain remarks which are the reverse of complimentary. It is a fatal error to display emotion on the ice, and a man will meet with no sympathy who resents his fall as a deadly injury.

We have now got in our examination of this great subject to the eighth and last division of falls, and the *crash unresisted* remains alone for consideration. Perhaps of all the orders of tumbling which we have gone into, there is none so opposed to this last upon the list as the scramble ineffectual. Just as the skater in that instance declined to accept his doom, so in the case of the crash unresisted, he takes the accident as it comes, makes no resistance, and only devotes the half-instant between the flying of his legs into the air, and the descent of his body upon the ice, to a rapid act of self-preservation in so ordering his fall that the fleshiest portions of his frame, and not the more bony angles, shall sustain the full force of the impending crash. This is the most perfect wisdom conceivable; and in carrying it out he will find the advice of Sancho Panza, on the best means of enduring a blanket-tossing, of incalculable service. "If such mishaps do come," he says, "there is nothing to be done but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket please to toss one."

With this invaluable piece of advice the Eye Witness thinks he may bring his subject to a close.

THE HAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. COQUELIN

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

[MISE EN SCÈNE. *A gentleman holding his hat.*]

WELL, yes! On Tuesday last the knot was tied—
Tied hard and fast; that cannot be denied.
I'm caught, I'm caged, from the law's point of view,
Before two witnesses, good men and true.
I'm licensed, stamped: undo the deed who can;
Three hundred francs made me a married man.

Who would have thought it! Married! How? What for?
I who was ranked a strict old bachelor;
I who declined—and gave lame reasons why—
Five, six, good comfortable matches; I
Who every morning when I came to dress
Found I had one day more, and some hairs less;
I whom all mothers slander and despise,
Because girls find no favour in my eyes—
Married! A married man be-yond-a-doubt!
How, do you ask, came such a thing about?
What prompted *me* to dare connubial bliss?
What worked the wondrous metamorphosis?
What made so great a change—a change like that?
Imagine. Guess. You give it up?
A hat!
A hat, in short, like all the hats you see—
A plain silk stove-pipe hat. *This* did for me.
A plain black hat, just like the one that's here.
A hat? Why, yes! But how? Well, lend an ear.

One day this winter I went out to dine,
All was first rate—the style, the food, the wine;
A concert afterwards—*en règle*—just so.
The hour arrived. I ventured, bowing low,

My heels together. Then I placed my hat
On something near, and joined the general chat.
At half-past eight we dined. All went off well,
Trust me for being competent to tell!
I sat between two ladies—mute as fishes—
With nothing else to do but count the dishes.
I learned each item in each course by heart.
I hate tobacco, but as smoke might part
Me from those ladies, with a sober face
I took a strong cigar, but kept my place.
The concert was announced for half-past ten,
And at that hour I joined a crowd of men;
The ladies, arm to arm, sweet, white, we found,
Like rows of sugared almonds, seated round.
I leaned against the door—there was no chair.
A stout, fierce gentleman got up with care
(A cuirassier I set him down to be),
Leaned on the other door-post, hard by me;
Whilst far off in the distance some poor girl
Sang, with her love-lorn ringlets out of curl,
Some trashy stuff of love and love's distress.
I could see nothing, and could hear still less;
Still, I applauded, for politeness' sake.
Next a dress-coat of fashionable make
Came forward and began—it clad a poet.
That's the last mode in Paris. Did you know it?
Your host or hostess, after dinner chooses
To serve you up some effort of the Muses;
Recited with *vim*, gestures and bye-play
By some one borrowed from the great Français.

I blush to write it—poems, you must know,
All make me sleepy; and it was so now.
For as I listened to the distant drone
Of the smooth lines, I felt my lids droop down,
And a strange torpor I could not ignore
Came creeping o'er me.

Heavens! suppose I snore!

"Let me get out," I cried, "or else——"
With that
I cast my eyes around to find my hat.

The *console* where I laid it down, alas!
Was now surrounded (not a mouse could pass)
By triple rows of ladies gaily dressed,
Who fanned and listened calmly, undistressed.
No man through that fair crowd could work his way,
Rank behind rank rose heads in bright array.
Diamonds were there, and flowers, and, lower still,
Such lovely shoulders! Not the smallest thrill
They raised in me; my thoughts were of my hat.
It lay beyond where all those ladies sat,
Under a candelabrum, shining, bright,
Smooth as when last I brushed it, full in sight;
Whilst I, far off, with yearning glances tried
Whether I could not lure it to my side.

"Why may my hand not put thee on my head,
And quit this stifling room?" I fondly said.
"Respond, dear hat, to a magnetic throb,
Come, little darling, cleave this female mob.
Fly over heads; creep under. Come, oh, come!
Escape! We'll find no poetry at home."

And all the while did that dull poem creep
Drearily on; till, sick at last with sleep,
My eyes fixed straight before me with a stare,
I groaned within me:
"Come, my hat—fresh air!
My darling, let us both get out together.
Here all is hot and close; outside the weather
Is simply perfect, and the pavement's dry.
Come, come, my hat—one effort! Do but try.
Sweet thoughts the silence and soft moon will stir
Beneath thy shelter."
Here a voice cried, "Sir,

Have you done staring at my daughter yet?
By Jove! sir."
My astonished glance here met
The angry red face of my cuirassier.
I did not quail before his look severe,
But said, politely, "Pardon, sir, but I
Do not so much as know her."
"What, sir! Why,
My daughter's yonder, sir, beside that table.
Pink ribbons, sir. Don't tell me you're unable
To understand."
"But, sir——"
"I don't suppose
You mean to tell me——"
"Really——"
"Who but knows
Your way of dealing with young ladies, sir?
I'll have no trifling, if you please, with her."
"Trifling?"
"Yes, sir. You know you've jilted five.
Every one knows it—every man alive!"
"Allow me——"
"No, sir. Every father knows
Your reputation, damaging to those
Who——"
"Sir, indeed——"
"How dare you in this place
Stare half an hour in my daughter's face?"
"*Sapristi, monsieur!* I protest—I swear—
I never looked at her."
"Indeed! what were
You looking at, then?"
"Sir, I'll tell you *that*—
My hat, sir."
"*Morbleu!* looking at your hat!"
"Yes, sir, it *was* my hat."
My colour rose:
He angered me, this man who would suppose

I thought of nothing but his girl.
Meantime
The black coat maundered on in dreary rhyme:
Papa and I, getting more angry ever,
Exchanged fierce glances, speaking both together,
While no one round us knew what we were at.
"It was my daughter, sir!"
"No, sir—my hat."
"Speak lower, gentlemen," said some one near.
"You'll give account for this, sir. Do you hear?"
"Of course, sir."
"Then before the world's astir
You'll get my card, sir."
"I'll be ready, sir."

A pretty quarrel! Don't you think it so?
A moment after, all exclaimed, "Bravo!"
Black coat had finished. All the audience made
A general move toward ice and lemonade.
The coast was clear; my way was open now;
My hat was mine. I made my foe a bow,
And hastened fast as lover could have moved,
Through trailing trains, toward the dear thing I loved.
I tried to reach it.
"Here's the hat, I think
You are in search of."
Shapely, soft and pink,
A lovely arm, a perfect arm, held out
My precious hat. Impelled by sudden doubt,
I raised my eyes. Pink ribbons trimmed her dress.
"Here, monsieur, take it. 'Twas not hard to guess
What made you look this way. You longed to go,
You were so sleepy, nodding—see!—just so.
Ah! how I wished to help you, if I could!
I might have passed it possibly. I would
Have tried by ladies' chain, from hand to hand,
To send it to you, but, you understand,
I felt a little timid—don't you see?—

For fear they might suppose—— Ah! pardon me,
I am too prone to talk. I'm keeping you.
Take it. Good-night."
Sweet angel, pure and true!
My looks to their real cause *she* could refer,
And never thought one glance was meant for her.
Oh, simple trust, pure from debasing wiles!
I took my hat from her fair hand with smiles,
And hurrying back, sought out my whilom foe,
Exclaiming: "Hear me, sir. Before I go
Let me explain. You, sir, were in the right:
'Twas not my hat attracted me to-night.
Forgive me, pardon me, I entreat, dear sir,
I love your daughter, and I gazed at her."
"You, sir?"
He turned his big round eyes on me,
Then held his hand out.
"Well, well, we will see."
Next day we talked. That's how it came about.
And the result you see—my secret's out.
It was last Tuesday, as I said, and even
Add, she's an angel, and my home is—heaven.
Her father, mild in spite of mien severe,
Holds a high office—is no cuirassier.
Besides—a boon few bridegrooms can command—
He is a widower, so—you understand.

Now all this happiness, beyond a doubt,
By this silk hat I hold was brought about—
Or by its brother. Poor old English tile!
Many have sneered at thy ungainly style;
Many, with ridicule and gibe—why not?—
Have dubbed thee "stove-pipe," called thee "chimney-pot."
They, as æsthetes, are not far wrong, maybe;
But I, for all that thou hast done for me,
Raise thee, in spite of nonsense sung or said,
With deep respect, and place thee on my head.

THE HIGH TIDE.

(ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.)

JEAN INGELOW.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he:
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston Bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies:
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;

Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great belle farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again.
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall" (he cried) "is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

BIG TOM.

JAMES RUNCIMAN.

THE sun went down in a coppery west,
The grey sea called in its mad unrest:
The fishermen knew that husky roar,
So the boats were hauled far up the shore.
And the bearded giants loitered round,
Silent, and surly, and weatherbound.
Chilly and shrill the east wind blew,
And soon the quivering foam-flakes flew—
Flew like birds in the darkling air,
And dappled the moorland here and there;
The last rays gleamed on the Cheviot Hill,
And soon the cottages all were still.

Long by the glow of the dying fire
Big Tom sat quiet as the gale rose higher,

His mighty sons were all asleep;
Brooding he sat, and his thoughts were deep.
As the clamorous dark by the wind was torn,
He said, "There'll be death in the bay the morn."
Grimly rising, he shook his head,
The flooring quaked to his giant tread.
Once more he looked at the warring night,
And saw the fierce waves coiling white—
Coiling white in their aimless wrath,
Drenching with spray the village path,
Lightening through the troublous gloom,
Shaking the rocks with their sullen boom.
"Forty year on the coast," said he,
"But there never was such an ugly sea;
Some of the ships 'll be running north,
Maybe they'll try to make the Forth;
They may try our Point, but they'll not get round,
They'll be nailed like rats in a trap, and drowned.
Reckon I'll not turn in just yet;
They said they'd wake me. They might forget."

So Tom sat on in his patient way,
Till he saw the quiver of rising day.
Then he swept the sea with his wary eye,
And soon his sonorous voice rang high:
"Out, my lads, as quick as you can!
Out on the rocks here every man!
See her there, away to the south,
Running, by God, to the Badger's Mouth!
At the westerly hollow they'll catch the squall,—
Lord, have mercy upon them all!"

Every villager soon stood by,
Southward went straining every eye;
For a labouring brig to the northward crept,
Our men looked grave, and the women wept—
Wept till many an eye was red,
For the little ship was sore bestead.

How could she ever hope to ride
With the wreck of her foremast over the side?
She wallowed before the smashing seas;
Her scanty topsail caught the breeze,
But that deadly foremast dragged her sore,
And she settled and settled more and more.
She reeled and wavered with every shock:
Said Tom, "She'll drive on the Fairy Rock."
Lunging and straining, she neared our home,
Buried in whirling wreaths of foam;
When her mast heaved up in the misty air,
We saw the signals were flying there.
Signals! Alas! We all could tell
She soon must sink in that boiling hell.

The farmers and folk from the market town
Had heard the gale, and they crowded down,
Their horses were tethered in restless troops,
The beach was dotted with curious groups;
And they stared to seaward, and held their breath
While the fated seamen wrestled with death.
Little by little the brig came on,
The Race engulfed her, her chance was gone;
She lurched, and a woman shrieked, "Oh, Lord!"
As the second mast went by the board.
Round and round in the desperate whirl,
Into the gap where the breakers swirl—
Smash!—and a quivering to and fro.
Said Tom, "They'll soon be wi' last year's snow."

Down to the beach the fishers rushed,
Right where the screaming back-draught gushed;
A sigh, and a lull of the wind came then,
And they heard the cries of the dying men.
Then Mary Brown said, "Oh, Tom, my man,
Help them poor mortals if you can.
See, there's one of them waving there!
Hark! it's more than my heart can bear.

Tom, oh, man, we've lads of our own,
Would you like *them* to die alone?
Think o' that poor bit bairn last year,
That came ashore to norrad of here;
He'd gripped a spar in his poor bit hand,
And his eyes were full of the cruel sand—
His bonny eyes, they stared—oh, me!—
The eyes his mother would never see;
She'd wait, and wait, and her heart would ache—
And I kissed the bairn for the mother's sake.
The ship has hardly an hour to stand,
And the corpses will come on the windy sand.
And it's oh! for the hearts so sad and sore,
For the lads that never go back no more.
If I lost you, Tom, I think I'd die,
But try to save them, my darling, try."
The giant patted her arm, and smiled:
"Whisht, my bonny, thou's talking wild.
Give us a minute to look around,
And ask Big Harry to clear the ground,
Drive the loafers back to the wall,
And I'll see if there's any chance at all."

Then he sternly clenched his iron jaw,
Flashed a look, and a chance he saw,—
For one grim instant he scanned the crowd,
Then like a trumpet his voice rang loud:
"Lay hold of the boat on the Dead Man's Ledge,
And haul her down to the water's edge."
A score of the bearded fellows ran
To do the 'best of their foremost man.
Then he said, "My lads, it's a nasty sea,
But they mustn't drown—that cannot be.
I'm going to try and land them here,—
Which of you all will volunteer?"

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Out stepped Harry, his eldest son:
"All right, father; I'll make one."

"Right, my son; jump on to your thoft;
I thowt that none o' the breed was soft!"
Then the second son, without a word,
Vaulted in, and a groan was heard,
And Mary muttered, "My three, my best!
Thy will be done! I will trust the rest."

Now, among the crowd who had come to stare
Was a carter driving a mettled mare.
She pawed, and foamed, and tried to rear,
For the yell of the wind sent her mad with fear,
Sudden she took the bit in her teeth,
And plunged from the road to the beach beneath;
"Hold her! stop her! catch at the rein,
Swing her around to the road again!"
But the creature was furious and fierce and fleet,
She spurned the sand with her flying feet;
Out of the cart the man was hurled,
Over his head the wheels were whirled,
And the mare rushed on, with her lightning dash,
Right on the coble. There came a crash—
A tearing struggle. The crowd looked blank,
For the axle had torn clean through a plank.
Poor Tom bent down, and his brow grew dark,
For the gap was below the water mark,
And the only boat with a chance to live
Was about as safe as a miller's sieve.
But, glory of glories, this hero then
Waved his hand to calm the men,
Quietly took off his shaggy coat,
Lightly vaulted into the boat,
And before a soul had time to speak
He stuffed his jacket into the leak.
Then he roared, "I want another lad;
Come away, hinnies—it's not so bad;
One of you hold this in and bale,
And I'll bet my lugs we shall not fail."
His third son cheerfully stepped on board,

And Mary murmured, "Oh, mercy, Lord!"

So we shoved them off in the weltering bay,
And the straining giants rowed away.
Up like a bird on the roller's crown,
Poising a little, then swiftly down.
Ah! that's over her! Steady! No!
Like a wild sea-bird see her go.
Squelch! and a comber lightly rolls
Over the bow—Lord help their souls!
Here a monster comes charging on,
Starboard! a lurch, and the wave is gone.

Yard by yard they fight their way.
"Harry is done for!" "What did you say?"
Didn't you see him drop his oar,
Making as if he could pull no more?
Never a bit; just watch him strike,
Tearing hard—saw you ever the like?
Yard by yard they lash their way
Through the curtain of driving spray.
"Over she goes." "I see her keel."
"Lord's sake, what does their mother feel?"
"There's a stagger!" "He's baling hard."
Still she bangs at it yard by yard—
Yard by yard she's drawing near;
Off with your hats, boys, give them a cheer!
Three times three, and just one more,
And the deafening crash rose on the shore.
Look at the gallant fellows now,
See them rolling under her bow,
One has jumped, two, three, four, five,—
Lord, pray fetch them back alive!—
Six they've got, and her nose is round:
Steady, my lads, you're homeward bound!
There's a screamer has bowled them on,
"Oh! my sons, they are all gone!"
Mary screamed, and rushed from the track,

Tried for the sea, but they held her back,
The foam cleared off, there came a lull,
And we saw the tortured boat half full,
Settling steadily by the head;
Mary bit her lip till it bled,
But the dauntless fellows had not failed:
Madly the rescued sailors baled—
Baled with sou'-westers and clumsy bowls.
See, she's lighter! watch how she rolls!
One stroke more—it isn't far!
Round with her starn now—here we are!
Then with a wild and joyous din
We plunge through the foam, and haul them in.

A laugh like that of a joyous child
Shrills through the air—poor Mary's wild.
"Oh! my bonny, the Lord is good!
My heart was breaking as I stood;
But I knew He would fetch you back again,
For Hisself He gave His life for men."
And Harry, the shaggy eldest lad,
Grinned, and said, "We've not done bad."

Then we cheered them home to the cottage door,
And we put the boat in safe once more;
And every soul of our rugged race
Was proud that the men belonged our place,
They had never a sign of praise or pay,
They wanted none—it was not their way.
But I've tried to tell with my clumsy pen
The bravest deed of the sons of men.

IN SWANAGE BAY.

DINAH MARIA CRAIK.

"'Twas five-and-forty year ago,
Just such another morn,
The fishermen were on the beach,
The reapers in the corn;
My tale is true, young gentlemen,
As sure as you were born.

"My tale's all true, young gentlemen,"
The fond old boatman cried
Unto the sullen angry lads,
Who vain obedience tried:
"Mind what your father says to you,
And don't go out this tide.

"Just such a shiny sea as this,
Smooth as a pond, you'd say,
And white gulls flying, and the crafts
Down Channel making way;
And Isle of Wight, all glittering bright,
Seen clear from Swanage Bay.

"The Battery Point, the Race beyond,
Just as to-day you see;
This was, I think, the very stone
Where sat Dick, Dolly, and me;
She was our little sister, sirs,
A small child, just turned three.

"And Dick was mighty fond of her:
Though a big lad and bold,
He'd carry her like any nurse,
Almost from birth, I'm told;

For mother sickened soon, and died
When Doll was eight months old.

"We sat and watched a little boat,
Her name the 'Tricksy Jane,'
A queer old tub laid up ashore,
But we could see her plain.
To see her and not haul her up
Cost us a deal of pain.

"Said Dick to me, 'Let's have a pull;
Father will never know:
He's busy in his wheat up there,
And cannot see us go;
These landsmen are such cowards if
A puff of wind does blow.

"'I've been to France and back three times—
Who knows best, dad or me,
Whether a ship's seaworthy or not?
Dolly, wilt go to sea?'
And Dolly laughed and hugged him tight,
As pleased as she could be.

"I don't mean, sirs, to blame poor Dick:
What he did, sure I'd do;
And many a sail in 'Tricksy Jane'
We'd had when she was new.
Father was always sharp; and what
He said, he meant it too.

"But now the sky had not a cloud,
The bay looked smooth as glass;
Our Dick could manage any boat,
As neat as ever was.
And Dolly crowed, 'Me go to sea!'
The jolly little lass!

"Well, sirs, we went: a pair of oars;
My jacket for a sail:
Just round 'Old Harry and his Wife'—
Those rocks there, within hail;
And we came back—— D'ye want to hear
The end o' the old man's tale?

"Ay, ay, we came back past that point,
But then a breeze up-sprung;
Dick shouted, 'Hoy! down sail!' and pulled
With all his might among
The white sea-horses that upreared
So terrible and strong.

"I pulled too: I was blind with fear;
But I could hear Dick's breath
Coming and going, as he told
Dolly to creep beneath
His jacket, and not hold him so:
We rowed for life or death.

"We almost reached the sheltered bay,
We could see father stand
Upon the little jetty here,
His sickle in his hand;
The houses white, the yellow fields,
The safe and pleasant land.

"And Dick, though pale as any ghost,
Had only said to me,
'We're all right now, old lad!' when up
A wave rolled—drenched us three—
One lurch, and then I felt the chill
And roar of blinding sea.

"I don't remember much but that;
You see I'm safe and sound;
I have been wrecked four times since then—
Seen queer sights, I'll be bound.

I think folks sleep beneath the deep
As calm as underground."

"But Dick and Dolly?" "Well, poor Dick!
I saw him rise and cling
Unto the gunwale of the boat—
Floating keel up—and sing
Out loud, 'Where's Doll?'—I hear him yet
As clear as anything.

"'Where's Dolly?' I no answer made;
For she dropped like a stone
Down through the deep sea; and it closed:
The little thing was gone.
'Where's Doll?' three times; then Dick loosed hold,
And left me there alone.

* * * *

"It's five-and-forty year since then,"
Muttered the boatman grey,
And drew his rough hand o'er his eyes,
And stared across the bay;
"Just five-and-forty year," and not
Another word did say.

"But Dolly?" asked the children all,
As they about him stand.
"Poor Doll! she floated back next tide
With sea-weed in her hand.
She's buried o'er that hill you see,
In a churchyard on land.

"But where Dick lies, God knows! He'll find
Our Dick at Judgment-day."
The boatman fell to mending nets,
The boys ran off to play;
And the sun shone and the waves danced
In quiet Swanage Bay.

THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JUSTINIAN, Emperor and Augustus, bent
On the imperial city's due embellishment,
Whilst musing, sudden started up, and cried,
"There is no worthy minster edified,
Unto the Ruler of earth, sea, and skies,
The One Eternal, and the Only Wise.
Solomon the Great a temple built, of old,
To the Omnipotent at cost untold.
Great was his power, but mine must his surpass
As ruddy gold excels the yellow brass.
I too a stately church will dedicate
Worthy of God's majesty and my state."

Then called the Emperor an artist skilled,
With sense of beauty and proportion filled,
And said, "In the name of Wisdom, build.
Build of the best *best* ways, and make no spare,
The cost entire my privy purse shall bear.
Solomon took gifts of gold, and wood, and stone,
But I, Justinian, build the church alone.
Then go, ye heralds! forth to square and street,
With trumpet-blare, and everywhere repeat,
That a great minster shall erected be
By our august, pacific Majesty:
And bid none reckon in the work to share,
For we ourselves the whole expense will bear."
And as Justinian lay that night awake,
Weary, and waiting for white day to break,
The thought rose up, "Now, when this flesh is dead,
My soul, by its attendant spirit led,
Shall hear the angel at the great gate call,
What oh! Justinian comes, magnifical,
Who to the Eternal Wisdom, uncreate,

A church did build, endow, and consecrate,
The like of which by man was never trod,
Then rise, Justinian! to the realm of God."

Now, day and night, the workmen build, apace
The church arises, full of form and grace;
The walls upstart, the porch and portals wide
Are traced, the marble benches down each side,
The sweeping apse, the basement of the piers;
The white hewn stone is laid in level tiers.
Upshoot the columns, then the arches turn,
The roof with gilded scales begins to burn.
Next, white as mountain snow, the mighty dome
Hangs like a moon above the second Rome.
Within, mosaic seraphs spread their wings,
And cherubs circle round the King of kings,
On whirling wheels, besprent with myriad eyes;
And golden, with gold hair, against blue skies,
Their names beside them, twelve apostles stand,
Six on the left, and six on the right hand.
And from a nimbus set with jewelled rays
Looks calm, majestic, down, the Saviour's face.
Fixed is the silver altar, raised the screen,
A golden network prinked red, blue, and green,
With icons studded, hung with lamps of fire;
And ruby curtained round the sacred choir.
Then, on a slab above the western door,
Through which, next day, the multitude shall pour,
That all may see and read, the sculptor's grave:—
"This house to God, Justinian, Emperor, gave."

And now, with trumpet blast and booming gong,
Betwixt long lines of an expectant throng,
The imperial procession sweeps along.
The saffron flags and crimson banners flare
Against the sweet blue sky above the square.
In front, the church of Hagia Sophia glows,
A pile of jewels set in burnished snows.

Begemmed, and purple wreathed, the sacred sign
Labarum moves, standard of Constantine.
Then back the people start on either side,
As ripples past a molten silver tide
Of Asian troops in polished mail; next pass
Byzantine guards, a wave of Corinth brass.
And then, with thunder-tramp, the Varanger bands
Of champions gathered from grey northern lands;
Above whom Odin's raven flaps its wing;
And, in their midst, in a gold-harnessed ring
Of chosen heroes, on a cream-white steed
In gilded trappings, of pure Arab breed,
Justinian rides in all his pomp to see
His gift made over to God's Majesty.
With fuming frankincense and flickering lights,
The vested choir come forth as he alights.
Now shrill the silver clarions, loud and long,
And clash the cymbals, bellows forth the gong,
A wild barbaric clash. Then on the ear
Surges the solemn chanting, full and clear;
"Lift up your heads, ye gates; and open swing,
Ye everlasting doors, before the King!"
Back start the valves—in sweeps the train,
Then flood the multitude the sacred fane.

Justinian, entering, halts a little space
With haughty exultation on his face,
And in a glance the stately church surveys,
Then reads above the portal of the nave:—
"This house to God, Euphrasia, widow, gave."
"What ho!" he thunders with a burst of ire,
As to his face flashes a scarlet fire,
"Where is the sculptor? silence, all you choir!
Where is the sculptor?"

Ceases the choral song,
A hush falls instant on the mighty throng.
"Bring forth the sculptor, who yon sentence wrought,

His merry jest he'll find full dearly bought!"
Then fell before him, trembling, full of dread,
The graver, "Cæsar, God-preserved!" he said;
"I carved not *that!* exchanged has been the name
For that I chiselled. I am not to blame.
This is a miracle, for no mortal hand
Could banish one, and make another stand,
And on the marble leave nor scar, nor trace,
Where was the name deep cut, it did efface.
Beside the letters, Sire! the stone is whole!"
"Hah!" scoffed the Emperor, "now, by my soul,
I deemed the sacred age of marvels passed away!"
Forth stepped the Patriarch, and said, "Sire, I pray,
Hearken! I saw him carve, nor I alone,
Thy name and title which have fled the stone.
And I believe the finger was Divine
Which set another name and cancelled thine.
The finger that, which wrote upon the wall
Belshazzar's doom, in Babel's sculptured hall;
The finger that, which cut in years before
On Sinai's top, on tables twain, the law."

Justinian's brow grew dark with wrath and fear;
"Who is Euphrasia, widow, I would hear,
This lady who my orders sets at naught,
And robs me of the recompense I sought.
Who is Euphrasia?"
But none spake a word.
"What! of this wealthy lady have none heard?"
Again upon the concourse silence fell,
For none could answer make, and tidings tell.
What! no man know! Go some the city round,
And ask if such be in Byzantium found."

Then said a priest, and faltered:—"Of that name
Is one, but old and very poor, and lame,
Who has a cottage close upon the quay,
But she, most surely, Sire! it cannot be."

"Let her be brought." Then some the widow seek,
And lead the aged woman, tottering, weak.
With tattered dress, and thin white straying hair,
Bending upon a stick, and with feet bare.

"Euphrasia," said the monarch sternly; "speak!
Wherefore didst thou my strict commandment break,
Contributing, against my orders, to this pile?"
The widow answered simply, with faint smile,
"Sire! it was nothing, for I only threw
A little straw before the beasts, which drew
The marble from the ships, before I knew
Thou wouldst be angry. Sire! I had been ill
Three weary months, and on my window-sill
A little linnet perched, and sang each day
So sweet, it cheered me, as in bed I lay,
And filled my heart with love to Him who sent
The linnet to me; then, with full intent
To render thanks, when God did health restore,
I, from my mattress pulled a little straw
And cast it to the oxen—I did nothing more."

"Look!" said the Cæsar, "Read above that door!
Small though thy gift, it was the gift of love,
And is accepted of our King above;
And mine rejected, as the gift of pride
By Him who humble lived, and humble died.
Widow, God grant, hereafter, when we meet,
I may attain a footstool at thy feet!"

A BALLAD OF WAR.

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

"Oh! were you at war in the red Eastern land?
What did you hear, and what did you see?
Saw you my son, with his sword in his hand?
Sent he, by you, any dear word to me?"

"I come from red war, in that dire Eastern land;
Three deeds saw I done one might well die to see;
But I know not your son with his sword in his hand;
If you would hear of him, paint him to me."

"Oh, he is as gentle as south winds in May!"
"'Tis not a gentle place where I have been."
"Oh, he has a smile like the outbreak of day!"
"Where men are dying fast, smiles are not seen."

"Tell me the mightiest deeds that were done.
Deeds of chief honour, you said you saw three:
You said you saw three—I am sure he did one.
My heart shall discern him, and cry, 'This is he!'"

"I saw a man scaling a tower of despair,
And he went up alone, and the hosts shouted loud."
"That was my son! Had he streams of fair hair?"
"Nay: it was black as the blackest night-cloud."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but the fortress was won,
And they said it was grand for a man to die so."
"Alas for his mother! He was not my son.
Was there no fair-hair'd soldier who humbled the foe?"

"I saw a man charging in front of his rank,
Thirty yards on, in a hurry to die:
Straight as an arrow hurled into the flank
Of a huge desert-beast, ere the hunter draws nigh."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but the battle was won,
And the conquest-cry carried his name through the air.

Be comforted, mother; he was not thy son;
Worn was his forehead, and grey was his hair."

"Oh! the brow of my son is as smooth as a rose;
I kissed it last night in my dream. I have heard
Two legends of fame from the land of our foes;
But you said there were three: you must tell me the third."

"I saw a man flash from the trenches and fly
In a battery's face; but it was not to slay:
A poor little drummer had dropp'd down to die,
With his ankle shot through, in the place where he lay.

"He carried the boy like a babe through the rain,
The death-pouring torrent of grape-shot and shell;
And he walk'd at a foot's pace because of the pain,
Laid his burden down gently, smiled once, and then fell."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but he rescued the boy.
Such a death is more noble than life (so they said).
He had streams of fair hair, and a face full of joy,
And his name"—"Speak it not! 'Tis my son! He is dead!

"Oh, dig him a grave by the red rowan tree,
Where the spring moss grows softer than fringes of foam!
And lay his bed smoothly, and leave room for me,
For I shall be ready before he comes home.

"And carve on his tombstone a name and a wreath,
And a tale to touch hearts through the slow-spreading years—
How he died his noble and beautiful death,
And his mother, who longed for him, died of her tears.

"But what is this face shining in at the door,
With its old smile of peace, and its flow of fair hair?
Are you come, blessed ghost, from the far heavenly shore?
Do not go back alone—let me follow you there!"

"Oh! clasp me, dear mother. I come to remain;
I come to your heart, and God answers your prayer.
Your son is alive from the hosts of the slain,
And the Cross of our Queen on his breast glitters fair!"

THE RECONSIDERED VERDICT.

A TRUE STORY.

GILBERT VENABLES.

TRUE in substance, though I tell it from a memory not very retentive of details, and, though true, probably new to many of my readers, is the story of the "Reconsidered Verdict."

Some sixty years ago the case was tried at Chester, before a judge of great ability and eminence, and a jury whose intelligence—but you shall hear. In the preceding spring—April, I think, was the month—there had been a bad case of burglary at a farmhouse in Cheshire. Three men had tied down and gagged the farmer and his two maid-servants, and had rifled the house at their leisure. The police were told of the matter, and pretty accurate descriptions were given of the men. There were two other clues. In the struggle, one of the men had lost a button from his coat, which button he had left behind. Also, the same man had had his face so severely scratched by one of the maids, that the girl said "she was sure she had left her mark upon him."

Weeks passed without any arrest being made, and people began to forget the burglary, until one day a man was taken up at Liverpool on suspicion of being concerned in quite a different matter. He had with him a bundle containing some of the plunder of the farmhouse. More of the plunder was found at his lodgings. His face bore traces of recent scratching; and, to clinch the matter, his coat wanted a button, and the buttons on it corresponded exactly with

that picked up at the scene of the burglary. His defence was very flimsy—"He knew nothing about the burglary, and had bought the coat and things very cheap of a man in the street." "Did he know the man?" "No, never saw him before nor since." "How about the scratches?" "Well, he was a sailor, and too much accustomed to big hurts to take notice of scratches." Of course he was committed for trial, and the trial, as I said, came on at Chester.

It excited a good deal of interest, and the court was crowded; an invalid, staying at the principal inn, so far shaking off a touch of tropical fever as to send in his card to the judge, and ask for a place behind the bar. And yet after all there was very little to be said. The circumstantial testimony above given was overwhelming, and, in addition to that, farmer and servants with one accord swore to the identity of the prisoner with the burglar. There was no defence; the jury found a verdict of "guilty" without leaving the box; and, as burglary was a hanging matter in those days, it merely remained to pass sentence of death. Only a formula between him and judgment: "Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat, he began, "Well, cap'n, it's hard to be hung for noth'n', but I can see this is a yard-arm business. I know no more of this 'ere burglary nor a babby; but these witnesses ha'n't told no lies, I s'pose. And what can I say agen 'em? When this thing came off—April, didn't they say?—I was fightin' the slavers on the Gold Coast. But you've got no call to believe that, and so there's an end to it."

There was something in the man's manner that impressed the judge, so he said not unkindly, "But surely, prisoner, if your story is true, you must have friends and comrades with whom you could have communicated. If you had thought they could do you good you would have done this. It is too late now."

"You're right, cap'n; it's too late. But it's all very well to say 'let 'em know' when a man is locked up in jail, and can't write nor read, and don't know where they are. They may be in America, they may be at the Cape, and how could I ever let 'em know; leastways, not in time? No, it's no use, and you'd better order me to be run up at the yard-arm at once."

"But," urged the judge, "the Court has no wish to hang a man who may be innocent. Is there no one to speak for you?"

The man looked in a hopeless sort of way round the court.

"No," he began; but just then his eye lighted on the stranger from the inn. "Yes," he added, pointing to him, "there is a gentleman who might speak for me if he would."

The judge turned round. "Do you know the prisoner?" he asked.

"No, my lord," was the reply, "I never saw him before in my life."

"Well, Captain Sharpe," said the prisoner, "if you put the rope round my neck, I give in. Go on, my lord."

"Stay," said the judge; "is your name Captain Sharpe?"

"Yes, my lord;" and "Captain Sharpe, R.N.," was on the card he had sent in.

"Well, the prisoner seems to recognize you, so I will ask you to step into the witness-box, and be sworn, that he may ask you questions." The Captain went into the box, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Are you Captain Sharpe, of his Majesty's ship *Vulture*?

"Yes."

"Were you in command of her on the slave coast this spring?"

"I was."

"And wasn't I one of your crew?"

"Most certainly not."

"But, cap'n, don't you remember the big slaver that gave you all the trouble, that you had to board?"

"Yes."

"And you, yourself, led the boarders?"

"Oh yes; but all that is nothing, you may easily have heard or read about that."

"Well, but, cap'n, once more: don't you remember the big nigger that was almost cutting you down? Don't you remember the man who stood between you and death, and what he got for it? Don't you remember *that*——" and brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a great scar down one side of his head.

The whole court looked on breathless, as the captain stared at the scar and the man till his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length, as if in a dream, the captain muttered to himself, "Good God, is it possible?"

Then, slowly and deliberately, he got out of the witness-box, and clambered into the dock, where he seized the prisoner's hand, and turning to the judge, said, "My lord, this was the best man in my crew, and he saved my life. Providence has sent me here to save his. He is so changed by illness and imprisonment that I could not recognize him. But there is no mistake now, and if you hang the old bo'sun of the *Vulture*, you must hang his captain with him."

There followed a scene rarely witnessed in a court of justice. Amid cheers and sobs that no one cared to suppress, the judge briefly directed the jury to reconsider their verdict, which they at once did, finding a unanimous "not guilty." The prisoner was discharged, and left the dock arm-in-arm with the captain. They were hurried into a chaise, and drawn to the inn in a triumphal procession, and after a sumptuous lunch, they posted off together to London.

As they cleared the ancient town, Captain Sharpe might have been heard addressing his companion somewhat as follows:

"Well, old pal, we pulled through that business pretty well, I think. But it was a near go. That was a good notion of Wily Bob's to wait for the verdict before moving. We could never have touched that evidence."

"Yes," replied the innocent and long-suffering boatswain of the *Vulture;* "and if you had cottoned to me a minute too soon, the old beak would have been fly to the trick. Lor, I was fit to burst when the old boy began to cry."

From which brief dialogue we gather that "Captain Sharpe" might have known more of the burglary than of the *Vulture.*

Nothing more was ever heard of either of them. Such is the story of "the Reconsidered Verdict."

"Magna est veritas et praevalebit."

THE BISHOP AND THE CATERPILLAR.

THE Bishop sat in the Schoolmaster's chair:
The Rector, and Curates two were there,
The Doctor, the Squire,
The heads of the choir,
And the Gentry around of high degree,
A highly distinguished company;
For the Bishop was greatly beloved in his See!

And there, below,
A goodly show,
Their faces with soap and with pleasure aglow,
Sat the dear little school-children, row upon row;
For the Bishop had said ('twas the death-blow to schism),
He would hear those dear children their Catechism.
And then to complete
The pleasure so sweet
Of these nice little children so pretty and neat,
He'd invited them to a magnificent treat!
And filled were the minds of these dear little ones
With visions of cakes, and of "gay Sally Lunns,"
Of oceans of tea, and unlimited buns
(The large ones called "Bath," not the plain penny ones).

I think I have read,
Or at least heard it said :
"Boys are always in mischief, unless they're in bed."
I put it to you,
I don't say it's true,
But if you should ask for my own private view,
I should answer at once, without further ado,
"I don't think a boy can be trusted to keep
From mischief in bed—unless he's asleep !"

But the Schoolmaster's eye hath a magic spell,
And the boys were behaving remarkably well—
For boys ; and the girls—but 'tis needless to say
Their conduct was perfect in every way ;
For I'm sure 'tis well known in all ranks of society,
That girls *always* behave with the utmost propriety.

Now the Bishop arises, and waves his hand ;
And the children prepared for his questions stand ;
With admiring eyes his form they scan ;
He was a remarkably fine-looking man !
His apron was silk of the blackest dye,
His lawn the finest money could buy ;
His sleeves and his ruffles than snow were whiter,
He'd his best shovel-hat, and his second-best mitre.
With benignant glance he gazed around—
You might have heard the slightest sound !
With dignified mien and solemn look
He slowly opened his ponderous book,
And proceeded at once the knowledge to try
Of those nice little children standing by.

Each child knew its name,
And who gave it the same,
And all the rest of the questions profound
Which his Lordship was pleased to the school to propound.
Nor less did secular knowledge abound,
For the Bishop, to his great pleasure, found

That they knew the date when our Queen was crowned,
And the number of pence which make up a pound;
And the oceans and seas which our island bound;
That the earth is nearly, but not quite, round;
Their orthography, also, was equally sound,
And the Bishop, at last, completely astound-
Ed, cried,
In a tone of pride,
"You bright little dears, no question can trouble you,
You've spelled knife with a *k*, and wrong with a *w*.

"And now that my pleasing task's at an end,
I trust you will make of me a friend:
You've answered my questions, and 'tis but fair
That I in replying should take a share;
So if there is aught you would like to know,
Pray ask me about it before I go.
I'm sure it would give me the greatest pleasure
To add to your knowledge, for learning's a treasure
Which you never can lose, and which no one can steal;
It grows by imparting, so do not feel
Afraid or shy,
But boldly try,
Which is the cleverer, you or I!"
Thus amusement with learning judiciously blending,
His Lordship made of his speech an ending,
And a murmur went round of "How condescending!"

But one bright little boy didn't care a jot
If his Lordship were condescending or not;
For, with scarce a pause
For the sounds of applause,
He raised his head,
And abruptly said:
"How many legs has a Caterpillar got?"

Now the Bishop was a learned man,
Bishops always were since the race began,

But his knowledge in that particular line
Was less than yours, and no greater than mine;
And, except that he knew the creature could crawl,
He knew nothing about its legs at all—
Whether the number were great or small,
One hundred, or five, or sixty, or six,—
So he felt in a "pretty consid'rable fix!"
But, resolving his ignorance to hide,
In measured tones he thus replied:

"The Caterpillar, my dear little boy,
Is an emblem of life and a vision of joy!
It bursts from its shell on a bright green leaf,
It knows no care, and it feels no grief."
Then he turned to the Rector and whispered low,
"Mr. Rector, how many? You surely must know."
But the Rector gravely shook his head,
He hadn't the faintest idea, he said.
So the Bishop turned to the class again,
And in tones paternal took up the strain:
"The Caterpillar, dear children, see,
On its bright green leaf from care lives free,
And it eats, and eats, and grows bigger and bigger,
(Perhaps the Curates can state the figure?)"
But the Curates couldn't; the Bishop went on,
Though he felt that another chance was gone.

"So it eats, and eats, and it grows and grows,
(Just ask the Schoolmaster if he knows)."
But the Schoolmaster said that that kind of knowledge
Was not the sort he had learned at college.

"And when it has eaten enough, then soon
It spins for itself a soft cocoon,
And then it becomes a chrysalis—
I wonder which child can spell me this.
'Tis rather a difficult word to spell—
(Just ask the Schoolmistress if she can tell)."

But the Schoolmistress said, as she shook her grey curls,
"She considered such things were not proper for girls."

The word was spelled, and spelled quite right,
Those nice little boys were so awfully bright!
And the Bishop began to get into a fright,
His face grew red—it was formerly white—
And the hair on his head stood nearly upright;
He was almost inclined to take refuge in flight,
But he thought that would be too shocking a sight;
He was at his wits' end—nearly—not quite,
For the Pupil Teachers caught his eye.
He thought they might know—at least he would try—
Then he anxiously waited for their reply;
But the Pupil Teachers enjoyed the fun,
And they wouldn't have told if they could have done.

So he said to the Beadle, "Go down in the street,
And stop all the people you chance to meet,
I don't care who,
Any one will do;
The old woman selling lollipops,
The little boys playing with marbles and tops,
Or respectable people who deal at the shops;
The crossing-sweeper, the organ-grinder,
Or the fortune-teller, if you can find her.
Ask any or all,
Short or tall,
Great or small, it matters not—
How many legs has a Caterpillar got?"
The Beadle bowed, and was off like a shot
From a pop-gun fired, or that classical arrow
Which flew from the bow of the wicked cock-sparrow.

Now the Bishop again put on a smile.
And the children, who had been waiting meanwhile,
In their innocent hearts imagined that these

Remarks applied
(They were spoken aside)
To the weighty affairs of the Diocese.

"The Caterpillar is doomed to sleep
For months—a slumber long and deep.
Brown and dead
~~It looks~~, 'tis said,
It never even requires to be fed;
And, except that sometimes it waggles its head,
Your utmost efforts would surely fail
To distinguish the creature's head from its tail!

"But one morning in spring,
When the birds loudly sing,
And the earth is gay with blossoming;
When the violets blue
Are wet with dew,
And the sky wears the sweetest cerulean hue!

"When on all is seen
The brightest sheen—
When the daisies are white, and the grass is green;
Then the chrysalis breaks,
The insect awakes,—
To the realms of air its way it takes;
It did not die,
It soars on high,
A bright and a beauteous butterfly!"
Here he paused and wiped a tear from his eye;
The Beadle was quietly standing by,
And perceiving the lecture had reached its close,
Whispered, softly and sadly, "Nobody knows!"

The Bishop saw his last hope was vain,
But to make the best of it he was fain;
So he added, "Dear children, we ever should be
Prepared to learn from all we see,

And beautiful thoughts of home and joy
Fill the heart, I know, of each girl and boy!
Oh, ponder on these, and you will not care
To know the exact allotted share
Of *legs* the creature possessed at its birth,
When it crawled a mean worm on this lowly earth.
Yet, if you know it, you now may tell,
Your answers so far have pleased me well."

Then he looked around with benignant eye,
Nor long did he wait for the reply,
For the bright little boy, with a countenance gay,
Said, "Six, for I counted 'em yesterday!"

MORAL.

"To all who have children under their care,"
Of two things, nay, three things, I pray you beware—
Don't give them too many "unlimited buns,"
Six each (Bath) is sufficient, or twelve penny ones;
Don't let them go in for examination,
Unless you have given them due preparation,
Or the questions, asked with the kindest intention,
May be rather a strain on their powers of invention.
Don't pretend you know everything under the sun,
Though your school-days are ended, and theirs but begun,
But honestly say, when the case is so,
"This thing, my dear children, I do not know;"
For they really must learn, either slower or speedier,
That you're not a walking Encyclopædia!

KARL, THE MARTYR.

FRANCES WHITESIDE.

It was the closing of a summer's day,
And trellised branches from encircling trees
Threw silver shadows o'er the golden space
Where groups of merry-hearted sons of toil
Were met to celebrate the village feast;
Casting away, in frolic sport, the cares
That ever press and crowd and leave their mark
Upon the brows of all whose bread is earned
By daily labour. 'Twas perchance the feast
Of fav'rite saint, or anniversary
Of one of bounteous nature's season gifts
To grateful husbandry—no matter what
The cause of their uniting. Joy beamed forth
On ev'ry face, and the sweet echoes rang
With sounds of honest mirth too rarely heard
In the vast workshop man has made his world,
Where months of toil must pay one day of song.

Somewhat apart from the assembled throng
There sat a swarthy giant, with a face
So nobly grand that though (unlike the rest)
He wore no festal garb nor laughing mien,
Yet was he study for the painter's art:
He joined not in their sports, but rather seemed
To please his eye with sight of others' joy,
There was a cast of shadow on his brow,
As though he had been early there. He sat
In listless attitude, yet not devoid
Of gentlest grace, as down his stalwart form
He bent to catch the playful whisperings,
And note the movements of a bright-hair'd child
Who danced before him in the evening sun,
Holding a tiny brother by the hand.

He was the village smith (the rolled-up sleeves
And the well-charred leathern apron show'd his craft);
Karl was his name—a man beloved by all.
He was not of the district. He had come
Amongst them ere his forehead bore one trace
Of age or suffering. A wife and child
He had brought with him; but the wife was dead.
Not so the child—who danced before him now
And held a tiny brother by the hand—
Their mother's last and priceless legacy!
So Karl was happy still that those two lived,
And laughed and danced before him in the sun.

Yet sadly so. The children both were fair,
Ruddy, and active, though of fragile form;
But to their father's ever watchful eye,
Who had so loved their mother, it was plain
That each inherited the wasting doom
Which cost that mother's life. 'Twas reason more
To work and toil for them by night and day!
Early and late his anvil's ringing sound
Was heard amidst all seasons. Oftentimes
The neighbours asked him why he worked so hard
With only two to care for? He would smile,
Wipe his hot brow, and say, "'Twas done in love
For sake of those in mercy left him still—
And hers: he might not stay. He could not live
To lose them all." The tenderest of plants
Required the careful'st gardening, and so
He worked on valiantly; and if he marked
An extra gleam of health in Trudchen's cheeks,
A growing strength in little Casper's laugh,
He bowed his head, and felt his work was paid.
Even as now, while sitting 'neath the tree,
He watched the bright-hair'd image of his wife,
Who danced before him in the evening sun,
Holding her tiny brother by the hand.

The frolics pause: now Casper's laughing head
ests wearily against his father's knee
n trusting lovingness; while Trudchen runs
o snatch a hasty kiss (the little man,
t may be, wonders if the tiny hand
Vith which he strives to reach his father's neck
Will ever grow as big and brown as that
He sees imbedded in his sister's curls).
When quick as lightning's flash up starts the smith,
Huddles the frightened children in his arms,

Thrusts them far back—extends his giant frame
And covers them as with Goliath's shield!

Now hark! a rushing, yelping, panting sound,
So terrible that all stood chilled with fear;
And in the midst of that late joyous throng
Leapt an infuriate hound, with flaming eyes,
Half-open mouth, and fiercely bristling hair,
Proving that madness tore the brute to death.
One spring from Karl, and the wild thing was seized,
Fast prison'd in the stalwart Vulcan's gripe.

A sharp, shrill cry of agony from Karl
Was mingled with the hound's low fever'd growl.
And all with horror saw the creature's teeth
Fixed in the blacksmith's shoulder. None had power
To rescue him; for scarcely could you count
A moment's space ere both had disappeared—
The man and dog. The smith had leapt a fence
And gained the forest with a frantic rush,
Bearing the hideous mischief in his arms.

A long receding cry came on the ear,
Showing how swift their flight; and fainter grew
The sound: ere well a man had time to think
What might be done for help, the sound was hushed,
Lost in the very distance. Women crouched

And huddled up their children in their arms;
Men flew to seek their weapons. 'Twas a char
So swift and fearful, none could realize
Its actual horrors—for a time. But now,
The panic past, to rescue and pursuit!

Crash! through the brake into the forest track
But pitchy darkness, caused by closing night
And foliage dense, impedes the avengers' way;
When lo! they trip o'er something in their path!

It was the bleeding body of the hound,
Warm, but quite dead. No other trace of Karl
Was near at hand; they called his name; in vain
They sought him in the forest all night through;
Living or dead, he was not to be found.
At break of day they left the fruitless search.

Next morning, as an anxious village group
Stood meditating plans what best to do,
Came little Trudchen, who, in simple tones,
Said, "Father's at the forge—*I heard him there*
Working long hours ago; but he is angry.
I raised the latch: he bade me to be gone.
What have I done to make him chide me so?"
And then her bright blue eyes ran o'er with tears.
"The child's been dreaming through this troubled night,"
Said a kind dame, and drew the child towards her.
But the sad answers of the girl were such
As led them all to seek her father's forge
(It lay beyond the village some short span),
They forced the door, and there beheld the smith.

His sinewy frame was drawn to its full height;
And round his loins a double chain of Iron,

Wrought with true workman skill, was riveted
Fast to an anvil of enormous weight.
He stood as pale and statue-like as death.

Now let his own words close the hapless tale:
"I killed the hound, you know; but not until
His maddening venom through my veins had passed.
I knew full well the death in store for me,
And would not answer when you called my name;
But crouched among the brushwood, while I thought
Over some plan. I know my giant strength,
And dare not trust it after reason's loss.
Why! I might turn and rend whom most I love.
I've made all fast now. 'Tis a hideous death.
I thought to plunge me in the deep, still pool
That skirts the forest—to avoid it; but
I thought that for the suicide's poor shift
I would not throw away my chance of heaven,
And meeting one who made earth heaven to me.
So I came home and forged these chains about me:
Full well I know no human hand can rend them,
And now am safe from harming those I love—
Keep off, good friends! Should God prolong my life,
Throw me such food as nature may require.
Look to my babes. This you are bound to do;
For by my deadly grasp on that poor hound,
How many of you have I saved from death
Such as I now await? But hence away!
The poison works! these chains must try their strength.
My brain's on fire! with me 'twill soon be night."

Too true his words! the brave, great-hearted Karl,
A raving maniac, battled with his chains
For three fierce days. The fourth day saw him free;
For death's strong hand had loosed the martyr's bonds:
Where his freed spirit soars, who dares to doubt?

FROM INDIA.

W. C. BENNETT.

"O COME you from the Indies, and, soldier, can you tell
Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well?
O soldier, say my son is safe—for nothing else I care,
And you shall have a mother's thanks—shall have a widow's prayer."

"O I've come from the Indies—I've just come from the war;
And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are;
From colonel down to rank and file, I know my comrades well,
And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert bade me tell."

"And do you know my Robert, now? O tell me, tell me true,
O soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you!
His very words—my own boy's words—O tell me every one!
You little know how dear to his old mother is my son."

"Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were there;
In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share;
Twice he went into Lucknow, untouch'd by steel or ball,
And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought him safe through all."

"O thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's prayer,
The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare!

O blessed be God, that turn'd from him the sword and shot away!
And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say?"

"Mother, he saved his colonel's life, and bravely it was done;
In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised your son;
A medal and a pension's his; good luck to him I say,
And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to-day."

"Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue; O husband, that you knew
How well our boy pays me this day for all that I've gone through,
All I have done and borne for him the long years since you're dead!
But, soldier, tell me how he look'd, and all my Robert said."

"He's bronzed and tann'd, and bearded, and you'd hardly know him, dame,
We've made your boy into a man, but still his heart's the same:
For often, dame, his talk's of you, and always to one tune,
But there, his ship is nearly home, and he'll be with you soon."

"O is he really coming home, and shall I really see
My boy again, my own boy, home? and when, when will it be?
Did you say soon?" "Well, he is home; keep cool, old dame; he's here."
"O Robert, my own blessèd boy!"—"O mother—mother dear!"

THE BOAT-RACE.

W. C. BENNETT.

"THERE, win the cup, and you shall have my girl.
I won it, Ned; and you shall win it too,
Or wait a twelvemonth. Books—for ever books!
Nothing but talk of poets and their rhymes!
I'd have you, boy, a man, with thews and strength
To breast the world with, and to cleave your way,
No maudlin dreamer, that will need her care,
She needing yours. There—there—I love you, Ned,
Both for your own and for your mother's sake:
So win our boat-race, and the cup, next month,
And you shall have her."

With a broad loud laugh,
A jolly triumph at his rare conceit,
He left the subject; and, across the wine,
We talked,—or rather, all the talk was his,—
Of the best oarsmen that his youth had known,
Both of his set, and others—Clare, the boast
Of Jesus',—and young Edmonds, he who fell,
Cleaving the ranks of Lucknow; and, to-day,
There was young Chester might be named with them;
"Why, boy, I'm told his room is lit with cups
Won by his sculls. Ned, if he rows he wins;
Small chance for you, boy!" And again his laugh
With its broad thunder, turn'd my thoughts to gall;
But yet I mask'd my humour with a mirth
Moulded on his; and, feigning haste, I went,
But left not. Through the garden porch I turned,
But, on its sun-fleck'd seats, its jessamine shades
Trembled on no one. Down the garden's paths
Wander'd my eye, in rapid quest of one
Sweeter than all the roses, and across
Its gleaming lilies and its azure bells,

There in the orchard's greenness, down beyond
Its sweetbriar hedgerow, found her—found her there,
A summer blossom that the peering sun
Peep'd at through blossoms,—that the summer air
Waver'd down blossoms on, and amorous gold
Warm as that rain'd on Danaë. With a step,
Soft as the sun-light, down the pebbled path
I pass'd; and, ere her eye could cease to count
The orchard daisies, in some summer mood
Dreaming (was I her thought?), my murmur'd "Kate"
Shock'd up the tell-tale roses to her cheek,
And lit her eyes with starry lights of love
That dimm'd the daylight. Then I told her all,
And told her that her father's jovial jest
Should make her mine, and kissed her sunlit tears
Away, and all her little trembling doubts,
Until Hope won her heart to happy dreams,
And all the future smiled with happy love.
Nor, till the still moon, in the purpling east,
Gleam'd through the twilight, did we stay our talk,
Or part, with kisses, looks, and whisper'd words
Remember'd for a lifetime.

Home I went,
And in my College rooms what blissful hopes
Were mine!—what thoughts, that still'd to happy dreams,
Where Kate the fadeless summer of my life,
Made my years Eden, and lit up my home,
(The ivied rectory my sleep made mine,)
With little faces, and the gleams of curls,
And baby crows, and voices twin to hers.
O happy night! O more than happy dreams!
But with the earlier twitter from the eaves,
I rose, and, in an hour, at Clifford's yard,
As if but boating were the crown of life,
Forgetting Tennyson, and books, and rhymes,
Even my new tragedy upon the stocks,
I throng'd my brain with talks of lines and curves,

And all that makes a wherry sure to win,
And furbish'd up the knowledge that I had,
Ere study put my boyhood's feats away,
And made me book-worm; all that day my hand
Grew more and more familiar with the oar,
And won by slow degrees, as reach by reach
Of the green river lengthen'd on my sight,
Its by-laid cunning back; so, day by day,
From when dawn touched our elm-tops, till the moon
Gleam'd through the slumbrous leafage of our lawns,
I flash'd the flowing Isis from my oars
And dream'd of triumph and the prize to come,
And breathed myself, in sport, one after one,
Against the men with whom I was to row,
Until I fear'd but Chester—him alone.

So June stole on to July, sun by sun,
And the day came; how well I mind that day!
Glorious with summer, not a cloud abroad
To dim the golden greenness of the fields,
And all a happy hush about the earth,
And not a hum to stir the drowsing noon,
Save where along the peopled towing-paths,
Banking the river, swarmed the city out,
Loud of the contest, bright as humming-birds,
Two winding rainbows by the river's brinks,
That flush'd with boats and barges, silken-awn'd,
Shading the fluttering beauties of our balls,
Our College toasts, and gay with jest and laugh,
Bright as their champagne. One, among them all,
My eye saw only; one, that morning, left
With smiles that hid the terrors of my heart,
And spoke of certain hope, and mock'd at fears—
One, that upon my neck had parting hung
Arms white as daisies—on my bosom hid
A tearful face that sobb'd against my heart,
Fill'd with what fondness! yearning with what love!
O hope, and would the glad day make her mine?

O hope, was hope a prophet, truth alone?
There was a murmur in my heart of "Yes,"
That sunk to slumber every wakening fear
That still would stir and shake me with its dread.

And now a hush was on the wavering crowd
That sway'd along the river, reach by reach
A grassy mile, to where we were to turn—
A barge moor'd mid-stream, flush'd with fluttering flags.
And we were ranged, and, at the gun we went,
As in a horse-race, all, at first, a-crowd;
Then, thinning slowly, one by one dropt off,
Till, rounding the moor'd mark, Chester and I
Left the last lingerer with us lengths astern,
The victory hopeless. Then I knew the strife
Was come, and hope 'gainst fear, and, oar to oar,
Strained to the work before me. Head to head
Through the wild-cheering river-banks we clove
The swarming waters, raining streams of toil;
But Chester gain'd, so much his tutor'd strength
Held on, enduring,—mine still waning more,
And parting with the victory, inch by inch,
Yet straining on, as if I strove with death,
Until I groan'd with anguish. Chester heard,
And turn'd a wondering face upon me quick,
And toss'd a laugh across, with jesting words:
"What, Ned, my boy, and do you take it so?
The cup's not worth the moaning of a man,
No, nor the triumph. Tush! boy, I *must* win."
Then from the anguish of my heart a cry
Burst: "Kate, O, dearest Kate—O love—we lose!"
"Ah! I've a Kate, too, here to see me win."
He answered: "Faith, my boy, I pity you."
"Oh, if you lose," I answered, "you but lose
A week's wild triumph, and its praise and pride;
I, losing, lose what priceless years of joy!
Perchance a life's whole sum of happiness—

What years with her that I might call my wife!
Winning, I win her!"

O thrice noble heart!
I saw the mocking laugh fade from his face;
I saw a nobler light light up his eyes;
I saw the flush of pride die into one
Of manly tenderness and sharp resolve;
No word he spoke; one only look he threw,
That told me all; and, ere my heart could leap
In prayers and blessings rain'd upon his name,
I was before him, through the tracking eyes
Of following thousands, heading to the goal,
The shouting goal, that hurl'd my conquering name
Miles wide in triumph, "Chester foil'd at last"!
O how I turned to him! with what a heart!
Unheard the shouts—unseen the crowding gaze
That ring'd us. How I wrung his answering hand
With grasps that bless'd him, and with flush that told
I shamed to hear my name more loud than his,
And spurn'd its triumph. So I won my wife,
My own dear wife; and so I won a friend,
Chester, more dear than all but only her,
And these, the small ones of my College dreams.

GEORGE LEE, THE FIREMAN.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

"CHIVALRY is dead among us!"
So sigh those who read the tale
Of Arthur and his knights.—They wrong us.—
Not alone to knights in mail
Does that noble self-disdain,
That recks not peril, strife and pain
In succour of the oppress'd, pertain.
There are now, too, lives sublime,
Heroes (let us thank God for it!)
Whose bright deeds, from time to time,
Cast a glow on these our days—
Some like beacons from a turret,
Some uplighting lowly ways.

Listen, whilst I tell the story
Of a humble man, George Lee,
Who, in life unknown to glory,
Will in death remembered be,
By the men 'mong whom he died;
Their example and their pride.

"FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!"

That dread cry in dead of night
Rouses the sleepers with affright,
Adown the narrow squalid street;
And while men stumble to their feet,
And snatch their earnings up with oaths,
Wives clasp their babes and tattered clothes,
And all run out into the ways,
On which the lurid firelight plays.
The faces of that crowd show plain,

Privation, misery and pain:
Strange that to this sad life they cling
As much as placid priest, or king
Upon his throne may do! Along
The street, from every open door
And court and alley, fresh streams pour,
To swell the dense, excited throng.
The cry is "Water" now. Below
The doomed house press the serried ranks,
And pass the buckets from the tanks;
While the bewildered inmates throw
All that they can into the street.
The crowd screams out, "Come down! a sheet
Of flame is rising, and the smoke
Grows dense! Come down before it choke
Your breath!" "Where are the engines? See!
It spreads! God help us! Not alone
This house; the entire street will be
Ablaze if they are long delayed!
There's ne'er a hope for us but *one*—
The *fire*-brigade, the fire-*brigade!*"
Hark!—God be thanked—*at last!* D'you hear
That distant roar that grows more near?
"*Fire!* FIRE!! FIRE!!!" as on they tear
Down the close streets; for dear life rushing.
Like a coal-black steed that is spurred to death,—
To right, to left, the people crushing,—
Sending sparks from its fiery breath,
The engine comes panting. Its riders draw up
Where the flames, now mounting to heaven, glow
On the pavement of human heads below,
And water is poured, as into a cup,
On the seething walls and molten glass;—
And a smoke, as of hell, sweeps over all.
They have set the escape against the wall:
"There's never a soul there, mates!" cries Lee,
The fireman (he, who three days hence,
With his strong arm for competence,

Shall wed the girl he has loved from a boy—
Gallant George Lee, his comrades' joy).
"No soul within?" The crowd cries "None!"
But e'en as they answer, one halloos—"See,
There's a woman up there, in the topmost room!"
Yes, at an open window, alone,
Looming out black against the glare,
Stands a shadow of hopeless, dull despair,
With folded hands, foreseeing her doom—
She is face to face with death.—One minute
Lee looks at *her* and the *escape*, no more;
Then, through the smoke that blinds the door,
He springs over burning stair and floor,
Up to the roof, if he can *but* win it.
With tight-clenched lips that breathe no word,
Scorched and blinded, yet undeterred,
He struggles on. From below, men, seeing
The whole house now is one blazing stack,
Cry out, "It's never no use! Come back!"
But what is peril to sight or limb
If the life of a helpless human being
Has yet a *chance* to be *saved* by *him?*
So through the fumes that now oppress him,
Fainting, falling, he beats his way
To the room where the woman stands at bay,
With the flames, like bloodhounds, licking the edge
Of the window. They cry, "He's safe! God bless him!"
Is he safe? He has reached her, seized her, stands
With her form in his arms on the parapet-ledge.
Men hold their breath; the sight appals
The stoutest hearts, for he reels; his hands
Cannot reach the escape. "O God in heaven,
Let him not die!" That prayer is given
With all men's hearts. He grasps a cleft
In the burning bricks, with just strength left
To save the woman, and then—he FALLS!
A scream of horror runs down the street:
George Lee lies *dead* at the people's feet!

LOST AND FOUND.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
(I know not where,—but the facts have fill'd
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spill'd,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor:)—
Somewhere, then, where God's light is kill'd,

And men tear in the dark, at the earth's heart-core,
These men were at work, when their axes knock'd
A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had block'd
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is lock'd,

Till these men picked it; and 'gan to creep
In, on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof,—"Here's a man asleep!"

They all push'd forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp
Fell on the upturn'd face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touch'd that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clench'd, no shadow of fear,—
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year.
The spirit had fled; but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old, or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimmed a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in—
Its memory, even, was past away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole,

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess.
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmas:

"Older than anyone here, I guess!
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay.
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry! . . .
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly toss'd
Her wither'd arms in the summer sky. . .

"O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost!
The Lord be praised! after sixty years,
I see you again! . . . The tears you cost,

"O Willie, darlin', were bitter tears! . . .
They never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

"They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain
How ye'd a-vanished fra' sight and sound!

"O darlin'! a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then! . . . And now I'm old,
'Seems a 'most as if youth were come back again

"Seeing ye there wi' yer locks o' gold,
And limbs sa straight as ashen beams, . . .
I a'most forget how the years ha' roll'd

"Between us! . . . O Willie! how strange it seems
To see ye here, as I've seen ye oft, . . .
Auver and auver again in dreams!" . . .

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails she rock'd herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoff'd.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face
The old dead love, and the living one!

The dead, with its undimm'd fleshly grace,
At the end of threescore years; the quick,
Pucker'd, and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty! A wizard's trick,
Bringing the youth and love that were
Back to the eyes of the old and sick!

Those bodies were just of one age: yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While Life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come;—(as a moment will,
To all who have loved and have parted here,
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in this vale below
Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the Eternal rest they know!)
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave.

And there, while the summers and winters glide,
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side!

OUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

ALFRED H. MILES.

OURS was the finest suburb of the largest city in the world.

Nature had been at work for countless ages preparing the ground upon which modern art had laid its foundations and raised its superstructures, and all that nature and art had done for the perfection of our suburb, enterprise had laboured to make known.

Local doctors seemed to think that even in a neighbourhood where illness seemed impossible, it would be better that the houses should be full than empty, and having been often requested to express their unbiassed views, pronounced it to be, without doubt, the healthiest spot in all the world, and this opinion, confirmed by those of a whole army of sanitary engineers, government inspectors, and other responsible authorities, was advertised by local house agents in every respectable newspaper in the kingdom.

Indeed, it was affirmed that chemical analysis had demonstrated beyond the possibility of dispute, that the air of our suburb was as delightful as that of a West End perfumer's shop, and that the water was equal to the finest ginger-beer that could be procured in any other quarter of London.

With so many advantages, our suburb soon began to grow popular with people like ourselves, of good taste and discrimination, and before long there was added to the many attractions of the place those graces of good society, without which it must have remained incomplete.

As at the time of which we write, the *Weekly Sensation*

had not been started, nor the "Assembly Rooms" thought of, the question of suitable occupation for winter evenings soon began to occupy the attention of the select circle of friends with whom we held neighbourly intercourse. These included Doctor Sclosh, a medical gentleman very eminent in his profession, to whose testimonials, widely advertised by the house agents, the increasing popularity of our suburb was greatly due; Mr. Smith, M.R.I.B.A., the gentleman to whose artistic skill it owed its architectural beauty; Mr. Brown, the principal agent of the estate, who, in the mere pursuit of his business, was engaged in one of the most philanthropic movements of the day; Mr. Jones, a gentleman who served his country from ten till four (during part of the year) at Somerset House; and Mr. Robinson known amongst us as "Jack Robinson," who was cashier at one of the banks in Lombard Street. To these must be added several other gentlemen, whose names we need not mention, and a number of ladies, including a widow, with three marriageable daughters (charming girls, all under fifty), and all well qualified to adorn any mansion in our suburb.

This highly respectable company, representing the *élite* of our neighbourhood, having met for the consideration of the subject, it was resolved that a musical society be formed, which should be as far in advance of everything else of the kind which had ever yet been attempted, as our suburb was beyond the rest of London.

We need not detail here the exact process of construction. How we formed a sub-committee to draw up the rules, and how Brown would have it that they were all ungrammatical when they were drawn up; how Jones ran home to fetch a dictionary to settle the question, and, in his hurry, brought back a gazetteer in mistake; but suffice it to say, the society was formed, that it was arranged that we were to meet week by week at each others' houses; and that, to prevent ambitious members from vieing with each other in providing entertainment worthy of such occasions, it was expressly laid down in a rule, which could not be altered except at

a special meeting called for the purpose, of which, at least, one week's notice had been given, that no member be allowed to provide richer fare than bread and cheese.

We started our meetings at the commencement of October, and agreed to carry them on until the end of March. The organist of our church waved the batôn, and Mrs. Robinson (Jack's wife, that is) presided at the pianoforte. Mrs. Robinson's excellence as an accompanist was, indeed, the only reason why we admitted Jack into our society. He was no singer, and he couldn't even turn over his wife's music for her, without either upsetting it altogether or turning over at least two leaves at a time. We fear these episodes were not always, nor nearly always, matters of accident, for whether rightly or wrongly, while Mrs. Robinson was playing the piano, Mr. Robinson was usually accredited with playing the fool. We had our doubts of him from the first; but we couldn't do without his wife, and we were obliged to take him to secure her. Whatever a sensible little woman like Mrs. Robinson could have been about to marry a great lumbering lunatic like Jack, we never could make out; but then, there is no accounting for tastes, especially the tastes of a lady.

Our first meeting was held at the house of Dr. Sclosh, whose German extraction entitled him to honour in matters musical, and we continued holding our meetings week by week, marred only by Jack's absurdities and absurd ditties (for, being Jack Robinson, he always would sing the insane song that bears his name on every conceivable opportunity).

Well, the season was drawing to a close, and our enjoyment had been as complete as could have been expected under the circumstances which we have indicated. The music had been all that could be desired: Wagner's "Choruses without Music" made a capital change from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and "The Lark," with the others of Mendelssohn's part-songs for the open air, almost made us forget the grim humour of Jack Robinson's thousand and one larks indoors.

The close of the season, however, brought us at last to the homestead of our perpetual clown. We had put it off as long as ever we could; but now there was no decent excuse, for we had visited every other house in turn, and so it was agreed to wind up the season at the Robinsons' on the 31st of March.

The evening passed much the same as its predecessors had done, except that we had some "words without songs" in the shape of votes of thanks to the conductor and accompanist, and, as the music had become familiar, we were allowed more and longer intervals of chat.

It soon became evident to every one, however, that something of a very unusual character was going on in another part of the house. Every time Robinson went out of the room (and he kept on going out of the room) there wafted through the doors such a savoury smell from the culinary regions, that visions of a sumptuous repast began to float before our eyes. Nothing less than a roast goose could have possibly made our mouths water as did that delicious odour; and, as the evening wore on, it became evident that every one was thinking more of the prospect of supper than of the more serious business in hand.

The "bread and cheese" rule had been most faithfully observed throughout the season; but it seemed evident that Robinson, who had broken every other rule in turn, had determined upon breaking this one also. Had we had the fact plainly put before us, without preparation, we should undoubtedly have severely censured this departure from rule; but as it only gradually dawned upon us that Robinson was setting our law at defiance, and as every time we began to feel angry Robinson would open the door and let another cloud of savoury odour into the room which made us begin to feel hungry too, we felt obliged to keep our anger to ourselves, determining that, however he might break the rule by providing a hot supper, we would not break it by partaking of any.

At last the final tap had been heard from the conductor's batôn, and we had finished up our season with "Auld Lang

Syne" and "God Save the Queen," and two by two we were marched along the passage to the dining-room.

In that journey of but a few short feet how many resolutions faltered. To a man, we left that drawing-room determined not to taste a bit of anything but bread and cheese; to a man we entered the dining-room convinced that if any exception could be made to the rule, it should be made in favour of Robinson, whose wife had rendered us such valuable service, and at the last meeting of the season, when there would be no danger of it forming a precedent.

The dining-table was laid as for a banquet. Everything that crockery and crocuses could do, by way of embellishment, had been done, while grasses and glasses added lightness and brightness to the scene. Dinner napkins, twisted into innumerable fantastic shapes, adorned the plates on either side the table; and at either end was a gigantic dish, surmounted by an enormous dish cover, which had evidently been procured for the occasion. No sooner were we all seated in an admiring circle, than Robinson, placing his hand upon the handle of the mammoth dish cover at the head of the table, rose and addressed the meeting.

There are, of course, times for jokes, and we suppose even for such jokes as Robinson's, though we should think that the proper time for such jokes would be when every one else was in bed and asleep; but what on earth that man wanted to keep on for twenty minutes (I know it was twenty minutes by the clock; for he kept looking at it himself, and that directed my attention to it) saying the same thing over and over again, while we were waiting for our suppers, and whatever he wanted to keep on interrupting himself, to ask Mrs. Robinson to open the door for, we could not in the least imagine. At least twenty times he told us how pleased he was to be present on that interesting occasion, and how he was the last man in our suburb to wish to break a rule of the Society, but that he thought that the last evening of the season was one sufficiently special in itself to warrant a departure from the ordinary rule; that he regretted that Mrs. Robinson had

very strongly differed from him as to the course he had decided to pursue; and that he had found the utmost difficulty in preventing her from giving publicity to his plans; but that, in conclusion (and he said in conclusion at least a dozen times), he hoped the attempt to provide a repast worthy of the occasion would be condoned in one whose musical deficiencies prevented him from contributing in any other way to the harmony of our gatherings. Immediately on the conclusion of the speech, which was received with a murmur of half-suppressed applause, (for we all felt at the moment that Robinson was not a bad-hearted fellow after all, and was really trying to make amends for past injuries,) his domestics stepped forward and, removing the enormous dish covers, revealed to our astonished gaze a whole cheese and a monster loaf, which had been specially prepared for the occasion.

There were two or three of us who lost our tempers that night. It wasn't the bread and cheese that we minded, of course (it was a relief to most of us to find that Robinson had not broken the rule), but it was the man who did it; and the way in which it was done, that put our backs up.

That Robinson had had the meanness to take a little gas-stove and roast a Spanish onion at the foot of his kitchen stairs, and that was the cause of the savoury smell that he had opened the door for so often during the evening. But when, without waiting for us to recover from our surprise, he called our attention to the fact that, it being five minutes past twelve o'clock, we had passed from the month of March into the month of April, and expressed a hope that we, having many times during the season called him a fool, would not feel offended if he took the opportunity of returning the compliment, on the first of the month which lent honour to the act, it naturally excited in us such a conflict of emotions that even the good, wholesome, and lawful bread and cheese, for which we had all been longing, defied our appetites.

We had no musical society during the next season, and the probability is we shall not have another so long as Robinson continues to reside in our suburb.

HOW THE MINERS OF PONTYPRIDD FOUGHT WITH DEATH.

HENRY LLOYD.

COAL-MINERS may be roughish chaps,
And rough my rhyming a bit, perhaps;
But letting all that go by, hear tell
Of a deed they did, and did right well.

'Twas known to the miners of Pontypridd
That some of their mates in the pit were hid;
For at the glad hour of making shift
Something had caused a terrible rift
In the walls of coal, dead, dark, and dumb—
It seemed the end of the world had come.
In one wild moment a roaring flood,
Bellowing, echoing, mixed with mud
And inky slime, had forced its way
Into the pit just left that day.

"How many down?" was the anxious cry—
How many poor souls doomed to die?
"Fifteen!" was answered; and over all
The sky swooped down like a dead man's pall.
The world seemed curst, and heaven seemed shut,
With God away, and Life a butt
For murderous death to worry and slay,
As it always does when we fall a prey
To a sudden woe that kills our kind,
Smiting our senses dumb and blind.
But the feeling passed, and fain to call
On the good God who loves us all
Were women and men, that He would save
The miners below from their gloomy grave.

Strong prayer is good, but in this case
Strong labour was needed; so, ready to face

They knew not what, went down brave men
To wrestle with Death in his treacherous den.
Knockings were heard from some poor soul,
Buried alive in a tomb of coal.
Six men were there who had said "Good-bye!"
Deeming themselves shut in to die.
But hark! hark! hark! What welcome sound
Makes that dark cavern loud resound?
At the outer wall strong picks are plied;
Strong picks now fly at the wall inside.
With straining muscles and panting breath
They toil to 'scape their gaoler, Death,
Till morning broke, and they made a way
To bring these six souls into day.
So Death was robbed, but not of all:
He fastened on one, both strong and tall,
The boldest there, of ruddiest hue—
The pioneer who first struck through,
The foremost one of the 'scaping crew.
Death dashed the man with hideous shock,
And slew him against the coaly rock,
Then travelled back by some hidden way
To see how it fared with his other prey.
Five men were saved, and one was slain;
Now back, lads, back to the pit again.
The women must stop on the bank and pray,
The men go down from the light of day;
Their hearts in their ears, none speak a word,
Listening for what may soon be heard.
A cry of delight rings out, for lo!
They hear faint knocks, and the miners know
Some souls yet live; but hearts grow sick,
For the coal between is hard and thick.
Full forty yards, and they held their breath—
Full forty yards betwixt Life and Death;
Yet were it a thousand, they needs must strive
To reach their comrades, dead or alive:
And yet, although their hearts are big

For work, they dare not begin to dig
Till the flood is lessened, so engines thumped,
With steam and prayer, they pumped and pumped;
And divers went down to do their bit
In the deadly flood in the horrible pit.
"Frank Davies" and "Purvis"—for what they did,
Ask at the pit of Pontypridd.

But now 'tis Monday: five days ago
Began this terrible scene of woe.
The floods subside, one danger's o'er;
Now work as never men worked before!
In gangs they toil, friend strives by friend
In a narrow space like a grave on end,
Kneeling and crouching here and there,
Hacking and hewing 'mid sweat and prayer;
Hatless, jacketless, breathless, faint—
Each black as a demon, yet fair as a saint;
Steaming with moisture and foul gas fume,
Yet sweeter than scent in a lady's room;
Torn are their shirts in ribbons and holes,
Yet saintlier are they than priestly stoles;
Hands cut and streaming with noble blood
Shed for their fellow-creatures' good.
Had they no picks, so sharp and bright,
They'd have fought with their fists the fearful fight
They'd have battered the coal with head and hand
To beat a way to the starving band.
'Twas a glorious yet a horrible strife,
This breathless battle 'twixt Death and Life.
So hour by hour, and day by day,
They tore at the wall in the same fierce way.
The road they made was no road at all,
But a hole through which a man must crawl;
And in and out they crept about,
Their bodies weary, their hearts still stout,
Digging and blasting, and bit by bit,
Nearer and nearer they got to the pit;

Some picked, some carried the coal away;
Some strove by night, and some by day;
Though day and night in that dismal place
Were just as black as each miner's face.

So Tuesday went, and Wednesday came,
With the godlike labour still the same:
On Wednesday, as they nearer grew,
A voice was heard: "Make haste—oh, do!"
And the blackest faces were washed near white
With the tears the workers shed in delight.
On travelled the news, and up the pit
And over the land, till all heard of it;
And strong men felt with little surprise
The glad tears standing in their eyes.

Still toiled the heroes in the mine,
Thinking that Heaven had given a sign
Their mates should live. In cheerful mood
They bored a hole to send them food.
Oh, iron fate! Is it all no good?
For the deadly gas crept round about,
And hearts grew sick as the lamps died out—
For gas meant death; and straight they steered
Each man from the place, and the pit was cleared,
And tears of joy gave place to woe,
As they thought of the starving men below.
The heavens seemed brass to fervent prayer,
Or else it perished in middle air;
And they who toiled with glorious might
Felt on their souls a cloud of night;
While up to God went a wailing cry:
"Our work is done. Our mates must die!"

Death who has chased the men away
With his deadly breath, now o'er his prey
Begins to gloat, and makes full sure
That the miners shall see the sun no more;

For who dare work in that fearsome place,
With death in the darkness face to face?

Now hearts are wrung on the pit's black brink—
'Tis torturing pain to simply think.
Oh, life is sweet, but life like this
Is bitterer far than death, I wis;
So out stepped one, and said, "I'll go!"
Without one bit of the flourish and show
A statesman makes when in the mood
To offer himself for his country's good.
He merely said with shortened breath:
"Ay, I will venture, though it is death;"
Others, six or seven, stepped forth—
Honest men of the town of Porth.
Porth; you stand on Fame's bright scroll
As a place where a man will fling his soul
In destruction's gulf, so he may try
To save a mate that is like to die.
Let these brave men go down to time,
As far as they can, in this rhyme of mine.
"John Hughes," "Ike Pride"—Pride grandly rash;
"Dan Owen," "Will Rollins," and "Thomas Ash,"
"Parsons, William," and "Parsons, C."——
Parsons like these will do for me—
And "Happy Todd," as happy a name.
As ever was trumpeted forth by fame.
Down, down they went—good-bye to life;
Good-bye to parent, child, and wife.
No, no! It could not be that Heaven
Would let such lives from earth be riven,
They went: they cut in calm despair,
And forced a way. Out rushed fierce air.
Awhile they crouched: then "Happy Todd"
Crawled in, like an angel sent from God;
And the first he touched in that fearful place
Hung round his neck and kissed his face.
Five souls were found still living there;

And they brought them up to sun and air.
Ten days—no food—with Death at hand
Doing his best to slay the band,
For not till Friday they pierced the den,
And saved the lives of the starving men.

The country throbbed with a sudden joy—
Matron and maiden, man and boy;
When the news was told each man in the land
Felt a longing to clasp each hero's hand;
Lily-white ladies, proud and tall,
Would have kissed the rescuers—coal and all.
Ay! for never since news was heard,
Was the heart of England more deeply stirred
Than it was that day, when a noisy shout
Was heard through the land: "They've got them out!"
So here's to the heroes, black of hue,
Who fought with Death—and beat him, too!

HOMEWARD BOUND.

(FROM "LAYS OF IND.")

So my name is in Orders, old friend, at last,
And the days of my soldiering soon will be past;
And I think, if I hurry, perhaps I may
Be home with them all upon Christmas Day.

Thirty odd years is a longish span,
Making a gap in the life of a man;
And it's thirty and odd since I looked on the face
Of the dear old dad in the dear old place.

Thirty and odd, sir, and happily spent,
Taking the good and the bad that was sent;
Shadows and sorrows have crossed my line—
But where is the life that is *all* sunshine?

Craving I've had, sir, for home and rest,
For my boys to be near and my wife on my breast,
For a peep at the couple who gave me birth—
But isn't there craving all over the earth?

Of deep disappointment, disgust, despair,
And sickness of body, I've had my share—
But India isn't the land alone
Where men dig for a nugget and find a stone.

Do the stones dismay the digger bold?
Aren't they forgot when he lights on gold?
Many a stone I've found, it is true,
But I've had my share of the nuggets too.

You may smile, and others may laugh in their sleeve,
And many there are who will never believe;
But the years that I've past in this Eastern clime—
Thirty and odd—were a happy time.

I am one, as you know, of a bygone set;
Thirty-year men are not often met;
And India's been as a home to me,
As happy as mine had a chance to be.

For a man who has pride and an empty purse
May easily live in a land that is worse,
And now that the moment has come to part,
There's something resembling a pang at my heart.

I can scarcely credit the fact, old friend,
That my soldiering draws so near to the end;
That I, who have joked at the rest, myself
Am about to be finally placed on the shelf.

Why, it seems as if many a sun hadn't set
Since the old dad called me his smart cadet;

And I see the tear in my mother's eye,
As she kissed and kissed me, and sobbed good-bye.

That soft sweet eye, with its lashes wet,
There it is, on my heart, sir, yet—
There it is, set as a gem in a shrine,
But never again will it look in mine.

For she died exactly ten years ago,
And she spoke of me in the final throe,
And she wished that *all* of the lads were near,—
That was one of my sorrows here.

The dad, they tell me, is broken much,
Still you don't at his age see many such!
He toddles about in the open air,
Cheery, and busying here and there;

Now in the garden, now in the park,
Now in the dairy cool and dark;
Now in the stable, fondling o'er
The favourite hunter he rides no more.

Then in the farm he potters about,
And has his chat with the steward stout,
And every Sunday he walks to church,
Down the drive by the grove of birch.

Mary trudges along by his side,—
She was always a pet of his, my bride,—
And they always stop at the mulberry-tree
I planted, a youngster, and talk of me.

And oft, as they walk, the story's told
Over again of the Colonel bold,
Who at Lucknow won his Mary dear—
That was one of my nuggets here.

And how he won in the Mutiny's strife
Honour and glory, as well as a wife,
Medals and mention, and, last, a C.B.—
Indian life *has* its joys, you see.

Then when the daylight dies into gloom,
The lamps burn bright in the dining-room,
And dad and Mary each take their place
At the long oak-table face to face.

And after dinner, a sudden din,
And two little urchins come romping in,
Climbing and rumpling grandpapa's shirt,
Loudly demanding a big dessert.

Often and oft, on India's plains,
Lone, dejected, and racked with pains,
Lying awake in my tent at night,
Cheered have I been by these visions bright.

And I cannot, old friend, help wondering how
They look—the dad and Mary—now?
For they've got my letter in which I say
Perhaps they will see me on Christmas Day.

To the dad I think 'twill be almost a blow,
Sorrow and joy commingled so,—
Joy to behold once more my face,
Sorrow that *one* isn't there to embrace.

Mary, dear Mary, I see her start,
Her face all pale with the joy at her heart;
She holds the letter, and kisses the sheet,
Thanking God in a murmur sweet.

And she runs, half mad, to the nursery door,
To tell them papa is coming once more,

Kissing and hugging the urchins twain,
As if she had lost them and found them again.

Then, breathless, she writes to my brother Jack,
To say that I really am coming back;
And to Harry and Jane, to wend their way,
That we all may meet upon Christmas Day.

Jack has retired, you know; but I'm told
He often regrets the day that he sold:
He's married a wife, and has settled down
To a box on the moors and a house in town.

He'd think he'd committed a dreadful crime
Not to visit the dad at Christmas-time;
And I'm sure that he almost jumps from his seat
When he reads that we're going so soon to meet.

And Harry, the sailor,—who's always there
If leave's to be had and he's cash to spare,—
How glad he will be! I fancy half
That I hear the ring of his jovial laugh.

And Jane, who married the big dragoon,
What a fuss she'll make at my coming so soon!
All of them, bless them! they'll all be gay
To think of the meeting on Christmas Day.

Yes, we shall meet, and home has a spell,
Though I've loved the land of my sojourn well.
The work is over, the sojourn done,—
Fare thee well, thou Land of the Sun!

Nothing but rest, and home, in store;
Never again to wander more;
Thanking God for the present, and yet
Linked to the past with a fond regret.

B.R.

THE SINGING OF THE MAGNIFICAT.

E. NESBIT.

In midst of wild green pasture-lands, cut through
By lines of alders bordering deep-banked streams,
Where bulrushes and yellow iris grew,
And rest and peace and all the flowers of dreams,
The abbey stood—so still, it seemed a part
Of the marsh-country's almost pulseless heart.

Where grey-green willows fringed the stream and pool,
The lazy meek-faced cattle strayed to graze.
Sheep in the meadows cropped the grasses cool,
And silver fish shone through the watery ways,
And many a load of fruit and load of corn
Into the abbey storehouses was borne.

Yet though so much they had of life's good things,
The monks but held them as a sacred trust,
Lent from the storehouse of the King of kings
Till they, His stewards, should crumble back to dust.
"Not as our own," they said, "but as the Lord's,
All that the stream yields or the land affords."

And all the villages and hamlets near
Knew the monks' wealth, and how their wealth was spent,
In tribulation, sickness, want, or fear,
First to the abbey all the peasants went,
Certain to find a welcome, and to be
Helped in the hour of their extremity.

When plague or sickness smote the people sore,
The brothers prayed beside the dying bed,
And nursed the sick back into health once more,
And through the horror and the danger said:—
"How good is God, Who has such love for us,
He lets us tend His suffering children thus!"

They in their simple ways and works were glad:
  Yet all men must have sorrows of their own:
And so a bitter grief the brothers had,
  Nor mourned for others' heaviness alone.
This was the secret of their sorrowing,
That not a monk in all the house could sing!

Was it the damp air from the lonely marsh,
  Or strain of scarcely intermitted prayer,
That made their voices, when they sang, as harsh
  As any frog's that croaks in evening air—
That made less music in their hymns to lie
Than in the hoarsest wild-fowl's hoarsest cry?

If love could sweeten voice to sing a song,
  Theirs had been sweetest song was ever sung:
But their heart's music reached their lips all wrong,
  The soul's intent spoiled by the traitorous tongue
That marred the chapel's peace, and seemed to scare
The rapt devotion lingering in the air.

The birds that in the chapel built their nests,
  And in the stone-work found their small lives fair,
Flew thence with hurried wing and fluttering breasts,
  When rang the bell to call the monks to prayer.
"Why will they sing," they twittered, "why at all?
In heaven their silence must be festival!"

The brothers prayed with penance and with tears
  That God would let them give some little part
Out for the solace of their own sad ears
  Of all the music crowded in their heart.
Their nature and the marsh-air had their way,
And still they sang more vilely every day.

And all their prayers and fasts availing not
  To give them voices sweet, their souls' desire,

The Abbot said, "Gifts He did not allot,
God at our hands will not again require;
The love He gives us He will ask again,
In love to Him and to our fellow-men.

"Praise Him we must, and since we cannot praise
As we would choose, we praise Him as we can.
In heaven we shall be taught the angels' ways
Of singing—we afford to wait a span.
In singing, as in toil, do ye your best;
God will adjust the balance—do the rest!"

But one good brother, anxious to remove
This, the reproach now laid on them so long,
Rejected counsel, and for very love
Besought a Brother, skilled in art of song,
To come to them—his cloister far to leave—
And sing *Magnificat* on Christmas Eve.

So when each brown monk duly sought his place,
By two and two, slow pacing to the choir,
Shrined in his dark oak stall, the strange monk's face
Shone with a light as of devotion's fire,
Good, young and fair, his seemed a form wherein
Pure beauty left no room at all for sin.

And when the time for singing it had come,
"*Magnificat*" face raised, and voice, he sang:
Each in his stall the monks stood glad and dumb,
As through the chancel's dusk his voice outrang,
Pure, clear and perfect,—as the thrushes sing
Their first impulsive welcome of the spring.

At the first notes the Abbot's heart spoke low:—
"O God, accept this singing, seeing we,
Had we the power, would ever praise Thee so—
Would ever, Lord, Thou know'st, sing thus for Thee;

Thus in our hearts Thy hymns are ever sung,
As he Thou blessest sings them with his tongue."

But as the voice rose higher, and more sweet,
The Abbot's heart said, "Thou hast heard us grieve,
And sent an angel from beside Thy feet,
To sing *Magnificat* on Christmas Eve;
To ease our ache of soul, and let us see
How we some day in heaven shall sing to Thee."

Through the cold Christmas night the hymn rang out
In perfect cadence, clear as sunlit rain—
Such heavenly music that the birds without
Beat their warm wings against the window pane,
Scattering the frosted crystal snow outspread
Upon the stone-lace and the window-lead.

The white moon through the window seemed to gaze
On the pure face and eyes the singer raised;
The storm-wind hushed the clamour of its ways,
God seemed to stoop to hear Himself thus praised,
And breathless all the Brothers stood, and still
Reached longing souls out to the music's thrill.

Old years came back, and half-remembered hours,
Dreams of delight that never was to be,
Mothers' remembered kiss, the funeral flowers
Laid on the grave of life's felicity;
An infinite dear passion of regret
Swept through their hearts, and left their eyelids wet.

The birds beat ever at the window, till
They broke the pane, and so could entrance win;
Their slender feet clung to the window-sill,
And though with them the bitter air came in,
The monks were glad that the birds too should hear,
Since, to God's creatures all, His praise is dear.

The lovely music waxed and waned and sank,
And brought less conscious sadness in its train,
Unrecognised despair that thinks to thank
God for a joy renounced, a chosen pain—
And deems that peace which is but stifled life,
Dulled by a too-prolonged unfruitful strife.

When, service done, the Brothers gathered round
To thank the singer—modest-eyed, said he:
"Not mine the grace, if grace indeed abound;
God gave the power, if any power there be;
If I in hymn or psalm clear voice can raise,
As His the gift, so His be all the praise!"

That night—the Abbot lying on his bed—
A sudden flood of radiance on him fell,
Poured from the crucifix above his head,
And cast a stream of light across his cell—
And in the fullest fervour of the light
An angel stood, glittering, and great, and white.

His wings of thousand rainbow clouds seemed made,
A thousand lamps of love shone in his eyes,
The light of dawn upon his brows was laid,
Odours of thousand flowers of Paradise
Filled all the cell, and through the heart there stirred
A sense of music that could not be heard.

The angel spoke—his voice was low and sweet
As the sea's murmur on low-lying shore—
Or whisper of the wind in ripened wheat:
"Brother," he said, "the God we both adore
Has sent me down to ask, Is all not right?
Why was *Magnificat* not sung to-night?"

Tranced in the joy the angel's presence brought,
The Abbot answered: "All these weary years
We have sung our best—but always have we thought
Our voices were unworthy heavenly ears;
And so to-night we found a clearer tongue,
And by it the *Magnificat* was sung."

The angel answered, "All these happy years
In heaven has your *Magnificat* been heard;
This night alone, the angels' listening ears
Of all its music caught no single word.
Say, who is he whose goodness is not strong
Enough to bear the burden of his song?"

The Abbot named his name. "Ah! why," he cried,
"Have angels heard not what we found so dear?"
"Only pure hearts," the Angel's voice replied,
"Can carry human songs up to God's ear;
To-night in heaven was missed the sweetest praise
That ever rises from earth's mud-stained maze.

"The monk who sang *Magnificat* is filled
With lust of praise, and with hypocrisy;
He sings for earth—in heaven his notes are stilled
By muffling weight of deadening vanity;
His heart is chained to earth, and cannot bear
His singing higher than the listening air!

"From purest hearts most perfect music springs,
And while you mourned your voices were not sweet,
Marred by the accident of earthly things,
In heaven, God, listening, judged your songs complete.
The sweetest of earth's music came from you,
The music of a noble life and true!"

THE CURTAIN.

H. E. HUNTER.

SHE was walking in the spring-time, in the morning-tide of life,
Little recking of the journey—of its peril and its strife;
For the flowers were peeping coyly, and the sunshine glistened bright,
And the dewdrops lingered quivering like fairy bells of light;
Not a cloud was in the heavens, not a surge was on the deep,
For the rimpled sea lay breathing in an unimpassioned sleep;
And the fresh green leaves were nodding to the whispers of the breeze—
"Oh! the world must be a paradise, with promises like these!
There's no canker in the blossoms, and no blight upon the trees!"

But, though beauty bloomed around her, and the velvet turf was soft,
And the budding earth was smiling at the sunny dome aloft;
Though above, behind, beside her, spread a prospect fair and wide,
Yet a shadow crossed her pathway she would fain have cast aside;
For a curtain hung before it—to her very feet it rolled,
And it checked her looking forward, by its dark and massy fold;
'Twas her only bar to joyousness—that curtain dense and black—
For at every onward step she took it stretched across her track,
While a form like Time's reached forth its hand and slowly pushed it back.

"Oh! the world is very lovely, and I'm young and very gay,
And the sunbeam's wealth of amber light lies broadcast on my way;
And the sky is like a sea of blue—the sea, a blue, blue sky;
And the foliage quickens vividly, that late was wan and shy;
And the skylark trills a melody, midway to purer spheres;
And the dewdrops twinkle merrily, as childhood smiles in tears;
There's no storm-cloud in the heavens; there's no moaning in the wind—
Oh! life's road is not a rugged road; its thorns I cannot find,
But this darksome curtain mars my view, and I want to peep behind!"

But old Time paced on unheeding, and the curtain did not rise,
While a voice like music near her whispered, "Child of earth, be wise!
For that curtain veils the future, which is better left unseen."
But she answered more impatiently, "Oh, please to raise the screen!
I am sure I should be happier if prescience were allowed;
I should then be warned of danger—now I'm walking in a cloud;
It is surely best to be prepared for coming joys and woes!"
So the air grew dark around her, like the dusk of evening's close;
But the voice like music spoke no more;—and the curtain slowly rose.

She was gazing on a picture of a home from childhood known,
On a cluster of familiar forms—one form was like her own!—
And it seemed a festal gathering, like that of New Year's Day;
For her grandsire stooped before her with his locks of silver grey;
And her father, bland and stately, filled his wonted household place—
With her gentle, loving mother, in her comely matron grace;
And she saw her dark-eyed sister, like a fairer second self—
And a golden-headed brother boy, a mischief-loving elf—
And a taller, elder stripling, with a thoughtful student brow:
'Twas a knot of friends, both old and young, beneath the holly-bough—
And the maiden clapped her hands and laughed, "All happy then, as now!"

While the smile was yet upon her lip, the scene dissolved and changed—
In a garden lustrous with the moon a pair of lovers ranged;
They were lovers—for a manly face, so earnest and so brave,
Bent in fondness o'er her mirrored self, grown womanly and grave;
Yes, her mirrored self, whose sweet, frank look returned the stranger's gaze,
As the sunbeam woos the leaf-bud forth, and the bud imbibes its rays:
And the maid exclaimed, with arch, gay glance, "They're going to confess!
Oh! they both look rather silly—but all lovers do, I guess!
And he really is so handsome that I'm sure I'm saying *yes!*"

But again the picture faded, and another rose to view :
On a river's bank a crowd had met to bid a ship adieu ;
There again were old home faces, older, sadder than of yore,
And herself—she stood the foremost, weeping wildly on the shore.
Every eye was on the vessel, but her own dim, straining sight
Only sought on deck one girlish face, whose smiling lips were white,
Though she leaned against a stalwart form, that held her to his heart ;
And the maiden wailed, "My sister! oh, my darling! must we part?"
And a voice cried, "Bound for India!"—how its echo made her start!

She had clasped her hands across her eyes, her tears were welling fast ;
But when next she raised her head, behold! the parting scene was past.
It was now a bridal party, with a white-robed virgin troop,
And the guests in rich apparel—*she* the centre of the group,
In her snowy dress and veil of lace, her wreath, and jewels bright,
With the rubies glowing redly, and the diamonds flashing light ;
And the stranger—now her bridegroom—at the altar by her side ;
And the wedding bells were pealing, and the nuptial knot was tied—
And the maiden murmured, blushing, "I should like to be a bride!"

But the pleasant prospect melted, till it vanished like the rest;
And anon she was a mother, with an infant on her breast.
In an unknown, lofty chamber she was pacing to and fro,
And her face was looking upward, but the look was full of woe,
For the baby lay so stilly, in a slumber so profound,
There was one, and only one, repose, so very pale and sound;
And she saw the mother knew it all, but wished to be beguiled,
Though her haunting look of anguish almost drove the maiden wild,
As she sobbed, "I will not be a wife! I will not lose my child!"

It waxed faint as she was speaking, for no vision lingered long,
And another opened on her, 'midst a romping, childish throng:
Two bright prattlers at her footstool, and one kneeling by her knee,
And one throned upon a cushion, in a chuckling fit of glee;
And one tiny, chubby cherub nestled dimpling in her lap,
While another's arm wreathed round her neck, and stirred her widow's cap.
Ah! that widow's cap! it told a tale, so sorrowful and plain,
Round the wan, worn cheek, and shadowed brow, with lines of patient pain!
But the chubby babe crowed laughing, and the widow smiled again.

Still the maiden sighed and pondered, while the vision changed anew.
She was seated by a sick-bed—oh, how aged and grey she grew!
She was watching, she was waiting, for the coming hour of doom
To the fairest of her household flock, in girlhood's early bloom
For the fragile form lay nerveless, and the cheek like sunset flushed,
And the spirit-eyes were darkening, the loving tones were hushed:
Then the maiden questioned, shuddering, "The others, where are they?"
And a voice said, "One is worthless, two are wedded far away,
One lies sleeping in the ocean, one is still his mother's stay."

"Drop the curtain!" now she pleaded, but her pleading was in vain,
For another scene was dawning as the last began to wane:
Now, reclining in a grandma's chair, with features shrunk and old,
She was pressing to her thin, white cheek a little head of gold;
But the head of gold, the full, bold glance, the pink and rounded face,
They were surely bringing back to mind an earlier baby race;
For oft she sighed, and her furrowed brow was sadly overcast;
Unconscious grew the fond caress, and her eyes were filling fast
With the dim, far look that mocks at space, and pierces to the past.

It was over! life was ended when that changing picture fled;
In the next, two mourners sorrowed in the chamber of the dead.
But their sorrow was not equal, for *he* mourned for her who slept;
While the fairer weeper mourned for him, and grieved because *he* wept—
For the sleeper was his mother. And the maid, with awe-struck breath
Cried, "How strange for young live self to gaze on self in age and death!"
But the shrouded form that once was hers wore such an air of peace,
That it seemed as though the soul, rejoiced at prospect of release,
Had lit again a long-quenched light at the moment of decease.

The scene died out, and the curtain moved as if about to fall,
But the maiden moaned, "I know too much, or I needs must know it all!
I see that my earth-career is run; but show me what became
Of the student brother keen to climb the steepest heights of fame?
Of the blue-eyed boy of wayward mood and saucy love of mirth?
Of the dear, dear sister? and of them to whom we owed our birth?
Of the friends, the many friends of youth, whose trusty hearts we share?
I have passed through all the scenes of life, but have not met them there;
Oh I missed so many from my path; where are they? tell me where!"

Then there rose in sight, 'mid sombre yews, a shadowy churchyard,
Where the signal stones loomed spectrally, as though they stood on guard.
There, engraven on the sculptured slabs, were names of kith and kin;
The vaults had need to be wide and deep for all who slept therein!
Not a grave but bore some well-known name; no friend seemed missing here!
And the maiden read each record, but she did not shed a tear
As she faltered, "Were there nought beyond the charnel-house abyss,
Who would venture on life's journey? who would prize its shallow bliss?
Show me something to redeem it from a misery like this!"

Then a flood of light shone round her, and the churchyard scene was hid,
And her dazzled eyes ached, quivering beneath each drooping lid..
But she forced her glances upward, where a cloud of silvery hue
Framed a band of angel faces; every angel face she knew.
And her own was there among them, but so radiant and so fair!
And she whispered gladly, eagerly, "Oh! are we all—*all* there?"
But a solemn voice said, "Two are lost! the youngest of thy seven;
And the student youth, with whose high aims there mixed unholy leaven,
And whose genius found the way to fame, but lost the way to heaven!"

The voice was mute, and the curtain dark fell silently and slow,
And the maiden mused, "My path in life through every stage I know;
That glorious final scene atones for all the griefs I bore,
But I've nothing left to hope for now, with all things known before;
I shall never taste a present joy, for coming ills I scan,
It was mercy's hand that screened from view the future years of man;
Could we all behold the days to come, and read the troubled tale,
The boldest glance would shrink appalled, and the stoutest hearts would quail;
Oh, I wish—I wish I had not asked to look behind the veil!"

scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said:

"'How jolly!'

"We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

"'I understand the going-up part,' I answered; 'to come down is not so easy,' and whistled.

"'What do you mean?' she cried.

"'Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard,' I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"'Don't be foolish, Tom," she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"'Foolish!' I said. 'Oh dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air, I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know,' and over went another sandbag.

"'Why, you're mad, surely.'

"'Only with love, my dear,' I answered, smiling pleasantly; 'only with love for you. O Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife.'

"'I gave you an answer the other day,' she replied; 'one which I should have thought you would have remembered,' she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"'I remember it perfectly,' I answered; 'but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sandbags; I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sandbag—so, lady fair, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns.'

"'I won't!' she said; 'I never will; and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus.'

"'You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did

you not, when you knocked me out of the boat? However, it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'Never!' she answered; 'I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear, in all conscience.'

"She looked so pretty, that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sandbag, and whistled the *Dead March* in 'Saul.'

"'Come, Mr. Jenkyns—come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.'

"I continued the execution of the *Dead March.*

"'But if you do not begin the descent now, I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.'

"I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

"'Will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'I've answered you already,' was the reply.

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the *Dead March* resounded through the car.

"'I thought you were a gentleman,' said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; 'I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why, a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?'

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

"'I command you to begin the descent this instant!'

"The *Dead March*, whistled in a manner essentially gay

and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said:

"'We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us we are trespassing. Will you promise me your hand?'

"She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"'Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you.'

"'Not a wife?' said I.

"'I can't, I can't!' she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

"'Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there.'

"I took up the fifth bag.

"'Come,' said I, 'my wife in life, or my companion in death! which is it to be?' and I patted the sandbag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"'Come, Fanny, give me your promise!'

"I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: 'Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty,

henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command.' I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"'You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.'

"'With all your heart?' I asked, quickly.

"'With all my heart,' she answered, with the same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

"Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart."

THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO.

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

He was six-foot-one this son of a gun,
And mahogany-brown was his nature;
With a rum-bloom nose of the tint of a rose,
And a log of some forty-eight year.
On the Western pier he cried, "What cheer!"
As your humble servant he followed,
And he clapt a paw to the side of his jaw,
While with might and main he halloed—

"Ahoy! a sail! I'll tell you a tale
O' the roaring, storming sea!
There was Capen Brown and First Luff Down,
And Doctor Dickhoree;
And me and Doe, the Holy Joe,
And Jim with the squint and stutter,
And Tom and Ike and Irish Mike
Adrift in the second cutter.

"We sailed away on a summer's day
Aboard o' the Gal-a-tee,
For as long a cruise as the Cap. should choose,
His instructions being free;
And we made the shore first off Singypore,
At Pekin spent some days, oh;
We called on the Pope at the Cape o' Good Hope,
And we wisited at Wollop-a-rayso.

"It was off Japan as our woes began,
For we met with a hurricane,
And the poor old frigate began to jig it,
And groan as if full of pain.
And Capen Brown took the big chart down,
As in dooty bound for to study,

With a pipe in his mouth, sou'west by south,
In the forrard part o' the cuddy.

"Now, the Galatee was agoing free,
When she struck on the rocks that day,
On the larboard tack, and she broke her back,
And the devil and all to pay.
Some took to the boats with some biscuits and groats
As she went down in fathom five;
And eight was the boats with the biscuits and groats,
And ninety the seamen alive.

"First cutter went west, and she did her best
To leave all her mates behind,
The barge went east, with the waves like yeast,
And lay well up in the wind;
The jolly-boat kept herself afloat,
While the pinnace was always baling;
And the Capen's gig and the dingy big
Went off to the south'ard sailing.

"The poor old launch to a rock said *craunch*
And drove a hole in her bottom;
But they made a plug o' the purser's rug,
And the jackets o' them as had got 'em.
Then lay on their oars—just twice two fours—
As they kep' us astarn and nigh by,
Till a big wave came as if for a game
And rocked 'em all off to bye-bye.

"So there we ten o' the best o' men
All lay alone on the sea;
There was Capen Brown and First Luff Down,
And Doctor Dickhoree;
And me, and Doe, the Holy Joe,
And Jim with the squint and stutter,
And Tom, and Ike, and Irish Mike
Adrift in the second cutter.

"We set a sail in the teeth of the gale,
And away to the north did go;
Then we tugged at the oar for a fortnit more—
When the wind refused for to blow;
But we made no port, and the grub run short,
And the water was likewise failing;
And the Skipper and Luff says, "the sitiation's rough,"
As they poured the last half-pint a pail in.

"Then Capen Brown who had hungry grown
Unravelled a worsted stocking;
Made a hook of a pin, and he did begin
To fish, but his luck was shocking.
So our hunger to flummox, and stay all our stomachs,
Which was going it hard on the rack, oh!
He sat on the pail, and told us this tale,
About what we'd got none of—that's bacco:—

"'There were three jolly sailors bold,
As sailed across the sea;
They'd braved the storm, and stood the gale,
And got to Virgin-nee.
'Twas in the days of good Queen Bess—
Or p'raps a bit before—
And now these here three sailors bold
Went cruising on the shore.

"'A lurch to starboard—one to port—
Now forrard, boys, go we:
With a haul, and a ho! and a yo heave ho!'
To find out Tobac-kee.

"'Says Jack, "This here's a rummy land;"
Says Tom, "Well, shiver me,
The sun shines out as precious hot
As ever I did see,"

Says Dick, "Messmates, since here we be"—
And give his eye a wink—
"We've come to find out Tobac-kee:
Which means a drop to drink."

"'Says Jack, says he, "The Injins thinks——"
Says Tom, "I'll swear as they
Don't think at all." Says Dick, "You're right;
It arn't their nat'ral way.
But I want to find out, my lads,
This stuff of which they tell;
For, if as it arn't meant to drink,
Why, it must be to smell."

"'Says Tom, says he, "To drink, or smell,
I don't think this here's meant."
Says Jack, says he, "Blame my old eyes,
If I'll believe it's scent!"
"Well then," says Dick, "if that arn't square,
It must be meant for meat;
So come along, my jovial mates,
To find what's good to eat."

"'They comed across a great green plant
A growing tall and true;
Says Jack, says he, "I'm precious dry!"
And picked a leaf to chew;
While Tom takes up a sun-dried bit,
A-lying by the trees:
He rubs it in his hands to dust;
And then begins to sneeze.

"'Another leaf picks messmate Dick,
And holds it in the sun;
Then rolls it up all neat and tight—
"My lads," says he, in fun,
"I mean to cook this precious weed."
And then from out his poke,

With burning glass he lights the end,
And quick blows up the smoke.

"'Says Jack, says he, "Of Paradise
I've heerd some people tell."
Says Tom, says he, "This stuff will do,
Let's have another smell."
Says Dick, his face all pleasant smiles,
As from a cloud he roared,
"It strikes me here's the Capen bold,
To fetch us all aboard."

"'Up comes brave Hawkins from the beach—
"Shiver my hull!" he cries;
"What's these here games, my merry men?"
And then—"Why, blame my eyes!
Here's one as chaws, and one as snuffs,
And t'other of the three
Is smoking like a chimbley pot—
They've found out Tobac-kee!"'

"'So if as ever you should hear
Of Raleigh, and them lies
About his sarvant and his pipe,
And him as "Fire!" cries—
You says as 'twas three marineers,
As sailed to Virgin-nee,
In brave old Hawkins' gallant ship,
Who found out Tobac-kee.

"'A lurch to starboard—one to port—
Now forrard, boys, go we:
With a haul, and a ho! and a yo heave ho!'
To find out Tobac-kee."

SAINT MONDAY.

A DAY AT HAMPTON COURT.

ARTHUR LOCKER.

"SINCE week after week we have toiled in the City,
Next Monday at ten, if the morning is fair,
Let us meet at the Waterloo Station, dear Kitty,
And worship Saint Monday in fresh country air."

Monday's sky was a picture—I counted upon it
In the ocean of blue a few islands of white;
King Sun, I am sure, thought of Kitty's new bonnet,
And warned all the rain-clouds to keep out of sight.

I dressed in my best, and went down to the Garden—
That famed Covent Garden, where nuns long ago,
Lest their feelings, for lack of real lovers, should harden,
Made roses, and pansies, and lilies, their beaux.

The nuns have departed, but flowers still abound there,
And fruits of all climates, the choicest and best:
A basket of strawberries for Kitty I found there;
I pulled a blush-rose to be pinned at her breast.

How sweetly she smiled as I entered the station!
How softly she chid me because I was late!
I glanced round the platform with some exultation,
For I saw not a girl to compare to my Kate.

We did not make love in the train, for our carriage
Was full, and my Kitty is shy of display;
So we sat like a pair after ten years of marriage,
Inhaling the breath of the newly-mown hay.

Arrived at the Palace, we looked at the pictures
Of warriors who frown, and of ladies who charm.
How patiently Kate heard my critical strictures!
How happy I felt as she leant on my arm!

We praised the Court beauties of Lely and Kneller;
"But yon carved oaken frame, which hangs low on the wall,
Contains, dearest Kate," so I ventured to tell her,
"By far the most beautiful portrait of all."

"'Tis only a mirror," she answered. "No, really,
Dear Kitty, a picture has come into view—
Such a pretty young lady! Can she be by Lely?
My darling, I vow 'tis exactly like you!"

Kate coloured, then laughed, then began to chastise me
With her parasol-tip, as if I was to blame:
I glanced round, and as no one was near to surprise me,
I kissed her in front of that old oaken frame.

Our sight-seeing done, we were tempted to linger
Beneath an old yew, on the smooth-shaven lawn:
Kate dealt out our fruit, till each dear little finger
Was rosily tipped, like Aurora's at dawn.

Then I read in our guide-book of Wolsey and Harry,
Of Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr,
And, methought, had bluff Hal had the rare luck to marry
My Kitty, he couldn't have ventured so far.

We finished our day with a row on the water,
I pressed Kate to steer, and in each little hand
Put a tiller-rope—then, as I carefully taught her,
She timidly gave me the word of command.

Then I grew sentimental, and said, "If this river,
Instead of the Thames, were the dark stream of Fate,
Contented I'd row on for ever and ever
With just such a dear little coxswain as Kate."

We were loth to return, but the sun was descending,
And Kitty's mamma would be wanting her tea;
"Pleasures never seem sweeter than just as they're ending."
The same thought occurred both to Kitty and me.

And how kind was the guard, who contrived to discover—
I think the good soul had a love of his own—
That I stood towards Kate in the light of a lover,
And gave us a box, by ourselves, all alone.

Of all folks that evening, he did us the best turn—
Perhaps he was Cupid, in charge of the train—
If so, for our next trip we'll choose the South Western,
And worship Saint Monday at Hampton again.

"MEDIO DE FONTE LEPORUM SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID."—LUCRETIUS.

LORD LYTTON.

WE walk'd about at Hampton Court,
Alone in sunny weather,
And talk'd—half earnest and half sport,
Link'd arm in arm together.

I press'd her hand upon the steps,
Its warmest light the sky lent.
She sought the shade: I sought her lips:
We kiss'd: and then were silent.

Clare thought, no doubt, of many things,
Besides the kiss I stole there;—
The sun, and sunny founts in rings,
The bliss of soul with soul there.

The bonnet, fresh from France, she wore,
My praise of how she wore it,
The arms above the carven door,
The orange trees before it;—

But I could only think, as, mute
I watched her happy smile there,
With rising pain, of this tight boot,
That pinched me all the while there.

Well, when our yet unchristened mite grew limp an' thin an' pale,
It would 'a cut you to the heart to hear the mother wail
About her "unregenerate babe," an' how, if it should go,
'Twould have no chance with them as had their registers to show.

Then awful quiet she grew, an' hadn't spoken for a week,
When in came brother Bill one day with news from Bluegrass Creek.
"I seen," says he, "a notice on the chapel railin' tied.
They'll have service there this evenin'—can the youngster stand the ride?

For we can't have parson here, if it be true, as I've heard say,
There's a dyin' man as wants him more'n twenty mile away;
So——" He hadn't time to finish ere the child was out of bed
With a shawl about its body, an' a hood upon its head.

"Saddle up," the missus said. I did her biddin' like a bird,
Perhaps I thought it foolish, but I never said a word;
For though I have a vote in what kids eat, or drink, or wear,
Their spiritual requirements are entirely her affair.

We started on our two hours' ride beneath a burning sun,
With Aunt Sal and Bill for sureties to renounce the Evil One;
An' a bottle in Sal's basket that was labelled "Fine Old Tom"
Held the water that regeneration was to follow from.

For Bluegrass Creek was dry, as Bill that very day had found,
An' not a sup o' water to be had for miles around;
So, to make salvation sartin for the babby's little soul,
We had filled a dead marine, sir, at the family water-hole.

Which every forty rods or so Sal raised it to her head,
An' took a snifter, "Just enough to wet her lips," she said.
Whereby it came to pass that when we reached the chapel door
There was only what would serve the job, an' deuce a dribble more.

The service had begun—we didn't like to carry in
A vessel with so evident a carritur for gin;
So we left it in the porch, an,' havin' done our level best,
Went an' owned to bein' "miserable offenders" with the rest.

An' nigh upon the finish, when the parson had been told
That a lamb was waiting there to be admitted to the fold,
Rememberin' the needful, I gets up an' quietly slips
To the porch to see a swagsman—with our bottle to his lips.

Such a faintness came all over me, you might have then an' there
Knocked me down, sir, with a feather, or tied me with a hair.
Doc., I couldn't speak or move; an' though I caught the beggar's eye,
With a wink he turned the bottle bottom up an' drank it dry.

An' then he flung it from him, being suddenly aware
That the label on't was merely a deloosion an' a snare;
An' the crash cut short the people in the middle of A-men,
An' all the congregation heard him holler, "Sold again"!

So that christ'nin' was a failure; every water flask was drained,
Even the monkey in the vestry not a blessed drop contained;
An' the parson in a hurry cantered off upon his mare,
Leavin' baby unregenerate, an' missus in despair.

That night the child grew worse, but my care was for the wife.
I feared more for her reason than for that wee spark of life.

* * * * * *

But you know the rest—how Providence contrived that very night
That a doctor should come cadgin' at our shanty for a light.

* * * * * *

Baby? Oh! he's chirpy, thank ye—been baptized—his name is Bill;
It's weeks an' weeks since parson came an' put him through the mill;
An' his mother's mighty vain upon the subjeck of his weight,
An' a regular cock-a-hoop about his spiritual state.

So now you'll take the tenner. Oh, confound the bloomin' change!
Lord, had Billy died!—but, doctor, don't you think it summut strange
That them as keeps the gate should have refused to let him in
Because a fool mistook a drop of Adam's ale for gin?

MY OTHER CHINEE COOK.

JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS.

YES, I got another Johnny; but he was to Number One
As a Satyr to Hyperion, as a rushlight to the sun;
He was lazy, he was cheeky, he was dirty, he was sly,
But he had a single virtue, and its name was "rabbit-pie."

Now those who say the bush is dull are not so far astray,
For the neutral tints of station life are anything but gay;
But, with all its uneventfulness, I solemnly deny
That the bush is unendurable along with rabbit-pie.

We had fixed one day to sack him, and agreed to moot the point,
When my lad should bring our usual regale of cindered joint,
But instead of cindered joint we saw and smelt, my wife and I,
Such a lovely, such a beautiful, oh! such a rabbit-pie!

There was quite a new expression on his lemon-coloured face,
And the unexpected odour won him temporary grace,
For we tacitly postponed the sacking point till by-and-bye,
And we tacitly said nothing save the one word, "rabbit-pie."

I had learned that pleasant mystery should simply be endured,
And forebore to ask of Johnny where the rabbits were procured!
I had learned from Number One to stand aloof from how and why,
And I threw myself upon the simple fact of rabbit-pie.

And when the pie was opened, what a picture did we see!
"They lay in beauty side by side, they filled our home with glee!"
How excellent, how succulent, back, neck, and leg and thigh;
What a noble gift is manhood! what a trust is rabbit-pie!

For a week the thing continued, rabbit-pie from day to day;
Though where he got the rabbits John would ne'er vouchsafe to say;
But we never seemed to tire of them, and daily could descry
Subtle shades of new delight in each successive rabbit-pie.

Sunday came; by rabbit reckoning, the seventh day of the week;
We had dined, we sat in silence, both our hearts (?) too full to speak;

When in walks Cousin George, and, with a sniff, says he,
"Oh my!
What a savoury suggestion! what a smell of rabbit-pie!"

"Oh, why so late, George?" says my wife, "the rabbit-pie is gone;
But you *must* have one for tea, though. Ring the bell, my dear, for John."
So I rang the bell for John, to whom my wife did signify,
"Let us have an early tea, John, and another rabbit-pie."

But John seemed taken quite aback, and shook his funny head,
And uttered words I comprehended no more than the dead!
"Go, do as you are bid," I cried, "we wait for no reply;
Go! let us have tea early, and another rabbit-pie!"

Oh, that I had stopped his answer! but it came out with a run:
"Last-a week-a plenty puppy; this-a week-a puppy done!"
Just then my wife, my love, my life, the apple of mine eye,
Was seized with what seemed "mal-de-mer,"—"sic*k* transit",
—rabbit-pie!

And George! by George, he laughed, and then he howled like any bear!
The while my wife contorted like a mad convulsionaire;
And I—I rushed on Johnny, and I smote him hip and thigh,
And I never saw him more, nor tasted more of rabbit-pie.

And the childless mothers met me, as I kicked him from the door,
With loud maternal wailings, and anathemas galore;
I must part with pretty Tiny, I must part with little Fly,
For I'm sure they know the story of the so-called "rabbit-pie."

THE SQUIRE'S BROTHER.

DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN.

I.

"You, sitting in your ancient hall, before a beech-log fire,
Think that the elder should have all—of course you do—
you're squire;
I, sitting on a three-rail fence, beneath a Queensland sun,
Think that the law shows little sense to give the younger
none.

Nell wouldn't know me, I suppose, were she to see me now,
A bushman to the very toes and bearded to the brow;
I didn't wear a flannel shirt when I was courting her,
Or moleskin pants engrained with dirt and shiny as a spur.

I daresay that she pictures me in patent leather boots,
A tall white hat (an L and B), and one of Milton's suits—
That was the Charlie whom she knew before the old man
died;
I wonder if she'd take this view if she were by my side.

How beautiful she was that night!—she seldom looked so
fair;
And how the soft wax candle-light show'd up her auburn
hair!
She was a bit inclined to tease, to stand on P's and Q's,
To 'Keep your distance, if you please,' until I told my
news.

Then she rose up and took my hand and look'd me in the
face,
And when in turn her face I scann'd, I saw a tell-tale trace
Of dew-drops from the brave blue eyes along the dimpled
cheek,
The while she told in simple sighs the tale she would not
speak.

She never let me kiss before, but now she gave her mouth
So frankly, that I almost swore I would forswear the South—
The sunny South of prospect vast—and hug the barren North,
Had not she held me to it fast, and, weeping, sent me forth.

So here I am—a pioneer, and work with my own hands
Harder than any labourer upon my brother's lands,
Far from the haunts of gentlemen in this outlandish place;
I wonder if I e'er again shall see a woman's face.

I couldn't stand it, but for this, that, when I first came out,
I used to see the carriages in which men drove about,
Who'd tended sheep themselves of old 'mid Highland moors and rocks,
And now were lords of wealth untold, and half a hundred flocks.

I laid this unction to my heart, that, if a Scottish herd
Could play so manfully his part, I should not be deterred:
And so I slave and stay and save, and squander nought but youth:
Nell sometimes writes and calls me brave, and knows but half the truth.

Do you suppose that old Sir Hugh, who won your lands in mail,
Show'd half the valour that I do in sitting on this rail?
He tilted in his lordly way, and stoutly, I confess;
But I stand sentry all the day against the wilderness.

There isn't much poetical about an old tweed suit,
And nothing chivalrous at all about a cowhide boot;
Yet oft beneath a bushman's breast there lurks a knightly soul,
And bushman's feet have often press'd towards a gallant goal

So here I am, and, spite of all, I hope in long years more
To stand within my brother's hall, my quest of fortune o'er.
And so I slave and stay and save, and squander nought but youth;
And if Nell said that I was brave she only told the truth."

II.

"And is it true, or do I dream? is this the dear old hall?
These the old pictures? Yes! I seem to recognize them all;
That is my father in his pink upon his favourite hack,
I wonder what would Nellie think knew she that I were back?

That is my brother—he is changed, and heavier than he was
When years ago the park he ranged with me on 'Phiz' and 'Boz';
His figure is a trifle full, his whiskers edged with grey;
And yet at Oxford he could pull a good oar in his day.

The portrait in that frame is Nell—why, *I* gave Dick that frame
And doesn't the old pet look well? I swear she's just the same
As when I left her years ago to cross the southern foam;—
I wonder if they've let her know that I'm expected home.

How well the artist coloured it; he caught the sunny shades
That ever and anon would flit across her auburn braids;
But no!—that isn't quite the blue that shone in Nellie's eyes;
Their light was nearer in its hue to our Australian skies.

White suits her best—she wore a white of some soft silky weft
Upon that memorable night, the night before I left;

Just such a graceful flowing train then rippled as she moved;
I'd like to see her once again, the lady that I loved.

I wonder what I'm staring at; this is a real dress-coat;
A veritable white cravat is tied about my throat;
I've had a dress-suit on before, and yet, I'm sure, I feel
Just like an awkward country boor ask'd to a Sunday meal.

I can't bear sitting here alone, it seems so strange and sad,
Now that my father there is gone, and I'm no more a lad.
'Twas here he nursed me on his knee in that old high-backed chair;
I'd give ten thousand down to see the old man sitting there.

What was that footstep?—not old John's? his boots have such a creak;
I'd almost swear I knew the tones, and heard a woman speak;
The steps come nearer, and the door—what is it stirs my heart?
Why should a footstep on the floor cause every nerve to start?

A lady scans with tear-bright eye a letter in her hand,
And bends her way unconsciously almost to where I stand:
I think I know that writing well: of course—for it's my own,
And she who reads it thus is Nell.—Together and alone!"

III.

* * * * * * *

IV.

"'Neath a verandah in Toorak I sit this summer morn,
While from the garden at the back, upon the breezes borne,
There floats a subtle, faint perfume of oleander bow'rs,
And broad magnolias in bloom, and opening orange flow'rs.

A lady picking flow'rs I see draw near with footsteps light,
And when she stoops she shows to me a slipper slim and bright,
An ankle stocking'd in black silk and rounded as a palm,
Her dress is of the hue of milk, and making of Madame.

I wonder is that garden hat intended to conceal
All but that heavy auburn plait, or merely to reveal
Enough to make one long to catch a glimpse of what is there,
To see if eye and feature match the glory of the hair?

That is my Nellie—she is here and Mrs. Cupid Forte:
We came to Melbourne late last year; I hate to be the sport
Of snow, and sleet, and slush, and rain, and yellow London fogs:
An English winter, I maintain, is only fit for frogs.

The night when first again we met—alone, by some good luck—
I ask'd if she repented yet the bargain we had struck?
She answer'd that she was too old, that what few charms she'd had
Had faded in the years that roll'd since we were girl and lad.

And all the while she was as fair as ever she had been;
Years had not triumphed to impair the beauties of eighteen;
The same slight figure as of yore, the same elastic gait
I prized in her ten years before, were hers at twenty-eight.

And had her girlish loveliness lost aught of its old grace,
And had there been one shade the less of *esprit* in her face,
I had no calling to upbraid, and tell the bitter truth,
For whom she let her beauty fade and sacrificed her youth.

Look at her as she stoops to pull that rosebud off its briar;
Do you not think her beautiful as lover could desire?
Heard you that laughter light and sweet, that little snatch she sung
Are they the tinkling counterfeit of one no longer young?

Here 'neath the clear Australian sky I lead the life of kings,
'Mid everything that tempts the eye or soothes the sufferings;
Wealth, and a woman kind and fair, fine horses and fine trees,
Children, choice fruits and flowers rare, and health and hope and ease.

WATERLOO.

Sunday, June 18th, 1815.

DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN.

"WHAT struck?"
"Half-past ten o'clock."
As over his saddlebow he bent,
He thought of a village church in Kent,
And said, "She'll be kneeling soon to pray—
Perhaps for me—this Sabbath-day."

Ping! ping!
Hark the bullets ring!
Their cuirassiers sweep across the plain.
"Charge them, our Life Guards!"—They turn again;
While English beauty is on its knees
For English valour across the seas.

There goes
The vanguard of the foes!
They've taken the wood by Hougomont!
"Coldstreams and Fusiliers to the front!"
Taken again, lads! that's not amiss,
Your sweethearts at home will boast of this.

Pell-mell,
Bullet, shot, and shell
Rain on our infantry thick and fast,
Many a stout heart will beat its last;
Blue eyes will moisten many a day
For good lives lightly given away.

Crash, clash,
Like a torrent's dash,
Lancer and cuirassier leap on the square,
Scarcely a third of the bayonets there.
Ye, who would look on old England again,
Now must ye prove yourselves Englishmen.

Stamp, stamp,
With its even tramp,
Rolls uphill the invincible Guard;
Falters it at the fiftieth yard?
Weak, worn, and oft assaulted the foe,
Yet never its heart misgave it so.

On, on,
And the fight is won!
Shot-stricken linesman and thrice-charged Guard
Glares at them lion-like, hungry and [redacted]d;
His waiting is done—his hour has come;
Pent-up fierceness drives bayonets home.

On, on,
Life Guard and Dragoon!
An English charge and a red right hand
Will bring fair years to your fair old land.
With riven corselet, and shivered lance,
Is reft and shivered the pride of France.

Still, still,
In the moonlight chill,
A dying Dragoon looks up to a friend:
"Tell her I did my part to the end—
Tell her I died as an Englishman should—
And give her—her handkerchief—it is my blood."

There went,
From a church in Kent,
An eager and anxious prayer to God
For lovers, brothers, and sons abroad.
The fairest and noblest prayed for one—
Neither lover, nor brother, nor son.

A calm
After hymn and psalm:—
The preacher in silent thought is bowed,
Ere he gives out the bidding prayer aloud.
Hark! what can that long, dull booming be,
Swept by the east wind across the sea?

Boom, boom,
Like the voice of doom!
The preacher has fought, and knows full well
The message that booming has to tell,
And gives out his text, "Let God arise,
And He shall scatter our enemies."

One night
In two memories bright;
One golden hour unwatched at a ball,
A kerchief taken or given was all.
"Off to the war to-morrow—good-bye—
I'll carry it with me until I die!"

"He is dead!
You have come," she said,
"To bring me tidings of him I loved?
Your face has told me your tale—he proved
Worthy the name that I did not know,
The man that I thought him a year ago."

"He died
With stern English pride;
But lived to fight the great battle through;
His last words were of England and you;
He died as an English gentleman should,
And sent you—your handkerchief—rich with his blood.

"Ah me!
Life is sad," moaned she,
"When all the sun in its sky has flown;
And one loving bosom is very lone;
And, Oh! if I might but lie by you,
In your soldier grave at Waterloo."

A VOICE FROM THE BUSH.

"O! mihi præteritos. . . ."

HIGH noon, and not a cloud in the sky to break this blinding sun!
Well, I've half the day before me still, and most of my journey done.
There's little enough of shade to be got, but I'll take what I can get,
For I'm nôt as hearty as once I was, although I'm a young man yet.

Young? Well, yes, I suppose so, as far as the seasons go;
Though there's many a man far older than I down there in the town below—
Older, but men to whom, in the pride of their manhood strong,
The hardest work is never too hard, nor the longest day too long.

But I've cut my cake, so I can't complain; and I've only myself to blame.
Ay! that was always their tale at home, and here it's just the same.
Of the seed I've sown in pleasure, the harvest I'm reaping in pain.
Could I put my life a few years back, would I live that life again?

Would I? Of course I would! What glorious days they were!
It sometimes seems but the dream of a dream that life could have been so fair,
So sweet, but a short time back, while now, if one can call
This life, I almost doubt at times if it's worth the living at all.

One of these poets—which is it?—somewhere or another sings,
That the crown of a sorrow's sorrow, is remembering happier things.
What the crown of a sorrow's sorrow may be I know not; but this I know,—
It lightens the years that are now, sometimes to think of the years ago.

Where are they now, I wonder, with whom those years were passed?
The pace was a little too good, I fear, for many of them to last;
And there's always plenty to take their place when the leaders begin to decline;
Still I wish them well, wherever they are, for the sake of auld lang syne!

Jack Villiers—Galloping Jack—what a beggar he was to ride!
Was shot in a gambling row last year on the Californian side;
And Byng, the best of the lot, who was broke in the Derby of fifty-eight,
Is keeping sheep with Harry Lepell, somewhere on the River Plate.

Do they ever think of me at all, and the fun we used to share?
It gives me a pleasant hour or so—and I've none too many to spare.
This dull blood runs as it used to run, and the spent flame flickers up,
As I think on the cheers that rang in my ears when I won the Garrison Cup!

And how the regiment roared to a man, while the voice of the fielders shook,
As I swung in my stride, six lengths to the good, hard held, over Brixworth Brook:
Instead of the parrot's screech, I seem to hear the twang of the horn,
As once again from Barkby Holt I set the pick of the Quorn.

Well, those were harmless pleasures enough; for I hold him worse than an ass
Who shakes his head at a "neck on the post," or a quick thing over the grass.
Go for yourself, and go to win, and you can't very well go wrong—
Gad, if I'd only stuck to that, I'd be singing a different song!

As to the one I'm singing, it's pretty well known to all.
We knew too much, but not quite enough, and so we went to the wall;
While those who cared not, if their work was done, how dirty their hands might be,
Went up on our shoulders, and kicked us down, when they got to the top of the tree.

But though it relieves one's mind at times, there's little good in a curse.
One comfort is, though it's not very well, it might be a great deal worse.
A roof to my head, and a bite to my mouth, and no one likely to know
In "Bill the Bushman" the dandy who went to the dogs long years ago.

B.R.

Out there on the station among the lads I get along pretty well:
It's only when I come down into town, that I feel this life such a hell.
Booted and bearded and burned to a brick, I loaf along the street;
And I watch the ladies tripping by, and bless their dainty feet

I watch them here and there with a bitter feeling of pain.
Ah! what wouldn't I give to feel a lady's hand again!
They used to be glad to see me once: they might have been so to-day;
But we never know the worth of a thing until we have thrown it away.

I watch them, but from afar; and I pull my old cap over my eyes,
Partly to hide the tears, that, rude and rough as I am, will rise,
And partly because I cannot bear that such as they should see
The man that I am, when I know, though they don't, the man that I ought to be.

* * * * * *

Puff! with the last whiff of my pipe I blow these fancies away,
For I must be jogging along if I want to get down into town to-day.
As I know I shall reach my journey's end though I travel not over fast,
So the end of my longer journey will come in its own good time at last.

BESS.

ALFRED T. CHANDLER.

Eh? Why am I keeping that old crippled mare?
She ought to be shot? Come now, steady, lad, there!
I keep her because she is crippled—that's why.
Not much of a reason? Well, that I deny.

You see she was true in a test that was rough,
And did what no man could have done—that's enough!
But come down to the paddock, and let me relate
How Bess, through sheer courage, fell down at the gate.

In seventy-one—yes, sir, that was the year,
My Mary and I had selected round here;
Those farms on the flat were then sheep walks, I guess,
For we first invaded the lone wilderness.

We'd only been wed for a twelvemonth or so,
Were happy and hopeful, like lovers, you know;
And then came a cherub one warm summer morn—
'Twas death or a doctor when "Stranger" was born!

I trembled with fear as I saw my love lie,
For help was away where the earth touched the sky;
Some thirty miles there and some thirty miles back,
Through swamps and through mallee, with scarcely a track.

I sprang to the back of that bonny old mare,
And felt, without uttering, a sort of a pray'r:
One look at my Mary, and off then we sped,
Straightway at a gallop—I gave Bess her head.

The sun had just reached yon northern hill's crown,
And we'd to get back before he had gone down:
A life was depending on that, maybe two,
And Bess seemed to know it as forward she flew.

Ten miles of good pacing, without a mishap,
Brought Willoughby's Bridge and Victoria Gap,
When right on ahead there I saw, to my woe,
The scrub was all smoking, the forest aglow!

'Twas straight through or round it—an hour or a day—
But time was too precious, so fear fled away;
I spoke to Bess cheerily, called her by name,
Then started to rush through the region of flame.

We soon were amidst it—her strides never broke
Through fierce flying curtains of thick sultry smoke,
Through falling of timber and cracking of boughs,
Through showers of sparks and my mutt'ring of vows!

Bess struggled for love—aye, the noblest of strife—
While I urged her onwards for love and for life;
We passed through a miracle—'tis now like a dream,
But God somehow guides when the danger's extreme.

Then two creeks we passed where the bottoms were stiff
And rose on the ranges at Robertson's cliff;
Away on the plain where the rivers turned south,
I saw my one hope with my heart in my mouth.

Ere noon we ran into the little bush town,
And Bess was so heated, I watered her down,
Then sought out the doctor, and stammered with pain,
In telling my message—then sped off again.

He rode a stout pony—a deep iron grey,
And made a hand-gallop from first right away,
A long line of dust marked our journey behind,
As eight clattering hoof-strokes sent thuds on the wind.

Some fifteen miles racing, still Bess onward press'd,
Though snow-flakes had whitened her flanks and her breast;
I patted and coaxed her, and told her my fears—
She galloped on gamely, and flickered her ears.

But flush as we came to the bush fire with speed,
The grey pony stopped, and declined to proceed;
Persuasions both gentle and sterner were vain,
He wouldn't face flames, and he put it quite plain.

And then in the throes of my anxious distress,
I handed the doctor my noble mare Bess;
Away they went, flying through danger and heat,
When reckless, though scared, the cob followed as fleet.

We got through that hell, looking burnt-up and brown,
And pulled at the gate e'er the sun had gone down;
Well, Mary was saved, but the mare she was done,
And fell at the end of the race she had won!

We nursed her for months, and we watched her with care,
For gratitude gets to be purer than prayer:
Though paralyzed then into maimed helplessness,
We'll love her for ever, our bonny mare Bess!

Yon colt is her foal, and that lad on his back
Is "Stranger" or "Cherub"—we now call him Jack.
A beautiful pair? Well that colt is worth ten—
I'd sooner trust him than my own fellow-men.

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

LINDSAY DUNCAN (MRS. T. C. CLOUD).

"THE loneliest night of all the lonely year!"
The sick man murmured with a weary moan;
"And I shall spend, without a creature near,
Another dreary Christmas-tide alone!"

A wooden shanty, common, rough, and bare,
Rude shelter offered to a suff'ring man;
Its door flung open to the warm night air,
Courting, in vain, a breeze his cheek to fan.

A man well on in years; deep-lined and grey
His brow, and those scant locks which o'er it hung;
One who had lost, he had been heard to say,
All that he lived for while he still was young.

A world-worn wand'rer on the face of earth,
Whom Death and Sorrow, in an evil time,
Had driven from the country of his birth
To lonely labour in an Austral clime.

Where, toiling without heart, to keep alive
A life he did not cherish, he had failed,
As hopeless toilers fail 'mid those who strive;
For sorry life alone his gains availed.

Half-dressed, and flung upon his restless bed,
He, burning-eyed, gazed out upon the night—
Gazed from the glowing darkness overhead
To where the distant township's lamps shone bright.

"Full many kindly souls," he muttered low,
"Feasting and laughing on this Christmas Eve,
Did they my dire extremity but know
Would gladly seek my suff'rings to relieve.

"And who am I, to wrap me in my pride,
Scorning to ask what would be freely given?
Yet, no! I *cannot* beg!" he feebly cried,
"Help, to be help for me, must come from Heav'n!"

E'en as he spoke, high in the vast dark blue,
A meteor, loosened from its viewless ties,
Across the star-flow'red fields of ether flew,
Like some grand fire-winged bird of paradise.

Its trailing lustre shed a transient gleam
Upon two figures at the open door,
Whose faces brightened with a tender beam
The lonely hut that was so dim before.

A woman and a child! Was he distraught,
That neither fear nor wonder held him bound
To welcome beings who, his reason taught,
Had slept for twenty years in English ground?

Why should he fear them? Were they not his own—
The wife, the child—with whom his heart had died?
What wonder if, when he was sick and lone,
They left their Heaven for service at his side?

Hand clasped in hand, they crossed his threshold now,
Smiling upon their loved one as they came;
They spoke no word, but kissed his pain-dewed brow,
And coolness fell upon his fevered frame.

How 'twas he knew not—but within a space
That seemed no longer than a moment's flight—
A happy change had come upon the place,
And all around him streamed a soft, clear light.

The child was hanging garlands ev'rywhere,
Familiar wreaths of holly's glossy green,
Of laurel and of bay; while here and there
Gleam'd marv'llous unknown blooms of snowy sheen.

The mother spread the table for a feast,
As though resuming old sweet household care;
And he, in whom all sense of pain had ceas'd,
Was gently led this wondrous meal to share.

What was his fare, that Eve of Christmas morn?
He cannot tell us, and he only could;
But, if 'twere not a dream of weakness born,
He, for the first time, tasted angels' food!

Then, smiling still, they held his feeble hands,
And sweetly raised that old, old hymn of praise,
That echoes on through widest-sundered lands,
In Christian hearts all earthly Christmas days—

"Come, all ye faithful!" Were they calling him?
Bidding him seek a heavenly Bethlehem?
He smiled in answer as his eyes grew dim,
And strove to rise that he might follow them.

"Joyful and triumphant!" Ah! such harmonies
Thrilled through the humble hut, as human ear,
Unhelp'd by angel-teachers from the skies,
Has never heard, may never hope to hear.

Grandly it rose and swelled, that Christmas song!
Surely all choirs of Heaven joined the strain—
That mighty stream of praise that bore along
Upon its flood a being freed from pain!

* * * * *

When his next neighbours, on the Christmas Day,
Some friendly impulse to his shanty led,
Calm, placid, still, upon his bed he lay,
A smile was on his face——and he was dead!

THE MAN IN THE FUSTIAN JACKET.

GEORGE MOGGRIDGE.

It is an excellent thing for a man to be diligent in what he undertakes. If business is to answer, it must be attended to. If a plan is to succeed, it must be followed up with spirit.

Soon after I came to live in this house, as I was painting the palisades of my little garden to the front, a man in a fustian jacket stopped at the gate. "You have a pretty little garden here, sir," said he, "and it looks all the better for the fresh paint on the palisades. I live just round the corner, and if you should ever want colours of any kind, I should be happy to supply you. I have ivory-black, drop-black, blue-black, and lamp-black: very good browns, purple, Spanish, and Vandyke; and, though I say it, nobody has better blues, ochres, and umbers. Those who deal with me say I'm famous for my gamboge, king's yellow, and chrome yellow; and as for vermilion both English and Chinese, white lead and flake white, Brunswick green, emerald green, and mineral green, there is none better than mine to be had."

No sooner had I told him that no colour of any kind was wanted by me, than he thanked me civilly, again spoke of my pretty garden, and went on. "I wish," thought I, rather hastily, "that he would keep his gamboge, king's yellow, and his vermilion to himself—what do I want with his colours?"

The very next morning, as I stood in my little garden, again came by the man in the fustian jacket, carrying a large

jar. "How nice and fresh the shower that fell in the night has made your garden, sir," said he; "I am taking a jar of my neatsfoot oil to one of your neighbours. If anything in the oil way should at any time be wanted, linseed or boiled, common train, seal, sperm, or Florence in flasks, I shall be happy to serve you; I live only just round the corner."

"What does the man mean?" said I to myself, when he was gone; "pestering me with his linseed and boiled oil! I want none of it. I am not to be compelled against my will, I suppose, to buy his greasy oils. Why cannot the man keep quiet?"

"Rather warm, sir," said the man in the fustian jacket, as he paused for a moment, on passing by in the middle of the same day. "Rather warm, sir! Not exactly the day for hot joints, but better suited for cold meat and pickles. I am running with a pot of pickles to the house with the green blinds yonder. If you are fond of pickles, sir, my capers and cucumbers would just suit you; but I have all sorts—olives, both French and Spanish; onions, gherkins, walnuts, French beans, cabbage, capsicums, and cauliflower. I live rather handy for you, sir—only three doors round the corner."

"Yes," thought I, "you live handy enough to torment me! One would think it would be quite time enough to tell me all about your capers and your cucumbers, your capsicums and your cauliflowers, when I ask you; but that will be some time first I promise you. I begin to be sadly out of temper."

On the evening of the same day, just as I was entering in at my garden gate, once more went by the man in the fustian jacket. "Almost time to light up, sir," said he; "I somehow forgot, when I was out with my basket this morning, to leave four pounds of mould at one of my customer's, and so I am taking them now. If you should want candles of any kind, sir, you will find my store dips, fine wax, spermaceti, cocoa-nut, composite, metallic wicks, excellent. Perhaps, sir, you will give me a trial some day; for I am, as I may

say, a sort of neighbour of yours, my shop being only just round the corner."

Hardly could I keep my temper while he was talking to me, but when he was gone I gave way sadly. "He will be a daily plague to me," said I, "and I wish that I had never come into the neighbourhood, or that he and his tallow candles were a hundred miles off."

I was pulling up a weed or two on the following day in my little garden, as Betty came out to the door with her broom to sweep the steps, and at the same instant I heard the voice of the man in the fustian jacket who, as usual, was on his way to take some article or other to his customers. "You deserve a garden, sir," said he, "for you keep it so nice and tidy. Your girl, there, knows how to handle a broom, I see. I sell brooms, sir, and brushes of all kinds; best shoebrushes in sets, scrubbing-brushes, stove, furniture, tooth, clothes, and hat brushes, as well as thrum mops, and hemp and wool mats. I supply everything in the kitchen way: housemaid's gloves, blacklead, servant's friend, bees'-wax, turpentine, scouring paper, emery, fuller's earth, whiting, pipeclay, paste in pots, hearthstones, knife-bricks, mason's dust, firewood, and matches; I think I told you, sir, that I live just round the corner?"

"Yes, you did tell me," thought I, "and I have a great mind to tell you something. Hardly can I stir out into my front garden without being annoyed with a long catalogue of oils, pickles, candles, and kitchen articles: but of one thing I am determined, that neither oil, pickle, nor candle, from your shop, shall ever come into my house."

From that time not a single day passed without my seeing, and hearing, too, the man in the fustian jacket. He seemed not only always ready to catch me in my garden, but always ready to take advantage of any little circumstance that occurred. At one time, coming up as Betty brought in a fish, he thought it a very fine one, and told me that he kept the best of fish sauces, and, indeed, sauces of all kinds, anchovy, Burgess' essence, catchup, mushroom, walnut, Indian soy, and curry powder; as well as all kinds of spices,

nutmegs, cinnamon, pimento, cloves, ginger, mace; peppers, both black, cayenne, Chili, long and white. At another time, when I had hung up my canary in the front, there he stood by the gate, calling it a pretty creature, and telling me that he sold bird's seeds of every sort, and bird's sand. On a third occasion, he overtook me just as I stepped across to the post-office with a letter. "We are both on the same errand, sir," said he, "for I have a letter to put in the office myself. It was directed by my son. See, sir, what a beautiful hand he writes!" and then he failed not to tell me that he sold writing-paper, good ink, sealing-wax and wafers, and excellent blacklead pencils, not forgetting to remind me, as before, that his shop was no distance from my house, being only just round the corner. In short, morning, noon, and night, when at home, in my garden, or walking abroad, I never seemed secure from having the man in the fustian jacket at my elbow. Again and again he enumerated the articles he sold, and again he informed me that he lived just round the corner.

Man is a changeable creature, and in many respects it is well that he is so, for if all his angry feelings and unjust opinions were to remain ever the same, he would be more unlovely than he now is. In my anger I thought unjustly of the man in the fustian jacket, but, in a little time, my anger passed away, for he turned out to be an honest, industrious, kind-hearted, and benevolent man. True it is that he pursued his business with more ardour than tradesmen usually do, but then he was attentive, punctual, and as upright in executing his orders as he was active in obtaining them. His perseverance prevailed; I tried him, made inquiries about him, liked him, and at last so heartily respected him, that, from that time to this, all the colours, oil, pickles, candles, kitchen articles, sauces, spices, bird's seed, writing-paper, ink, sealing-wax, wafers, and blacklead pencils that I have required, have been bought of him, nor have I ever once regretted the circumstance of his shop being onlythree doors round the corner.

THE DUKITE SNAKE.

A WEST AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S STORY.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

WELL, mate, you've asked me about a fellow
You met to-day, in a black-and-yellow
Chain-gang suit, with a pedler's pack,
Or with some such burden, strapped to his back.
Did you meet him square? No, he passed you by?
Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,
You'd have felt for your irons then and there,
For the light in his eye is a madman's glare.
Ay, mad, poor fellow! I know him well,
And if you're not sleepy just yet, I'll tell
His story—a strange one as ever you heard
Or read; but I'll vouch for it, every word.

You just wait a minute, mate; I must see
How that damper's doing, and make some tea.
You smoke? That's good; for there's plenty of weed
In that wallaby skin. Does your horse feed
In the hobbles? Well, he's got good feed here,
And my own old bush-mare won't interfere.
Done with that meal? Throw it there to the dogs,
And fling on a couple of banksia logs.

And now for the story. That man who goes
Through the bush with the pack and the convict's clothes
Has been mad for years; but he does no harm,
And our lonely settlers feel no alarm
When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane
Was a settler once, and a friend of my own.
Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,
Dave came from Scotland and settled here.
A splendid young fellow he was just then,
And one of the bravest and truest men
That I ever met: he was kind as a woman
To all who needed a friend, and no man—
Not even a convict—met with his scorn,
For David Sloane was a gentleman born.

Ay, friend, a gentleman, though it sounds queer,
There's plenty of blue blood flowing out here,
And some younger sons of your "upper ten".
Can be met with here, first-rate bushmen.
Why, friend, *I*——
Bah! curse that dog! you see
This talking so much has affected me.

Well, Sloane came here with an axe and a gun;
He bought four miles of a sandal-wood run.
This bush at that time was a lonesome place;
So lonesome, the sight of a white man's face
Was a blessing, unless it came at night,
And peered in your hut with the cunning fright
Of a runaway convict; and even they
Were welcome, for talk's sake, while they could stay.
Dave lived with me here for a while, and learned
The tricks of the bush—how the snare was laid
In the wallaby track, how traps were made,
How 'possums and kangaroo rats were killed;
And when that was learned, I helped him to build
From mahogany slabs a good bush hut,
And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut.
I lived up there with him days and days,
For I loved the lad for his honest ways.
I had only one fault to find: at first
Dave worked too hard; for a lad who was nursed,
As he was, in idleness, it was strange
How he cleared that sandal-wood off his range.
From the morning light till the light expired
He was always working, he never tired;
Till at length I began to think his will
Was too much settled on wealth, and still
When I looked at the lad's brown face, and eye
Clear, open, my heart gave such thought the lie.
But one day—for he read my mind—he laid
His hand on my shoulder. "Don't be afraid,"

Said he, "that I'm seeking alone for pelf,
I work hard, friend; but 'tis not for myself."
And he told me then in his quiet tone
Of a girl in Scotland who was his own,—
His wife,—'twas for her; 'twas all he could say,
And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away.
After that he told me the simple tale:
They had married for love, and she was to sail
For Australia, when he wrote home and told
The oft-watched-for story of finding gold.

In a year he wrote, and his news was good:
He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.
He said, "Darling, I've only a hut,—but come."
Friend, a husband's heart is a true wife's home;
And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand
To make neat the house, and prepare the land
For his crops and vines; and he made that place
Put on such a smiling and homelike face,
That when she came, and he showed her round
His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground,
And spoke of the future, they cried for joy,
The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.

Well, friend, if a little of heaven's best bliss
Ever comes from the upper world to this,
It came into that manly bushman's life,
And circled him round with the arms of his wife.
God bless that bright memory! Even to me,
A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be,
While living, an angel of God's pure love,
And now I could pray to her face above.
And David, he loved her as only a man,
With a heart as large as his is, can.
I wonder how they could have lived apart,
For he was her idol, and she his heart.
Friend, there isn't much more of the tale to tell:
I was talking of angels awhile since. Well,
Now I'll change to a devil,—ay, to a devil!
You needn't start; if a spirit of evil

Ever came to this world its hate to slake
On mankind, it came as a Dukite Snake.

Like? Like the pictures you've seen of sin,
A long red snake,—as if what was within
Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin.
And his eyes—if you could go down to hell,
And come back to your fellows here and tell,
What the fire was like, you could find no thing,
Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,
To compare it to but a Dukite's eye!

Now, mark you, these Dukites don't go alone:
There's another near when you see but one;
And beware you of killing that one you see
Without finding the other; for you may be
More than twenty miles from the spot that night,
When camped, but you're tracked by the lone Dukite;
That will follow your trail like Death or Fate,
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate!

Well, poor Dave Sloane has his young wife here
Three months,—'Twas just this time of the year;
He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Lasse,
And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass
A long red snake; he had never been told
Of the Dukite's way;—he jumped to the road
And smashed its flat head with the bullock-goad!
He was proud of the red skin, so he tied
Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed
The bush on the path he followed that night.

He was early home, and the dead Dukite
Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.
At sunrise next morning he started away
To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride
Brought him back; he gazed on his home with pride
And joy in his heart; he jumped from his horse
And entered—to look on his young wife's corse,
And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes
As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose

From her breast, where 'twas resting, the gleaming head
Of the terrible Dukite, as if it said,
"I've had vengeance, my foe; you took all I had."
And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad!
I rode to his hut just by chance that night,
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door
With an awful feeling of coming woe;
The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor,
The man held the hand of his wife—his pride,
His poor life's treasure,—and crouched by her side.
O God!—I sank with the weight of the blow.
I touched and called him; he heeded me not,
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,
And lifted them both,—her boy on her breast,—
And laid them down in the shade to rest.
Then I tried to take my poor friend away,
But he cried so woefully, "Let me stay
Till she comes again!" that I had no heart
To try to persuade him then to part
From all that was left to him here—her grave;
So I stayed by his side that night, and, save
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound,—
O God! that wail—like the wail of a hound!
'Tis six long years since I heard that cry,
But 'twill ring in my ears till the day I die.
Since that fearful night no one has heard
Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.
You have seen to-day how he always goes:
He's been given that suit of convict's clothes
By some prison-officer. On his back
You noticed a load like a pedler's pack?
Well, that's what he lives for; when reason went
Still memory lived, for his days are spent
In searching for Dukites; and year by year
That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear
That the Lord out of evil some good still takes,
For he's clearing the bush of the Dukite snakes.

B.R.

HOW JANE CONQUEST RANG THE BELL.

JAMES MILNE.

I.

'Twas about the time of Christmas, a many years ago,
When the sky was black with wrath and rack, and the earth was white with snow,
When loudly rang the tumult of winds and waves at strife;
In her home by the sea, with her babe on her knee, sat Harry Conquest's wife.
And he was on the waters, she knew not, knew not where,
For never a lip could tell of the ship to lighten her heart's despair.
And her babe was dying, dying, the pulse in the tiny wrist
Was all but still, and the brow was chill, and pale as the white sea mist.
Jane Conquest's heart was hopeless, she could only weep and pray
That the Shepherd mild would take the child painlessly away.

II.

The night grew deeper and deeper, and the storm had a stronger will,
And buried in deep and dreamless sleep, lay the hamlet under the hill.
And the fire was dead on the hearthstone within Jane Conquest's room,
And still sat she with her babe on her knee, at prayer amid the gloom,
When, borne above the tempest, a sound fell on her ear
Thrilling her through, for well she knew 'twas a voice of mortal fear.

And a light leapt in at the lattice, sudden and swift and red,
Crimsoning all the whited wall, and the floor and the roof o'erhead.
It shone with a radiant glory on the face of the dying child,
Like a fair first ray of the shadowless day of the land of the undefiled;
And it lit up the mother's features with a glow so strange and new,
That the white despair that had gathered there seemed changed to hope's own hue.
For one brief moment, heedless of the babe upon her knee,
With the frenzied start of a frightened hart up to her feet rose she;
And thro' the quaint old casement she looked upon the sea—
Thank God, that the sight she saw that night, so rare a sight should be.
Hemm'd in by hungry billows, whose madness foam'd at lip,
Half a mile from the shore, or hardly more, she saw a gallant ship
Aflame from deck to topmast, aflame from stem to stern,
For there seemed no speck on all the wreck where the fierce fire did not burn.
And the night was like a sunset, and the sea like a sea of blood,
And the rocks and the shore were bathed all o'er as by some gory flood.
She looked and looked, till the terror crept cold thro' every limb,
And her breath came quick, and her heart turned sick, and her sight grew dizzy and dim,
And her lips had lost their utterance; tho' she strove she could not speak,
But her feeling found no channel of sound in prayer, or sob, or shriek.

III.

Silent she stood and rigid, with her child to her bosom prest,
Like a woman of stone with stiff arms thrown round a stony babe at breast.
Till once more that cry of anguish thrill'd thro' the tempest's strife,
And it stirr'd again in her heart and brain the active, thinking life;
And the light of an inspiration leapt to her brightened eye,
And on lip and brow was written now a purpose pure and high.
Swiftly she turn'd and softly she crossed the chamber floor,
And faltering not, in his tiny cot, she laid the babe she bore;
And then, with a holy impulse, she sank to her knees and made
A lowly prayer in the silence there, and this was the prayer she prayed:
"Christ, who didst bear the scourging, but now dost wear the crown,
I at Thy feet, O true and sweet, would lay my burden down.
Thou badest me love and cherish the babe Thou gavest me,
And I have kept Thy word, nor stept aside from following Thee;
And, lo! the boy is dying, and vain is all my care,
And my burden's weight is very great, yea! greater than I can bear.
And, Lord, Thou know'st what peril doth threat these poor men's lives,
I, a lone woman, most weak and human, plead for their waiting wives.

Thou canst not let them perish; up, Lord, in Thy strength and save
From the scorching breath of this terrible death on the cruel winter wave.
Take Thou my babe and watch it, no care is like to Thine,
And let Thy power, in this perilous hour, supply what lack is mine."

IV.

And so her prayer she ended, and rising to her feet,
Turned one look to the cradle nook where the child's faint pulses beat;
And then with softest footsteps retrod the chamber floor,
And noiselessly groped for the latch, and oped and crossed the cottage door.
The snow lay deep, and drifted as far as sight could reach,
Save where alone the dank weed strewn did mark the sloping beach.
But, whether 'twas land or ocean, or rock, or sand, or snow,
Or sky o'erhead, on all was shed the same fierce, fatal glow.
And thro' the tempest bravely Jane Conquest fought her way,
By snowy deep, and slippery steep to where her goal lay.
And she gain'd it, pale and breathless, and weary, and sore and faint,
But with soul possess'd with the strength, and zest, and ardour of a saint.
Silent and weird, and lonely amid its countless graves,
Stood the old grey church on its tall rock perch, secure from the flood's great waves.
And beneath its sacred shadow lay the hamlet safe and still,
For however the sea and the wind might be, 'twas quiet under the hill.

Jane Conquest reached the churchyard, and stood by the
old church door;
But the oak was tough, and had bolts enough and her
strength was frail and poor.
So she crept through a narrow window and climbed the
belfry stair,
And grasp'd the rope, sole chord of hope for the mariners
in despair.
And the wild wind help'd her bravely, and she wrought
with an earnest will,
And the clamorous bell spake out right well to the hamlet
under the hill.
And it roused the slumb'ring fishers, nor its warning task
gave o'er
Till a hundred fleet and eager feet were hurrying to the
shore;
And then it ceased its ringing, for the woman's work was
done,
And many a boat that was now afloat showed man's work
was begun.

V.

But the ringer in the belfry lay motionless and cold,
With the chord of hope, the church-bell rope, still in her
frozen hold.
How long she lay, it boots not, but she woke from her
swoon at last,
In her own bright room, to find the gloom and the grief of
the peril past.
With a sense of joy within her, and the Christ's sweet
presence near,
And friends around, and the cooing sound of her babe's
voice in her ear;
And they told her all the story, how a brave and gallant
few
O'ercame each check and reached the wreck, and saved the
hapless crew;

And how the curious sexton had climbed the belfry stair,
And of his fright, when, cold and white, he found her lying there;
And how, when they had borne her back unto her home again,
The child she left, with a heart bereft of hope, and wrung with pain,
Was found within its cradle in a quiet slumber laid,
With a peaceful smile on its lips the while, and the wasting sickness stay'd.
And she said 'twas Christ that watched it, and brought it safely through,
And she praised His truth, and His tender ruth, who had saved her darling too.
And then there came a letter across the surging foam,
And last the breeze that over the seas, bore Harry Conquest home.
And they told him all the story that still their children tell,
Of the fearful sight on that winter night, and the ringing of the bell.

"WAS LOST AND IS FOUND."

A TALE OF THE LONDON MISSION, 1874.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

"COME in! Come in!" the lady said—the door stood open wide—
The church was bright, and young and old were ranging side by side;
The lady's look was soft and grave, her voice was low and sweet;
The girl half stopped and turned—and then went faster down the street.
One moment, and a gentle hand upon her arm was pressed:
"Oh, won't you stay?" the kind voice said; "Come in, come in and rest;
"The missioner will preach to-night, and all the church is free:
You won't refuse me now, my child; come in, and sit by me."
"No, no," she said, yet stopped and looked (it was not hard to trace
The conflict passing like a cloud across that fair young face).—
Then hastily, as though she feared her heart at last might fail,
Passed in and sat beside the door, so weary, sad, and pale.
The preacher spoke of God's great love, and how the Saviour blest
Called weary souls to come to Him that He might give them rest.
He spoke no grand or learned words, he used no studied art,
He simply spoke as one who tried to reach his brother's heart.

It was the old, old story, that can never pall or tire
When the lips with grace are fervent and the heart with love on fire.
And the lady marked how, one by one, the tear-drops grew and fell,
While eagerly those wistful eyes were fixed as by a spell.
And then a hymn rose all around—no cultured choir's display,
For every voice and every heart seemed moved to sing that day;
And faster, faster, rained the tears, for with the well-known air
Came back her childhood's happy days, her childhood's home so fair.
She sees her father's thin white locks, her mother's loving eyes—
This night she cannot put aside the memory, if she tries:
She sees—she cannot help but see—the little sister sweet;
She hears upon the broad old stairs the little pattering feet;
They laid her in the old churchyard, beneath the sombre yew:—
And "Oh! my God!" the poor girl sobs, "that I were laid there too!"
And now the preacher stands and waits, and bids who will to stay,
For he is yearning for their souls, and he has more to say.
The lady still is kneeling there, but kneeling all alone;
She lifts her head—alas! the girl has left the church and gone.
She had so yearned to take her hand and help her, and she sighs
To think of that poor suffering face, those eager tearful eyes.

The pleading voice has ceased, yet still a scattered few are there,
As one by one the missioner kneels by their side in prayer;

And one by one they pass away, with hearts that throb to feel
They have been very near to One whose touch hath power to heal.
Oh! had that poor child only stayed and told her tale of grief,
The lady thinks, perchance she too had found the blest relief!
And now from out the silent church she with a friend departs;
Their words are few, but fewest words speak best from fullest hearts.
They part at last; and there, behold! half eager and half shy,
The girl with those poor tear-stained cheeks, that sad beseeching eye.
"Oh! it was long to wait," she said, "I thought it ne'er would end;
And then I could not speak to you, for you were with your friend;
Oh, help me, help me, if you can!" The lady gently smiled—
"I will," she said; "but God is love, and He will help His child."
"Oh, no! oh, no!" the poor girl cried, despair in every tone,
"You cannot know how far away from His true fold I've gone.
I'm not as one who never knew, time was I used to pray,
I tried to do the right, but oh, I've sinned His love away!
Five years have passed since I wrote home, and now I cannot tell
Whether my parents are alive; they don't know where I dwell.
And all that time I never once have crossed the church's door
Until this night; and now, O God! there's hope for me no more!"

"Nay, nay, that can't be true, my child" (and oh! like gentle rain
The words fell on that withered heart, and softened it again);
"Why did God let me come to you? Why did He let you stay,
Unless He had some word of hope to speak to you to-day?
Oh, offer Him this very night that worthiest sacrifice—
The broken and the contrite heart, which He will not despise:
We both have need of pardoning grace; yes, sister, we will lay
Our sin-stained souls before His feet, and for His mercy pray:
And promise me one thing—this night, before aught else you do,
That you will to your mother write, and ask her pardon too."
"I will," she sobbed; and then her hand the lady kindly took,
And bade her read the blessed words of peace in God's own Book.
"I have no Bible now," she said: the lady sadly smiled;
"That must not be," she said, "take mine; and now good-night, my child."
Next morning at a hospital the lady needs must call:
Ah! little dreamt she of the tale that on her ears would fall!
Why runs the nurse to meet her there ere she can speak a word?
"Oh, is it not most strange and sad! Nay, surely you have heard?
A girl has been brought in to-day, but only just to die;
By some rough driver in the street struck down and left to lie.
We know her not, but you may know; for strange as it may sound,
A Bible with your name in it was all the clue we found."

"Oh, let me see," the lady said, "I think I know too well—
Yes, it is she—but tell me, nurse, whate'er there is to tell."
"Not much," she said, "but once she spoke, before she passed away;
We thought she gasped, 'Thank God, thank God, this was not yesterday!'"

Next day there stood before the gate, with hearts too full to speak,
A father with his thin white locks, a mother grave and meek.
The kind folk at the lodging-house had guessed their errand well,
And sent them on, but had not heart the thing they knew to tell.
The lady sees them standing there; she knows who it must be;
No need to ask them who they are, or whom they come to see.
She runs to meet them—"Yes," she cries, "I know what you would say;
Your child is here; my poor, poor friends, it happened yesterday.
Come in, come in: God comfort you, and make you firm and brave,
For oh! your child has gone to Him, and found Him strong to save."
And then she took them by the hand, like little children weak;
They went with her, scarce knowing aught, too stunned to think or speak.
And then she told them all the tale, in loving words and slow:—
Ah me! they came to find their child—and they have found her so!

She lay there white and beautiful, no trace of conflict now,
No lines that told of sin and shame upon that marble brow:
The aged pair they knelt beside the bed where she was laid,
And "Not our will but Thine be done!" amid their sobs they prayed.
What though the flower of childhood's grace no more be blooming there,
His snow-white lily Death has laid upon that form so fair.
"Blest are the pure in heart"—so once the Friend of sinners cried;—
Yet not unblest, methinks, are those whom He has purified.

THE LAST HYMN.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE Sabbath-day was ending, in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly;
And they rose to face the sunset, in the glowing lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessèd boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there:
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed, and shook, and tore them, till they thundered, groaned, and boomed.
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people, on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast up on the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing 'round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows, a large vessel fall and rise,
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach—
Oh! for power to cross the waters, and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave;
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet —shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet: "Look to Jesus! can you hear?"
And "Ay—ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,'"
And the wind brought back the echo—"while the nearer waters roll;"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him—"till the storm of life be past,"
Singing bravely from the waters—"Oh, receive my soul at last."

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not——" The singer dropped at last into the sea,
And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes by tears made dim,
Said: "He passed to be with Jesus, in the singing of that hymn."

A BABIETH THTORWY.

TELD BY ITHELF.

(*Taken down verbatim by Alfred H. Miles.*)

EVWYBODY liketh thtorwieth. Gwanpapath liketh to thay them, boyth and girlth liketh to lithen to them, and gwate big gwone up peopleth liketh to weed 'em.

But thereth diffwent kindth of thtorwieth, yer know—thereth thtorwieth what ith taleth, and thtorwieth what ith fibth. Gwanpapath tellth the thtorwieth what ith taleth, dgenerwewarlly, and ith mothtly boyth and girlth, and nurthmaidth what tellth the thtorwieth what ith fibth—ethpethially nurthmaidth.

Thum thtorwieth ith amoothin and maketh yer larf, and thum ith theowyoth, and maketh yer thowy.

My thtorwy ith both amoothin and theowyoth, amoothin to otherth but theowyoth to me.

Ith theowyoth to me cauth ith am about mythelf, perwapth thath why ith tho amoothin to otherth. I djetht want to thay thumthin about thingth what babieth done like. Thereth lotth of thingth that babieth done like and gwone up peopleth goeth on dowin em djetht the thame ath if babieth like them orful. Peopleth ith yewy thoughtleth, they thay babieth ith, but babieth ithent tho thoughtleth ath peopleth, cauth babieth done go on doin thingth they done like.

Well—firtht of all, thereth bein born, but you cant thay vewy much about bein born, cauth you thie you're alwayth born when you doe no. Ith vewy thtwange to be born when you doe no, but ith twue all the thame, if it ith

thtwange. It theemth to me vewy thtoopid to be born when yer doe no, but you 'ave to be all the thame whether you liketh it or not. Kittenth ith born with their eyth thut, and pwapth I wath; and thath how I doe no!

Well—the neckth thing ith vacthinathon, and vacthinathon ith worth than bein born, cauth it hurth. Vacthinathon ith a vewy cwural fing. Thum babieth think ith their papath and mamath thath cwural, but it ithent; ith the Queen, cauth ith thhe thayth all the babieth ith to be vacthinated. Thhe mutht be a vewy owid Queen I thud think. I wonder how thied like it herthelf, thath all.

Well, then thereth bein wathed, and of all the nathty thingth that babieth hath to be done to, bein wathed ith the wortht. Firtht thereth the water, ith alwayth too ot, and then if you thcream cauth your thcalded, you get a thlap—cauth the waterth ot. But the waterth nothin to the thope. The water drith up when ith thcalded yer, but the thope dothent dry up. The thope geth into yer eyeth and thmarth and thtingt horful. Oh, thope ith owid thtuff. Ith worth than the meathelth, cauth you ave to ave it thickth timeth a day. And then thereth towelth, and towelth ith owid thingth, but not tho owid ath thope. Thope ith the wortht of all. But towelth ith owid thcwubbly.

Neckth to wathin thereth dwethin. Babieth ith alwayth bein dwethed. Firtht your dwethed for bweckfatht, and neckth to go out in the thtweet; then thereth undwethin afterwardth, and what with paleetheth, and pinnaforth, and wibbonth, and tuckerth, it theemth nothin elth but dwethin evwy minit. The wortht of dwethin ith you muthent do any thing when you'r dwethed cauth you'll thpoil yer clooth.

Theemth to me niggerth babieth ith the betht off, cauth they dont ave to be dwethed, and wathin ithent nethetherwy cauth the dirt dothent theow.

Thumtimeth you're thick, and ave to ave powderth, and uver thorth of fithic. Bwimthtone and tweekle ith the betht, cauth ith the nithetht.

Babieth dieth thumtimeth, and then peopleth thowy.

Loth of peopleth ud be thowy if I wath to die. When babieth dieth, peopleth thowy they thlapt em. Theemth to me thum peopleth thave up bein thowy till ith no uth. If they knew babieth wath goin to die they wouldn't thlap em. Thuppoth they wath to leave off thlapin babieth altogether cath they die, then they wouldn't have to be thowy.

Ith vewy nith bein a baby thumtimeth, cauth thereth loth of nurthen, and there ithent any lethenth to learn like there ith when your gwone up. Of courth thereth "Twinkle, twinkle, lickle thtar," and "How duff the lickle buthy bee," but then you alwayth get thumthin nith for thayin them, thweetieth and pennieth and thuch thingth, thumtimeth thickthpentheth. Oh, but then thereth pinth, I fordot pinth. Pinth ith alwayth thticken into babieth, and pinth ith ath bad ath thope.

Bein babieth would be vewy nith if it wothent for two thingth, and that ith, kithin and aving yer nothe wiped. I done like havin my nothe wiped. I think ith ever tho muth nither not to have yer nothe wiped, ethpethially when ith dry. And then thereth kithin. Thum peopleth liketh kithin. My aunti liketh kithin, cauth I thor er thtanding under the mithelto on purpoth wonth, and thheith alwayth kithin me thhe ith. Then there ith Marwy Ann, Marwy Ann ith alwayth kithin the big tholdier in the park. But evwy body kitheth babieth. Ith vewy thelfith of them, cauth babieth don't like it. If they want to kith anybody, why can't they kith thum one their own thithe, I thall when I gwo up; you thhe if I don't, thath all.

THE BILIOUS BEADLE.

ARTHUR SHIRLEY.

'Twas in the grimy winter time, an evening cold and damp,
And four-and-twenty work'us boys, all of one ill-fed stamp,
Were blowing on blue finger tips, bent double with the cramp;

And when the skilly poured out fell into each urchin's pan
They swallowed it at such a pace as only boyhood can.
But the Beadle sat remote from all, a bilious-looking man.

His hat was off, red vest apart, to catch the evening breeze—
He thought that that might cool his brow; it only made him sneeze.
So pressed his side with his hand, and tried to seem as if at ease.

Heave after heave his waistcoat gave, to him was peace denied;
It tortured him to see *them* eat, *he* couldn't though he tried!
Good fare had made him much too fat, and rather goggle-eyed.

At length he started to his feet, some hurried steps he took,
Now up the ward, now down the ward, with wild dyspeptic look,
And lo! he saw a work'us boy, who read a penny book—

"You beastly brat! What is't you're at? I warrant 'tis no good!
What's this? 'The life of Turpin Bold!' or 'Death of Robin Hood'?"
"It's *Hessays on the Crumpet*, sir, as a harticle of food!"

He started from that boy as tho' in's ear he'd blown a trumpet,
His hand he pressed upon his chest, then with his fist did thump it,
And down he sat beside the brat and talked about the crumpet.

How now and then that muffin men of whom tradition tells,
By pastry trade, fortunes had made and come out awful swells,
While their old patrons suffered worse than Irving in "The Bells!"

"And well, I know," said he, "forsooth, for plenty have I bought,
The sufferings of foolish folk who eat more than they ought.
With pepsine pills and liver pads is their consumption fraught.

"Oh! oh! my boy, my pauper boy!. Take my advice, 'tis best shun
All such tempting tasty things, tho' nice beyond all question,
Unless you wish like me to feel the pangs of indigestion!

"One, who had ever made me long—a muffin man and old—
I watched into a public-house, he called for whisky cold,
And for one moment left his stock within green baize enrolled.

"I crept up to them, thinking what an appetite I'd got,
I gloated o'er them lying there elastic and all hot;
I thought of butter laid on thick, and then I prigged the lot!

"I took them home, I toasted them, p'raps upwards of a score,
And never had so fine a feast on luscious fare before.
'And now,' I said, 'I'll go to bed, and dream of eating more.'

"All night I lay uneasily, and rolled from side to side,
At first without one wink of sleep, no matter how I tried;
And then I dreamt I was a 'bus, and gurgled, 'Full inside!'

"I was a 'bus by nightmares drawn on to some giddy crest,
Now launched like lightning through the air, now stopped, and now compressed;
I felt a million muffin men were seated on my chest!

"I heard their bells—their horrid bells—in sound as loud as trumpets,
Oh, curses on ye, spongy tribe! Ye cruffins and ye mumpets!
I must be mad! I meant to say ye muffins and ye crumpets!

"Then came a chill like Wenham ice; then hot as hottest steam;
I could not move a single limb! I could not even scream!
You pauper brat, remember that—all this was but a dream!"

The boy gazed on his troubled brow, from which big drops were oozing,
And for the moment all respect for his dread function losing,
Made this remark, "Well, blow me tight, our Beadle's been a-boozing!"

That very week, before the beak, they brought that beadle burly;
He pleaded guilty in a tone dyspeptically surly,—
And he lives still at Pentonville, with hair not long or curly!

HOW SAM HODGE WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

WILLIAM JEFFREY PROWSE.

JUST a simple little story I've a fancy for inditing;
It shows the funny quarters in which chivalry may lodge,
A story about Africa, and Englishmen, and fighting,
And an unromantic hero by the name of Samuel Hodge.

"Samuel Hodge!" The words in question never previously filled a
Conspicuous place in Fiction or the chronicles of Fame;
And the Blood and Culture critics, or the Rosa and Matilda
School of Novelists would shudder at the mention of his name.

It was up the Gambia River—and of *that* unpleasant station
It is chiefly in connection with the fever that we hear!—
That my hero with the vulgar and prosaic appellation
Was a private—mind, a private!—and a sturdy pioneer.

It's a dreary kind of region, where the river mists arising,
Roll slowly out to seaward, dropping poison in their track.
And accordingly few gentlemen will find the fact surprising
That a rather small proportion of our garrison comes back!

It is filthy, it is fœtid, it is sordid, it is squalid;
If you tried it for a season, you would very soon repent;
But the British trader likes it, and he finds a reason solid
For the liking, in his profit at the rate of cent. per cent.

And to guard the British traders, gallant men and merry younkers
In their coats of blue and scarlet, still are stationed at the post,
Whilst the migratory natives, who are known as "Tillie-bunkas,"
Grub up and down for ground-nuts and chaffer on the coast.

Furthermore, to help the trader in his laudable vocation,
We have heaps of little treaties with a host of little kings;
And, at times, the coloured caitiffs in their wild inebriation,
Gather round us, little hornets, with uncomfortable stings.

Then of course we have to *smoke* them: and we do it with such vigour
That the sooty rascals tremble, and a new allegiance swear;
And—it's horrible to think of!—but we often shoot a nigger
Like that execrable tyrant, the atrocious Mr. Eyre!

But my tale:—The King of Barra had been getting rather "sarsy,"
In fact, for such an insect, he was coming it too strong,
So we sent a small detachment—it was led by Colonel D'Arcy—
To drive him from his capital of Túbabécolong!

Now on due investigation, when his land they had invaded,
They learnt from information which was brought them by the guides
That the worthy King of Barra had completely *barra*caded
The spacious mud-construction where his majesty resides.

"At it, boys!" said Colonel D'Arcy, and himself was first to enter,
And his fellows tried to follow with the customary cheers;
Through the town he dashed impatient, but had scarcely reached the centre
Ere he found the task before him was a task for Pioneers.

For so strongly and so stoutly all the gates were palisaded,
The supports could never enter if he did not clear a way;—
But our Samuel Hodge perceiving how the foe might be "persuaded"
Had certain special talents which he hastened to displa

Whilst the bullets, then, were flying, and the bayonets w glancing,
Whilst the whole affair in fury rather heightened t relaxed,
Then with axe in hand, and silently, our Pioneer advan

SMOTE THE GATE; AND BADE IT OPEN; AND IT DI AS IT WAS AXED!

L' ENVOI.

Just a word of explanation, it may save us from a quarr
I have really no intention—'twould be shameful if I
Of preaching you a blatant, democratic kind of moral;
For the "swell you know," the D'Arcy, fought as bra as the "cad!"

Yet I own that sometimes thinking how a courteous decoration
May be won by shabby service or disreputable dodge,
I regard with more than pleasure—with a sense of consolation
The Victoria Cross "for Valour" on the breast of Samuel Hodge!

LOVE, HEROISM, AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

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LAYS AND LEGENDS

OF

LOVE, HEROISM, AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

EDITED BY

ALFRED H. MILES.

I.

LOVE.

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

FOUNDED ON THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and grey stones of the Horg,
In its little Christian city stands the church of Vordingborg,
In mèrry mood king Volmer sat, forgetful of his power,
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his tower.
Out spake the King to Henrik, his young and faithful squire:
"Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy desire?"
"Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me:
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee."
Loud laughed the king: "To-morrow shall bring another day,
When I myself will test her; she will not say me nay."
Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about him stood,
Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as courtiers should.

The grey lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the ancient town
From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose looks down :
The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind of morn,
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.
In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and spins,
And, singing with the early birds, her daily task begins.
Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her garden-bower,
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than the flower.
About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and, white
As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small, round wrists in sight ;
Below, the modest petticoat can only half conceal
The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned a wheel.
The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sunshine warm ;
But, look ! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades it with her arm.
And, hark ! a train of horsemen, with sound of dog and horn,
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling down the corn !
Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume stream'd gay,
As fast beside her father's gate the riders held their way ;
And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden spur on heel,
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden checked her wheel.
"All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me !
For weary months in secret my heart has longed for thee !"
What noble knight was this ? What words for modest maiden's ear ?
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and fear.
She lifted up her spinning-wheel ; she fain would seek the door,
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes crimsoned o'er.
"[illegible]y, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer heart and hand,
[illegible]itness these good Danish knights who round about me

I grant you time to think of this, to answer as you may,
For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day."
He spake the old phrase slyly, as, glancing round his train,
He saw his merry followers seek to hide their smiles in vain.
"The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of golden hair,
I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;
All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a chariot gay
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of grey.
And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and brazen lamps shall glow;
On marble floor your feet shall weave the dances to and fro,
At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine,
While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink the blood-red wine."

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face to face;
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip found place.
Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold she threw,
And lifted up her eyes to his, steady and clear and blue.
"I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight;
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn to slight.
If you would wed me, henceforth be a peasant, not a lord;
I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty sword."
"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel away,
And in its place will swing the scythe and mow your father's hay."

"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can never bear;
A Vadmal coat, so plain and grey, is all that you must wear."
"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you," the rider gaily spoke,
"And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet cloak."
"But mark," she said, "no stately horse my peasant love must ride,
A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he must guide."
The knight looked down upon his steed: "Well, let him wander free;
No other man must ride the horse that has been backed by me.

Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to my oxen talk,
If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."
"You must take from out your cellar cask of wine and flask and can,
The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant-man."
"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that mead of thine,
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain my generous wine."
"Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign and boss
(Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms) your knightly knee across.
And pull me down your castle from top to basement wall,
And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of your hall!"
Then smiled he with a lofty pride; right well at last he knew
The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troth-plight true.
"Ah, roguish little Elsie! you act your part full well:
You know that I must bear my shield and in my castle dwell!
The lions ramping on that shield between the hearts aflame
Keep watch o'er Denmark's honour and guard her ancient name.
For know that I am Volmer; I dwell in yonder towers, [ours.
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this goodly home of
I tempt no more, fair Elsie! your heart I know is true;
Would God that all our maidens were good and pure as you!
Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall well repay:
God's peace! Farewell! To-morrow will bring another day!"
He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good steed then,
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his gallant men.
The steel hoofs beat the rocky path; again on wings of morn,
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful!" the listening Henrik cried;
And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood by Elsie's side.
None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from afar,
The Golden Goose that watched them from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark! of all the flowers that throng
Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for you my song.
No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's skill;
Thank God! of maids like Elsie the land has plenty still.

UNSPOKEN DIALOGUE.

LORD HOUGHTON.

ABOVE the trailing mignonette
That dressed the window-sill,
A Lady watched, with lips firm-set,
And looks of earnest will:
Four decades o'er her life had met,
And left her lovely still.

Not to the radiant firmament,
Not to the garden's grace,
The courses of her mind were bent—
But where, with sweetest face,
Forth from the other window leant,
The Daughter of the place.

Thus ran her thoughts: "Oh, wretched day!
When she was born so fair;
Well could I let my charms decay,
If she were not their heir:
I loathe the sunbeams as they play
About her golden hair.

"Yet why? she is too good—too mild—
So madly to aspire—
He is no Boy to be beguiled
By sparks of coloured fire;
I will not dream a pretty child
Can mar my deep desire.

"Her fatherless and lonely days
Are sere before their time;
In scenes of gaiety and praise
She will regain her prime,
And cease to haunt these wooded ways,
With sentimental rhyme."

On to the conscious maiden past
Those words without the tongue;
Half petulantly back she cast
The glistening curls that hung
About her neck, and answered fast,
"Yes, I am young—too young.

"Yet I am graver than my wont,
Graver when he is here;
Beneath the glory of his front
I tremble—not with fear,
But, as I read, Bethesda's font
Felt with the angel near.

"Must I mate only with my kind,
With something as unwise
As my poor self, and never find
Affection I can prize
At once with an adoring mind,
And with admiring eyes?

"My mother trusts to drag me down
To some low range of life
By pleasures of the clamorous town,
And vanity's mean strife;
And in such selfish tumult drown
My hope to be his wife."

Then darker round the Lady grew
The meditative cloud,—
And stormy thoughts began to brew
She dared not speak aloud,
For then, without disguise, she knew
That rivalry avowed.

"What is my being, if I lose
My love's last stake? while she
Has the fair future where to choose
Her woman's destiny,
Free scope those means and powers to use
Which time denies to me.

"Was it for this her baby arms
About my neck were flung?
Was it for this I found such charms
In her uncertain tongue?
Was it for this those vain alarms
My mother-soul unstrung?

"Oh horrible! to wish my child—
My sole one left—unborn,
And, seeing her so meek and mild,
To hold such gifts in scorn;
My nature is grown waste and wild,
My heart with fury torn."

Speechless—enchanted to the spot—
The girl could scarce divine
The whole disaster of her lot;
But, without sound or sign,
She cried, "Oh, mother! love him not!
Oh, let his love be mine!

"You have had years of full delight—
Your girlhood's passion-dream
Was realized to touch and sight,
As bright as it could seem;
And now you interpose, like night,
Before my life's first gleam.

"Yet you were once what I am now,
You won your maiden prize,
You told me of my father—how
You lived but in his eyes:
You spoke of the perpetual vow,
The troth that never dies.

"Dear mother! dearer, kinder far,
If by my childhood's bed
Your care had never strove to bar
Misfortune from my head,
But laid me where my brothers are,
Among the quiet dead.

"Ah! why not die? This cruel strife
Can thus—thus only—cease.
Dear Lord! take home this erring life,
This struggling soul release;
From Heaven, perchance, upon his wife,
I might look down in peace."

That prayer, like some electric flame,
Struck with relentless force
The Lady's agitated frame;
Nor halted in its course
Till her hard pride was turned to shame,
Her passion to remorse.

She spoke—her words were very low—
But resolute in tone;
"Dear child! he comes—nay, blush not so
To have your secret known,
'Tis best—'tis best that I should go—
And leave you here alone."

Then, as his steps grew near and fast,
Her hand was on the door,
Her heart, by holy grace, had cast
The demon from its core,—
And on the threshold calm she past
The man she loved no more.

LADYBIRD'S RACE.

BY CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

THERE—there they are! There are the horses!
How their silken coats gleam in the sun,
And how proudly they carry their heads, too!
Oh! oh! that the race were but run!
Were this awful suspense only ended!
Could I know now the best or the worst,
And which of those beautiful creatures—
Ah! which of them all—will be first.

Look, look! how they're fretting and quiv'ring
As nimbly they canter along,
All the world like the lords and the ladies
Where beauty and gallantry throng;
Noble brutes that are longing so madly—
So eagerly waiting to start—
Do you dream that your heels as you struggle
Beat time to the throbs of a heart?
Do you know that your hurrying footsteps
May lives either trample or make,
And that in your fleetness men's honour
And women's fond love are at stake?
See, at last there is Ladybird coming!
What grace! What a dazzling skin!
She moves like an Empress among them!
For his sake, my sweet, you *must* win!
But yet, there is no need to tell her—
The darling thing knows it quite well;
For I whispered my secret this morning
As I stroked her soft neck ——
What! you, Belle?
So you've wandered away from the others—
You thought I looked lonely, perhaps?
Always kind, Belle. Come, isn't it pretty,
The sun on the jockeys' caps,
And the throng, there, of gaily-dressed women?
How happy and careless they seem!
But to me, Belle, 'tis all so unreal,
Like a fair yet a sorrowful dream.
Not be downcast—Ah! how can I help it?
There's Ladybird! Look at her—there!
She's just coming through from the paddock,
Belle, how can I help it but care?
Still, you dear, you're like my own sister—
Yes, Belle! you, at least you, shall know
What 'twill mean if—if Ladybird's beaten.
Look! look, Belle! There—there they all go!

They've all gone down there to be started:
And but a few minutes, and then,
Thank Heaven! the race will be over.
But what are they crying, those men?
Listen, Belle!—Wildflower is fav'rite!
Then Ladybird's lost the first place?
This morning 'twas she that was favourite.
It means ruin, Belle—worse, disgrace—
To him, dear—I mean, to my father—
If Ladybird loses, you know.

But you are not going to leave me?
Ah! no, dear! you—you must not go;
You must hear the rest, or you'll think him—
You'll think he alone is to blame.
But you know he's so generous-hearted,
And so trustful, dear—he lent his name
To some one who turned out unworthy—
Ah, well! you can guess at the rest.
Should Ladybird lose, we are ruined!
No! no, Belle! don't think that I jest.
'Tis true, and there's worse still to tell you:
My father, he—*he* must be saved;
And if Ladybird chances to fail us,
There's but one thing left to be braved.
I shudder to tell it you, darling;
It maddens me almost to think
Of the misery lying before me—
Of the horrors to which I shall sink
With him—with that man—as my husband,
Who threatens to ruin us, Belle;
For if we should lose I must wed him;—
That is all—all I have, dear, to tell.
Wait! I lie to you! We have been sisters,
And you have a true woman's heart;
You know what it means to a woman
When a cruel hand comes in to part—

Tear asunder the links that have bound her
To the love she has cherished for years.
Ah, Belle! you must know how I love him—
You know how to pity my tears!
No, no! I have not dared to tell him,
And in his last letter he said—
"I am working so hard for you, darling;
And I know you'll be true to your Fred."
But if Ladybird loses to-day, Belle,
It means,—yes, it means that we two
Shall be parted for ever, for ever.
But promise me—promise that you
Will tell him what I dared not tell him,
'Twas done for my poor father's sake;
That I loved him—would always have loved him
Till death—till my poor heart should break.
(*The starting-bell rings.*)
They're off, Belle! The horses have started!
Hark! hark at the shouts from the "ring!"
And still—still those echoing voices;
They know not what sorrow 'twill bring
If one foot should happen to falter,
If one foot should stumble. But no—
No, Ladybird never will fail me.
See! see them, Belle! There they all go!
Down, down in the dip, out of sight now—
No; here they come, climbing the hill.
Who's first? Can you see? Who is first, Belle?
For I'm dazed, and my heart's standing still.
Ah! there's Ladybird—there—black and silver!
But far—far behind, almost last!
And there's Wildflower, close to the railing,
She's winning! But no, see how fast,
How grandly is Ladybird gaining!
She's threading her way through them all.
Speed, Ladybird, speed, darling, onward!
Hear the cheers of the crowd, how they call

For Wildflower; but Ladybird's reached her—
They're racing quite level. They come.
How close they come—nearer—and nearer!
Their hoofs stir my heart like a drum.
There—there they go, still locked together,
Quite level—one—one second more.
What's that that the people are shouting?
Both names? Yet the struggle is o'er.

No one knows, you say? Ah, me, how cruel!
My heart, Belle—my heart it will burst.
See! the numbers go up! What's that—seven?
Thank Heaven, then—Ladybird's first!

LEONATUS.

R. H. STODDARD.

THE fair boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen,
It was his duty evermore
To tend the Lady Imogen;
By peep of day he might be seen
Tapping against her chamber-door,
To wake the sleeping waiting-maid;
She woke, and when she had array'd
The princess, and the twain had pray'd
(They pray'd with rosaries of yore),
They call'd him, pacing to and fro;
And cap in hand, and bowing low,
He enter'd, and began to feed
The singing birds with fruit and seed.

The brave boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen,
He tripp'd along the kingly hall,
From room to room, with messages;
He stopp'd the butler, clutched his keys
(Albeit he was broad and tall),

And dragg'd him down the vaults, where wine
In bins lay beaded and divine,
To pick a flask of vintage fine;
Came up and clomb the garden wall,
And pluck'd from out the sunny spots
Peaches, and luscious apricots,
And fill'd his golden salver there,
And hurried to his lady fair.

The gallant Leonatus,
The page of Imogen,
He had a steed from Arab ground;
And when the lords and ladies gay
Went hawking in the dews of May,
And hunting in the country round,
And Imogen did join the band,
He rode him like a hunter grand,
A hooded hawk upon his hand,
And by his side a slender hound;
But when they saw the deer go by,
He slipp'd the leash and let him fly,
And gave his fiery barb the rein,
And scour'd beside her o'er the plain.

The strange boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen,
Sometimes he used to stand for hours
Within her room, behind her chair;
The soft wind blew his golden hair
Across his eyes, and bees from flowers
Humm'd round him, but he did not stir:
He fix'd his earnest eyes on her,
A pure and reverent worshipper,
A dreamer building airy towers;
But when she spoke he gave a start,
That sent the warm blood from his heart
To flush his cheeks, and every word
The fountain of his feelings stirr'd.

The sad boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen,
He lost all relish and delight
For all things that did please before;
By day he wish'd the day was o'er,
By night he wished the same of night.
He could not mingle in the crowd,
He loved to be alone, and shroud
His tender thoughts, and sigh aloud,
And cherish in his heart its blight.
At last his health began to fail,
His fresh and glowing cheeks to pale;
And in his eyes the tears unshed
Did hang like dew in violets dead.

The timid Leonatus,
The page of Imogen—
"What ails the boy?" said Imogen.
He stammer'd, sigh'd, and answer'd, "Nought."
She shook her head, and then she thought
What all his malady could mean:
It might be love; her maid was fair,
And Leon had a loving air.
She watched them with a jealous care,
And play'd the spy, but nought was seen;
And then she was aware at first
That she, not knowing it, had nurs'd
His memory, till it grew a part—
A heart within her very heart!

The dear boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen,
She lov'd, but owned it not as yet;
When he was absent, she was lone,
She felt a void before unknown,
And Leon fill'd it when they met.

She call'd him twenty times a day,
She knew not why, she could not say ;
She fretted when he went away,
And lived in sorrow and regret.
Sometimes she frown'd with stately mien,
And chid him like a little queen ;
And then she soothed him meek and mild,
And grew as trustful as a child.

The neat scribe Leonatus,
The page of Imogen,
She wonder'd that he did not speak,
And own his love, if love indeed
It was that made his spirit bleed ;
And she bethought her of a freak
To test the lad ; she bade him write
A billet to her heart's delight.
He took the pen with fingers weak,
Unknowing what he did, and wrote,
And folded up and sealed the note.
She wrote the superscription sage,
"For Leonatus, lady's page."

The happy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen ;
The page of Imogen no more,
But now her love, her lord, her life,
For she became his wedded wife,
As both had hoped and dreamed before.
He used to sit beside her feet,
And read romances rare and sweet,
And, when she touch'd her lute, repeat
Impassion'd madrigals of yore ;
Uplooking in her face the while,
Until she stoop'd with loving smile,
And press'd her melting mouth to his,
That answer'd in a dreamy bliss—
The joyful Leonatus,
The Lord of Imogen.

EMMA AND EGINHARD.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of Charlemagne,
In the free schools of Aix, how kings should reign,
And with them taught the children of the poor
How subjects should be patient and endure,
He touched the lips of some, as best befit,
With honey from the hives of Holy Writ;
Others intoxicated with the wine
Of ancient history, sweet but less divine;
Some with the wholesome fruits of grammar fed;
Others with mysteries of the stars o'erhead,
That hang suspended in the vaulted sky
Like lamps in some fair palace vast and high.
In sooth, it was a pleasant sight to see
That Saxon monk with hood and rosary,
With inkhorn at his belt, and pen and book,
And mingled love and reverence in his look,
Or hear the cloister and the court repeat
The measured footfalls of his sandalled feet,
Or watch him with the pupils of his school,
Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule.

Among them, always earliest in his place,
Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race,
Whose face was bright with flashes that forerun
The splendours of a yet unrisen sun.
To him all things were possible, and seemed
Not what he had accomplished, but had dreamed,
And what were tasks to others were his play,
The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's, said,
With many a shrug and shaking of the head,

Surely some demon must possess the lad,
Who showed more wit than ever school-boy had,
And learned his Trivium thus without the rod;
But Alcuin said it was the grace of God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-device,
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric nice;
Science of Numbers, Geometric art,
And lore of stars, and Music knew by heart;
A Minnesinger, long before the times
Of those who sang their love in Suabian rhymes.

The Emperor, when he heard this good report
Of Eginhard much buzzed about the court,
Said to himself, "This stripling seems to be
Purposely sent into the world for me;
He shall become my scribe, and shall be schooled
In all the arts whereby the world is ruled."
Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain
To honour in the court of Charlemagne;
Became the sovereign's favourite, his right hand,
So that his fame was great in all the land,
And all men loved him for his modest grace,
And comeliness of figure and of face,
An inmate of the palace, yet recluse,
A man of books, yet sacred from abuse
Among the armed knights with spur on heel,
The tramp of horses and the clang of steel;
And as the Emperor promised, he was schooled
In all the arts by which the world is ruled.
But the one art supreme, whose law is fate,
The Emperor never dreamed of till too late.

Home from her convent to the palace came
The lovely Princess Emma, whose sweet name,
Whispered by seneschal or sung by bard,
Had often touched the soul of Eginhard.
He saw her from his window, as in state
She came, by knights attended through the gate:

He saw her at the banquet of that day,
Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May;
He saw her in the garden, as she strayed
Among the flowers of summer with her maid,
And said to him, "O Eginhard, disclose
The meaning and the mystery of the rose;"
And trembling he made answer: "In good sooth,
Its mystery is love, its meaning youth!"

How can I tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines?
How can I tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?

O mystery of love! O strange romance!
Among the Peers and Paladins of France,
Shining in steel, and prancing on gay steeds,
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds,
The Princess Emma had no words nor looks
But for this clerk, this man of thought and books.

The summer passed, the autumn came; the stalks
Of lilies blackened in the garden walks;
The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red,
Love-letters thought the poet, fancy-led,
Or Jove descending in a shower of gold
Into the lap of Danæ of old;
For poets cherish many a strange conceit,
And love transmutes all nature by its heat.
No more the garden lessons, nor the dark
And hurried meetings in the twilight park;
But now the studious lamp, and the delights
Of firesides in the silent winter nights,
And watching from his window hour by hour
The light that burned in Princess Emma's tower.

At length one night, while musing by the fire,
O'ercome at last by his insane desire,—

For what will reckless love not do and dare?—
He crossed the court, and climbed the winding stair,
With some feigned message in the Emperor's name;
But when he to the lady's presence came
He knelt down at her feet, until she laid
Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,
And whispered in his ear: "Arise, Sir Knight,
To my heart's level, O my heart's delight."

And there he lingered till the crowing cock,
The Alectryon of the farmyard and the flock,
Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear,
To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near,
And then they parted; but at parting, lo!
They saw the palace courtyard white with snow,
And, placid as a nun, the moon on high
Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.
"Alas!" he said, "how hide the fatal line
Of footprints leading from thy door to mine,
And none returning!" Ah, he little knew
What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do!

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares
And troubles that attend on state affairs,
Had risen before the dawn, and musing gazed
Into the silent night, as one amazed
To see the calm that reigned o'er all supreme,
When his own reign was but a troubled dream.
The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,
And the white roofs, and half the court below,
And he beheld a form that seemed to cower
Beneath a burden, come from Emma's tower,—
A woman, who upon her shoulders bore
Clerk Eginhard to his own private door,
And then returned in haste, but still essayed
To tread the footprints she herself had made;
And as she passed across the lighted space,
The Emperor saw his daughter Emma's face!

He started not; he did not speak or moan,
But seemed as one who hath been turned to stone;
And stood there like a statue, nor awoke
Out of his trance of pain, till morning broke,
Till the stars faded, and the moon went down,
And o'er the towers and steeples of the town
Came the grey daylight, then the sun, who took
The empire of the world with sovereign look,
Suffusing with a soft and golden glow
All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow,
Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,
Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,
And kindling park and palace as he came;
The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame.
And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared,
Demure and modest, with his comely beard
And flowing, flaxen tresses, come to ask,
As was his wont, the day's appointed task;
The Emperor looked upon him with a smile,
And gently said: "My son, wait yet awhile;
This hour my council meets upon some great
And very urgent business of the state.
Come back within the hour. On thy return
The work appointed for thee shalt thou learn."

Having dismissed this gallant Troubadour,
He summoned straight his council, and secure
And steadfast in his purpose, from the throne
All the adventure of the night made known;
Then asked for sentence; and with eager breath
Some answered banishment, and others death.

Then spake the king: "Your sentence is not mine,
Life is the gift of God, and is divine;
Nor from these palace walls shall one depart
Who carries such a secret in his heart;
My better judgment points another way.
Good Alcuin, I remember how one day

When my Pepino asked you, 'What are men?'
You wrote upon his tablets with your pen,
'Guest of the grave and travellers that pass!'
This being true of all men, we, alas!
Being all fashioned of the selfsame dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just;
This passing traveller, who hath stolen away
The brightest jewel of my crown to-day,
Shall of himself the precious gem restore;
By giving it, I make it mine once more.
Over those fatal footprints I will throw
My ermine mantle like another snow."

Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall,
And entered, and in presence of them all
The Emperor said: "My son, for thou to me
Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,
Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zéal
Pleads to me with importunate appeal,
While I have been forgetful to requite
Thy service and affection as was right.
But now the hour is come, when I, thy Lord,
Will crown thy love with such supreme reward,
A gift so precious, kings have striven in vain
To win it from the hands of Charlemagne."

Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide,
And Princess Emma entered, in the pride
Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame
The conscious terror and the blush of shame.
And the good Emperor rose up from his throne,
And taking her white hand within his own
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said: "My son,
This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won:
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,
And cover up the footprints in the snow."

THE CHAPEL BELL.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE wintry winds blow wild and shrill,
Like ghosts they shriek across the moor,
Or howl beneath the window sill,
Or shake with gusty hands the door,
And, hour by hour, from some lone bell
A wizard sound at night doth steal:
Sometimes 'tis like a funeral knell,
Sometimes 'tis like a marriage peal!
I know it is some fiend that stands
Within the belfry's ghastly gloom,
And with its stark and fleshless hands
Rings out dead souls from tomb to tomb.

I long to weep, I pray to sleep,
But through the haunted house it sounds,
And through my flesh the chill veins creep
Like wintry worms in burial-grounds.
A weight is on my heart, my brain,
A shadow flits across the floor;
And then I know it is in vain
To pine, or pray, or struggle more!
Well, let the foul fiend ring till morn,
Till the red sun awakens men.
Yet though thus tortured and forlorn,
What then I did I'd do again!

He thought it fine to feign a love
Which woo'd my spirit to his feet;
He raised his false, false eyes above,
And vow'd, what's useless to repeat.
Whate'er he vow'd, there is no name
So black on earth as his deceit;
Whate'er he vow'd, there is no shame
So vile as in his heart did beat.

Ring out, thou bitter fiend, till morn
  Awakes the prying eyes of men!
Yet prison'd, madden'd, and forlorn,
  What then I did I'd do again!

Not slightly was I woo'd or won;
  For years the whisp'ring false one came;
And nought a saint might fear to shun
  Forewarn'd me of the villain's aim.
I loved him. Loved? I would have died,
  If dying aught to him might spare;
I would have every pain defied,
  To save him from a single care.
Toll, toll, thou fiend, ring out, and tell
  The murd'rous deed from goal to goal!
I know my name is writ in hell,
  I feel there's blood upon my soul!

The dawn arose; but not for me
  The bridal train did wait and smile,
As slowly, stately, three by three,
  They swept in beauty down the aisle.
I crept behind the pillar'd base;
  The bride's white garments fann'd my cheek,
The blood rush'd madly to my face;
  I dared not breathe, I could not speak!
Laugh out, thou fiend, laugh out and scorn
  With mocking sounds my weary ear!
Is there no other, lost, forlorn,
  No other wretch whose life's a tear?

There rose a whisper deep and low—
  A sound that took away my sight;
All things around me seemed to flow,
  And wander in a demon light.
I nerved my hand to grasp the steel;
  I stepp'd between him and his bride.

Who'd think so black a heart could feel?
  Could pour so warm, so red a tide?—
Is there no sinful soul but mine,
  Thou endless fiend, that thou must make
These serpent sounds to hiss and twine
  Around me till my senses ache?

I had not stabb'd him, but I saw
  My noble father's thin gray hairs;
And that, perchance, which tears might draw,
  Drew blood upon me unawares.
I flung the shrieking bride apart;
  I sprang before him in his guilt;
The steel went quivering to his heart;
  Would GOD my own blood had been spilt
Laugh out, dark fiend! beside me then
  A wilder sound than thine was spread,
A cry I ne'er shall hear again
  Till every grave gives up its dead.

Twelve months—dark months—I groan'd in pain;
  A curse lay heavy on my head;
They tell me I have ne'er been sane
  Since that wild hour the bridegroom bled;
They say no shadow stalks the room,
  No midnight tolling haunts the air;
'Tis false! you hear it through the gloom;
  And see—*the phantom* passes—there!
Mad—mad? 'Twere blissful but to lose
  One hour from self, one moment free
From thoughts that every *hope* refuse,
  From life whose lot is misery!

Mad—mad? as if the sense could leave
  The form it tortured! Never more
Shall I do aught but rave and grieve
  And wish—vain wish!—this life were o'er,

Away !—a thousand lives have gone,
A thousand phantoms glide in hell ;
But not one perish'd—no, not one—
So black in guilt as he who fell !
Night after night, 'mid sounds aghast,
That fiend, that spectre, haunts my way :
What shall I see when life hath passed,
And night is mine that knows no day ?

ZILLAH.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THERE dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish maid,
And Zillah was her name, so passing fair
That all Judea spake the virgin's praise.
He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance,
How it reveal'd her soul, and what a soul
Beam'd in the mild effulgence, woe to him !
For not in solitude, for not in crowds,
Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid
Her imag'd form, which follow'd everywhere,
And fill'd the heart, and fix'd the absent eye.
Alas for him ! her bosom own'd no love
Save the strong ardour of religious zeal ;
For Zillah upon heaven had centred all
Her spirit's deep affections. So for her
Her tribe's-men sigh'd in vain, yet reverenc'd
The obdurate virtue that destroy'd their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,
Who saw, desired, despaired, and hated her :
His sensual eye had gloated on her cheek
E'en till the flush of angry modesty
Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more.
She loathed the man, for Hamuel's eye was bold,
And the strong workings of brute selfishness

Had moulded his broad features; and she fear'd
The bitterness of wounded vanity
That with a fiendish hue would overcast
His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear,
For Hamuel vow'd revenge, and laid a plot
Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad
Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports
That soon obtain belief; how Zillah's eye,
When in the temple heavenward it was raised,
Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those
Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting glance
With other feelings fill'd:—that 'twas a task
Of easy sort to play the saint by day
Before the public eye, but that all eyes
Were closed at night;—that Zillah's life was foul,
Yea, forfeit to the law.—Shame—shame to man,
That he should trust so easily the tongue
Which stabs another's fame! The ill report
Was heard, repeated, and believed, and soon,—
For Hamuel by his well-schemed villainy
Produced such semblances of guilt,—the maid
Was to the fire condemn'd!—Without the walls
There was a barren field; a place abhorr'd,
For it was there where wretched criminals
Received their death! and there they fix'd the stake,
And piled the fuel round, which should consume
The injured maid, abandon'd, as it seem'd,
By God and man. The assembled Bethlehemites
Beheld the scene, and when they saw the maid
Bound to the stake, with what calm holiness
She lifted up her patient looks to heaven,
They doubted of her guilt.—With other thoughts
Stood Hamuel near the pile; him savage joy
Led thitherward, but now within his heart
Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first pangs
Of wakening guilt, anticipant of hell!
The eye of Zillah as it glanced around

Fell on the slanderer once, and rested there
A moment; like a dagger did it pierce,
And struck into his soul a cureless wound.
Conscience! thou God within us! not in the hour
Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty wretch,
Not in the hour of infamy and death
Forsake the virtuous!—They draw near the stake—
They bring the torch!—hold, hold your erring hands!
Yet quench the rising flames!—they rise, they spread!
They reach the suffering maid!—O God, protect
The innocent one!—They rose, they spread, they raged;—
The breath of God went forth; the ascending fire
Beneath its influence bent, and all its flames,
In one long lightning-flash concentrating,
Darted and blasted Hamuel—him alone!
And Zillah was saved.

THE MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHAT ailed young Lucius? Art had vainly tried
To guess his ill, and found herself defied.
The Augur plied his legendary skill;
Useless; the fair young Roman languished still.
His chariot took him every cloudless day
Along the Pincian Hill or Appian Way;
They rubbed his wasted limbs with sulphurous oil,
Oozed from the far-off Orient's heated soil;
They led him tottering down the steamy path
Where bubbling fountains filled the thermal bath;
Borne in his litter to Egeria's cave,
They washed him, shivering, in her icy wave.
They sought all curious herbs and costly stones,
They scraped the moss that grew on dead men's bones,
They tried all cures the votive tablets taught,
Scoured every place whence healing drugs were brou[illegible]

O'er Thracian hills his breathless couriers ran,
His slaves waylaid the Syrian caravan.
At last a servant heard a stranger speak
A new chirurgeon's name; a clever Greek,
Skilled in his art; from Pergamus he came
To Rome but lately; GALEN was the name.
The Greek was called; a man with piercing eyes,
Who must be cunning, and who might be wise.
He spoke but little,—if they pleased, he said,
He'd wait awhile beside the sufferer's bed.
So by his side he sat, serene and calm,
His very accents soft as healing balm;
Not curious seemed, but every movement spied,
His sharp eyes searching where they seemed to glide;
Asked a few questions,—what he felt, and where?
"A pain just here," "A constant beating there."
Who ordered bathing for his aches and ails?
"Charmis, the water-doctor from Marseilles."
What was the last prescription in his case?
"A draught of wine with powdered chrysoprase."
Had he no secret grief he nursed alone?
A pause; a little tremor; answer,—"None."
Thoughtful, a moment, sat the cunning leech,
And muttered "Eros!" in his native speech.
In the broad atrium various friends await
The last new utterance from the lips of fate;
Men, matrons, maids, they talk the question o'er,
And, restless, pace the tesselated floor.
Not unobserved the youth so long had pined
By gentle-hearted dames and damsels kind;
One with the rest, a rich Patrician's pride,
The lady Hermia, called "the golden-eyed";
The same the old Proconsul fain must woo,
Whom, one dark night, a masked sicarius slew;
The same black Crassus over roughly pressed
To hear his suit,—the Tiber knows the rest
Crassus was missed next morning by his set;

Next week the fishers found him in their net).
She with the others paced the ample hall,
Fairest, alas! the saddest of them all.
At length the Greek declared, with puzzled face,
Some strange enchantment mingled in the case,
And naught would serve to act as counter-charm
Save a warm bracelet from a maiden's arm.
Not every maiden's,—many might be tried;
Which not in vain, experience must decide.
Were there no damsels willing to attend
And do such service for a suffering friend?
The message passed among the waiting crowd,
First in a whisper, then proclaimed aloud.
Some wore no jewels; some were disinclined,
For reasons better guessed at than defined;
Though all were saints,—at least professed to be,—
The list all counted, there were named but three.
The leech, still seated by the patient's side,—
Held his thin wrist, and watched him, eagle-eyed.
Aurelia first, a fair-haired Tuscan girl,
Slipped off her golden asp, with eyes of pearl.
His solemn head the grave physician shook;
The waxen features thanked her with a look.
Olympia next, a creature half divine,
Sprung from the blood of old Evander's line,
Held her white arm, that wore a twisted chain
Clasped with an opal-sheeny cymophane.
In vain, O daughter! said the baffled Greek,
The patient sighed the thanks he could not speak.
Last, Hermia entered; look, that sudden start!
The pallium heaves above his leaping heart;
The beating pulse, the cheek's rekindled flame,
Those quivering lips, the secret all proclaim.
The deep disease long throbbing in the breast,
The dread enchantment, all at once confessed!
The case was plain; the treatment was begun;
And Love soon cured the mischief he had done.

Young Love, too oft thy treacherous bandage slips
Down from the eyes it blinded to the lips!
Ask not the Gods, O youth, for clearer sight,
But the bold heart to plead thy cause aright.
And thou, fair maiden, when thy lovers sigh,
Suspect thy flattering ear, but trust thine eye;
And learn this secret from the tale of old:
No love so true as love that dies untold.

'SPÄCIALLY JIM.

Harper's Magazine.

I WAS mighty good-lookin' when I wus young—
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;
But I toss'd up my head, an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Späcially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in *him*!
But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Späcially Jim.

I got *so* tired o' havin' 'em roun'
('Späcially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him;

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim,
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
'Späcially Jim.

CONCEPCION DE ARGUELLO.

(PRESIDIO DE SAN FRANCISCO, 1800.)

BRET HARTE.

I.

LOOKING seaward, o'er the sandhills stands the fortress, old and quaint,
By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint,—

Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the creed,
On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's golden reed;

All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon brushed away;
And the flag that flies above it but a triumph of to-day.

Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wandering eye—
Never breach of warlike onset holds the curious passer-by;

Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its threads of gold
With the plain and home-spun present, and a love that ne'er grows old:

Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the meaner dust,—
Listen to the simple story of a woman's love and trust.

II.

Count von Resanoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty Czar,
Stood beside the deep embrasures where the brazen cannon are;

He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene debate
On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of state;

He from grave provincial magnates oft had turned to talk apart
With the Commandante's daughter on the questions of the heart,.

Until points of gravest import yielded slowly one by one,
And by Love was consummated what Diplomacy begun;

Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
He received the twofold contract for approval of the Czar;

Till beside the brazen cannon the betrothèd bade adieu,
And, from sallyport and gateway, north the Russian eagles flew.

III.

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of the Czar;

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow, empty breeze,—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;

Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks,—
Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;

Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce south-wester tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with colour, and then vanished and were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted,—wet and warm and drear and dry;
Half a year of clouds and flowers,—half a year of dust and sky.

Still it brought no ship nor message,—brought no tidings ill or meet,
For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and sweet.

Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:
"He will come," the flowers whispered; "Come no more," the dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted by the morning breeze,—
Still she lost him with the folding of the great white-tented seas;

Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown,
And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the long sweet lashes down;

Or the small mouth curved and quivered as for some denied caress,
And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantine distress.

Then the grim Commander pacing where the brazen cannon are,
Comforted the maid with proverbs,—wisdom gathered from afar;

Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each
As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech:

"'Those who wait the coming rider travel twice as far as he;'
'Tired wench and coming butter never did in time agree;

"'He that getteth himself honey, though a clown, he shall have flies;'
'In the end God grinds the miller;' 'In the dark the mole has eyes;'

"'He whose father is Alcalde of his trial hath no fear,'—
And be sure the Count has reasons that will make his conduct clear."

Then the voice sententious faltered, and the wisdom it would teach
Lost itself in fondest trifles of his soft Castilian speech;

And on "Concha," "Conchitita," and "Conchita" he would dwell
With the fond reiteration which the Spaniard knows so well.

So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and half in doubt,
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered, faded, and went out.

IV.

Yearly down the hillside sweeping, came the stately cavalcade,
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each maid;

Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic sport;
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the court.

Vainly, then at Concha's lattice, vainly as the idle wind,
Rose the thin high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too kind;

Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustang's feet:

So in vain the barren hillsides with their gay serapes blazed,
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs had raised.

Then the drum called from the rampart, and once more, with patient mien,
The Commander and his daughter each took up the dull routine,—

Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and lone,
Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary monotone.

v.

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow idle breeze,
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the California seas;

Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure decay,
And St. George's cross was lifted in the port of Monterey;

And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gaily drest,
All to honour Sir George Simpson, famous traveller and guest.

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;

Till the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine,
Some one spoke of Concha's lover,—heedless of the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson, "Speak no ill of him, I pray—
He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.

"Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious horse.
Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of course!

"Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell on banquet, guests, and hall,
And a trembling figure rising fixed the awestruck gaze of all.

Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood;
Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed. as Concha drew
Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died too!"

ALICE DU CLOS; OR, THE FORKED TONGUE.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

"THE sun is not yet risen,
But the dawn lies red on the dew:
Lord Julian has stolen from the hunters away,
Is seeking, Lady, for you.
Put on your dress of green,
Your buskins, and your quiver;
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
Long waiting brooked he never.
I dare not doubt him, that he means
To wed you on a day,
Your lord and master for to be,
And you his lady gay.
O Lady! throw your book aside!
I would not that my lord should chide."

Thus spake Sir Hugh the vassal knight
To Alice, child of old Du Clos,
As spotless fair, as airy light,
As that moonshiny doe,
The gold star on its brow, her sire's ancestral crest!
For ere the lark had left his nest
She in the garden bower below

Sate loosely wrapped in maiden white,
Her face half drooping from the sight,
A snowdrop on a tuft of snow!

Oh, close your eyes, and strive to see
The studious maid, with book on knee,—
Ah! earliest-open'd flower;
While yet with keen unblunted light
The morning star shone opposite
The lattice of her bower—
Alone of all the starry host,
As if in prideful scorn
Of fight and fear he stayed behind,
To brave th' advancing morn.

Oh! Alice could read passing well,
And she was conning then
Dan Ovid's mazy tale of loves,
And gods, and beasts, and men.

The vassal's speech, his taunting vein,
It thrill'd like venom thro' her brain;
Yet never from the book
She rais'd her head, nor did she deign
The knight a single look.

"Off, traitor friend! how dar'st thou fix
Thy wanton gaze on me?
And why, against my earnest suit,
Does Juliah send by thee?

"Go, tell thy Lord, that slow is sure:
Fair speed his shafts to-day!
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey."

She said: and with a baleful smile
The vassal knight reel'd off—
Like a huge billow from a bark
Toil'd in the deep sea-trough,

That shouldering sideways in mid-plunge,
Is traversed by a flash,
And staggering onward, leaves the ear
With dull and distant crash.

And Alice sate with troubled mien
A moment; for the scoff was keen,
And thro' her veins did shivèr!
Then rose and donned her dress of green,
Her buskins and her quiver.

There stands the flow'ring may-thorn tree!
From thro' the veiling mist you see
The black and shadowy stem;—
Smit by the sun the mist in glee
Dissolves to lightsome jewelry—
Each blossom hath its gem!

With tear-drop glittering to a smile,
The gay maid on the garden-stile
Mimics the hunter's shout.
"Hip! Florian, hip! To horse, to horse!
Go, bring the palfrey out.

"My Julian's out with all his clan,
And, bonny boy, you wis,
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
Who comes late, comes amiss."

Now Florian was a stripling squire,
A gallant boy of Spain,
That toss'd his head in joy and pride,
Behind his Lady fair to ride,
But blush'd to hold her train.

The huntress is in her dress of green—
And forth they go; she with her bow,
Her buskins and her quiver!—
The squire—no younger e'er was seen—
With restless arm and laughing een,
He makes his javelin quiver.

And had not Ellen stay'd the race,
And stopp'd to see, a moment's space,
The whole great globe of light
Give the last parting kiss-like touch
To the eastern ridge, it lack'd not much
They had o'erta'en the knight.

It chanced that up the covert lane,
Where Julian waiting stood,
A neighbour knight prick'd on to join
The huntsmen in the wood.

And with him must Lord Julian go,
Tho' with an anger'd mind:
Betrothed, not wedded to his bride,
In vain he sought, 'twixt shame and pride,
Excuse to stay behind.

He bit his lip, he wrung his glove,
He looked around, he looked above,
But pretext none could find or frame!
Alas! alas! and well-a-day!
It grieves me sore to think, to say,
That names so seldom meet with Love,
Yet Love wants courage without a name!
Straight from the forest's skirt the trees,
O'erbranching, made an aisle,
Where hermit old might pace and chaunt
As in a minster's pile.

From underneath its leafy screen,
And from the twilight shade,
You pass at once into a green,
A green and lightsome glade.

And there Lord Julian sate on steed;
Behind him, in a round,
Stood knight and squire, and menial train;
Against the leash the greyhounds strain;
The horses paw'd the ground.

When up the alley green, Sir Hugh
Spurr'd in upon the sward,
And mute, without a word, did he
Fall in behind his lord.

Lord Julian turn'd his steed half round.—
"What! doth not Alice deign
To accept your loving convoy, knight?
Or doth she fear our woodland sleight,
And joins us on the plain?"

With stifled tones the knight replied,
And look'd askance on either side,—
"Nay, let the hunt proceed!—
The Lady's message that I bear,
I guess would scantly please your ear,
And less deserves your heed.

"You sent betimes. Not yet unbarr'd
I found the middle door;—
Two stirrers only met my eyes,
Fair Alice, and one more.
I came unlooked for; and, it seemed,
In an unwelcome hour;
And found the daughter of Du Clos
Within the lattic'd bower.

"But hush! the rest may wait. If lost,
No great loss, I divine;
And idle words will better suit
A fair maid's lips than mine."

"God's wrath! speak out, man," Julian cried,
O'ermaster'd by the sudden smart;—
And feigning wrath, sharp, blunt, and rude,
The knight his subtle shaft pursued.—
"Scowl not at me; command my skill,
To lure your hawk back, if you will,
But not a woman's heart.

"'Go!' (said she) 'tell him,—slow is sure,
Fair speed his shafts to-day!
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey.'

"The game, pardie, was full in sight,
That then did, if I saw aright,
The fair dame's eyes engage;
For turning, as I took my ways,
I saw them fixed with steadfast gaze
Full on her wanton page."

The last word of the traitor knight
It had but entered Julian's ear,—
From two o'erarching oaks between,
With glist'ning helm-like cap, is seen,
Borne on in giddy cheer,
A youth, that ill his steed can guide;
Yet with reverted face doth ride,
As answering to a voice,
That seems at once to laugh and chide—
"Not mine, dear mistress," still he cried,
"'Tis this mad filly's choice."

With sudden bound, beyond the boy,
See! see! that face of hope and joy,
That regal front! those cheeks aglow!
Thou neededst but the crescent sheen,
A quiver'd Dian to have been,
Thou lovely child of old Du Clos!

Dark as a dream Lord Julian stood,
Swift as a dream, from forth the wood,
Sprang on the plighted Maid!
With fatal aim, and frantic force,
The shaft was hurled!—a lifeless corse,
Fair Alice from her vaulting horse,
Lies bleeding on the glade.

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ONE summer morning, when the sun was hot,
Weary with labour in his garden-plot,
On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves,
Ser Federigo sat among the leaves
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread,
Hung its delicious clusters overhead.
Below him, through the lovely valley, flowed
The river Arno, like a winding road,
And from its banks were lifted high in air
The spires and roofs of Florence called the Fair;
To him a marble tomb, that rose above
His wasted fortunes and his buried love
For there, in banquet and in tournament,
His wealth had lavished been, his substance spent,
To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped,
Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,
Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,
The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,
To this small farm, the last of his domain,
His only comfort and his only care
To prune his vines, and plant the fig and pear:
His only forester and only guest
His falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,
Whose willing hands had found so light of yore
The brazen knocker of his palace door,
Had now no strength to lift the wooden latch,
That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch.
Companion of his solitary ways,
Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,
On him this melancholy man bestowed
The love with which his nature overflowed.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime,
Had come with friends to pass the summer time
In her grand villa, half-way up the hill,
O'erlooking Florence, but retired and still;
With iron gates, that opened through long lines
Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,
And terraced gardens, and broad steps of stone,
And sylvan deities, with moss o'ergrown,
And fountains palpitating in the heat,
And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath its feet.

Here in seclusion, as a widow may,
The lovely lady whiled the hours away,
Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,
Herself the stateliest statue among all,
And seeing more and more, with secret joy,
Her husband risen and living in her boy,
Till the lost sense of life returned again,
Not as delight, but as relief from pain.
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his strength,
Stormed down the terraces from length to length;
The screaming peacock chased in hot pursuit,
And climbed the garden trellises for fruit.
But his chief pastime was to watch the flight
Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,
Beyond the trees that fringed the garden wall,
Then downward stooping at some distant call;
And as he gazed full often wondered he
Who might the master of the falcon be,
Until that happy morning, when he found
Master and falcon in the cottage ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing-bell
Tolled from the tower, and filled each spacious room
With secret awe, and preternatural gloom;
The petted boy grew ill, and day by day
Pined with mysterious malady away.

The mother's heart would not be comforted;
Her darling seemed to her already dead,
And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,
"What can I do to comfort thee?" she cried.
At first the silent lips made no reply,
But, moved at length by her importunate cry,
"Give me," he answered, with imploring tone,
"Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!"

No answer could the astonished mother make;
How could she ask, e'en for her darling's sake,
Such favour at a luckless lover's hand,
Well knowing that to ask was to command?
Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,
In all the land that falcon was the best,
The master's pride and passion and delight,
And the sole pursuivant of this poor knight.
But yet, for her child's sake, she could no less
Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,
So promised, and then promising to keep
Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendour everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.
Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,
Passed through the garden gate into the wood,
Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen
Of dewy sunshine showering down between.

* * * * *

They found Ser Federigo at his toil,
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil;
And when he looked and these fair women spied,
The garden suddenly was glorified;

His long-lost Eden was restored again,
And the strange river winding through the plain
No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
But the Euphrates watering Paradise!

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,
And with fair words of salutation said:
"Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,
Hoping in this to make some poor amends
For past unkindness. I, who ne'er before
Would even cross the threshold of your door,
I, who in happier days such pride maintained,
Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,
This morning come, a self-invited guest,
To put your generous nature to the test,
And breakfast with you under your own vine."
To which he answered: "Poor desert of mine,
Not your unkindness call it, for if aught
Is good in me of feeling or of thought,
From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs
All sorrow, all regrets of other days."

And after further compliment and talk,
Among the dahlias in the garden walk
He left his guests; and to his cottage turned,
And as he entered for a moment yearned
For the lost splendours of the days of old,
The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,
And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,
By want embittered and intensified.
He looked about him for some means or way
To keep this unexpected holiday;
Searched every cupboard, and then searched again,
Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain:
"The Signor did not hunt to-day," she said,
"There's nothing in the house but wine and bread."
Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook
His little bells with that sagacious look,

Which said, as plain as language to the ear,
" If anything is wanting, I am here ! "
Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird !
The master seized thee without further word,
Like thine own lure he whirled thee round; ah me !
The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,
The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet hood,
The flight and the pursuit o'er field and wood,
All these for evermore are ended now;
No longer victor, but the victim thou !

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread,
Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread,
Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot,
The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot;
Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed,
And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced.
Ser Federigo, would not these suffice,
Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice ?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame
With her companion to the cottage came,
Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell
The wild enchantment of a magic spell;
The room they entered, mean and low and small,
Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall,
With fanfares by aërial trumpets blown;
The rustic chair she sat on was a throne;
He ate celestial food, and a divine
Flavour was given to his country wine,
And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice,
A peacock was, or bird of paradise !

When the repast was ended, they arose
And passed again into the garden-close.
Then said the lady, "Far too well I know,
Remembering still the days of long ago,
Though you betray it not, with what surprise
You see me here in this familiar wise.

You have no children, and you cannot guess
What anguish, what unspeakable distress,
A mother feels, whose child is lying ill,
Nor how her heart anticipates his will.
And yet for this, you see me lay aside
All womanly reserve and check of pride,
And ask the thing most precious in your sight,
Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight,
Which, if you find it in your heart to give,
My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,
With tears of love and pity in his eyes:
"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.
One little hour ago, if I had known
This wish of yours, it would have been my own.
But thinking in what manner I could best
Do honour to the presence of my guest,
I deemed that nothing worthier could be
Than what most dear and precious was to me,
And so my gallant falcon breathed his last
To furnish forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay,
The gentle lady turned her eyes away,
Grieving that he such sacrifice should make,
And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,
That nothing she could ask for was denied;
Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate
With footstep slow, and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing-bell
Tolled from the little chapel in the dell;
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said,
Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child is dead!"

Three months went by, and lo! a merrier chime
Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas time;

The cottage was deserted, and no more
Ser Federigo sat beside its door,
But now, with servitors to do his will,
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side
Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,
Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,
High-perched upon the back of which there stood
The image of a falcon carved in wood,
And underneath, the inscription, with a date,
"All things come round to him who will but wait."

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

ALICE HORTON.

His love was mine no more, mother; I saw it in his eyes;
I did not heed his tender words, I knew that they were lies;
I could not be deceived, mother; my love had made me wise.

You wondered why my cheek was pale; I would not tell a lie;
And yet how could I speak the truth which almost made me die?
So I lay on your heart and cried, mother, an exceeding bitter cry.

A maiden's heart is lightly won—he won mine in a day;
How could I know he wanted it to break and cast away?
He had such a noble face, mother, and yet he could betray.

My world had never seemed so fair—he was the world to me;
I feared no future day, because my only future he;
I fled to him as to my rest, and loved him utterly.

There are who pray, "From sudden death deliver us, good Lord."
I dare not pray that prayer, lest God should take me at my word,
And send me awful lingering, with pains of death deferr'd.

I saw the rosy dawn, mother, cloud over gradually;
I saw the shadows deepen, and the last sunbeam fly;
And then I said, "It is enough; would God that I could die!"

He came at last to blame himself for having long delay'd;
I must not think he loved me less—"No, surely, no," he said;
He kissed me with a Judas-kiss; I felt myself betray'd.

I would be strong, I would live on, and in the end forget;
But sometimes, in the night, I woke and found my pillow wet,
And knew that all the years to come would be a long regret.

Soon tidings came that turned my love to gall and wounded pride;
He who had knelt, and sworn to love me only, none beside,
Had pledged his perjured word again, and won another bride.

I hated him, I hated her; I hugged my misery;
I writhed against God, earth, and heaven; I cursed my sunless sky.
"They shall not build their bliss," I cried, "upon my agony."

Then came a day, from weariness I slept till after dawn,
And started at the clang of bells—it was the bridal morn;
The whole world seemed to keep a feast, and I was so forlorn.

I watched the clock, I told each beat, and as the hours went by,
I knew I must have cherished hope, for some hope seemed to die;
They to be building up their bliss upon my misery.

I would go gliding up the church, right to the altar-stair,
And steal a spectre to the feast, and break upon the prayer,
And throw him back his ring, in sight of all the people there.

Small pity had he had for me, that I should spare his bride;
Nay, I would laugh to see the girl grow pallid at his side.
No mercy had been shown to me, I would show none, I cried.

Then quick as thought, my cruel thought, I rush'd into the street,
And pluck'd my shawl about my face, and never turned to greet,
But passed like Vengeance, through the crowd, with evil winged feet.

The soleman, solemn church, it soothed and healed me unaware;
The holy light came flooding in, like balm on my despair:
How could I harbour evil thoughts when Jesus Christ was there? . . .

I looked upon her face, poor bride! so young, so true, so fair,
And blushing, half with love and half to see the people stare:
I sank my shafts, I hid my face, and clasped my hands in prayer.

I heard their vows, I heard his voice, I heard the priest who pray'd.
I suffer'd still, but, Christ be praised! the thunderstorm was laid;
God had said, "Peace, be still," and lo! the stormy heart obey'd.

Through tears I looked upon my love, in sadness, not in hate;
It was not he that worked my woe—not he, but only Fate;
Sorrowing, not sinful, bruised, not lost, I left the church's gate.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR, "THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"A HERO's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call—'My love lies bleeding'?"
"This purple flower my tears have nursed;
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bear witness that he was my own.

"O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud—the fatal night,
When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They called my hero basely born;

And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand;
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A meaner crest upon his shield.

"Ah, brothers! what did it avail,
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the pale,
And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry?
And what was it to love and me,
That barons by your standard rode;
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glowed?
What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North Sea foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No:—let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone!

"At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love—'Oh, come with me:
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
Come far from Castle Connor's clans—
Come with thy belted forestère,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;

And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love!'—How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

"And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rushed we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unploughed, untrodden shore;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more,
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, oh, that midnight of despair!
When I was doomed to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
The night, to him, that had no morrow!

"When all was hushed, at eventide,
I heard the baying of their beagle:
'Be hushed!' my Connocht Moran cried,
''Tis but the screaming of the eagle.'
Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound;
Their bloody bands had tracked us out;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound,
And, hark! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms:
Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's;

And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—Oh God! Oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod!

"Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragged to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay,
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And checked my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart, with pulses drear,
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

"But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire:
I woke and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.

The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave, that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

"'And go!' I cried, 'the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappallèd bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go!—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unrolled.'
O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yoke;
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of heaven.

"They would have crossed themselves, all mute;
They would have prayed to burst the spell;
But at the stamping of my foot,
Each hand down powerless fell!
'And go to Athunree!' I cried,
'High lift the banner of your pride!
But know that where its sheet unrolls,
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be

The glory of O'Connor's blood:
Away! away to Athunree!
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!'

"A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it passed these lips of foam,
Pealed in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumèd partisans;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom!

"Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould:
No! for I am a hero's child;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
'The flower of love lies bleeding.'"

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

To the scaffold's foot she came :
Leaped her black eyes into flame,
Rose and fell her panting breast—
There a pardon closely press'd.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb—
Heard the price upon his head,
"I will save him!" she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too,
She will weep, but Ruth will do;
Who should save him, sore distress'd,
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came,
On her lips there rose his name,
Rose, and yet in silence died,—
Annie nestled by his side!

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went;
"Wife" he called her—called *her* "wife!"
Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay;
But she coldly turned away :—
"He has sealed his traitor fate,
I can love, and I can hate!"

"Annie is his wife," they said;
"Be it wife, then to the dead;
Since the dying she will mate :
I can love, and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight,—
"I can love, and I can hate!"

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:
"Who has mercy upon me?
Who? My life is desolate—
I can love, and I can hate!"

From the scaffold stair she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent,
All the air was quick with cries,—
"See the traitor! see, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
Saw the axe upswinging gleam:
All her woman's anger died,—
"From the king!" she faintly cried.

"From the king. His name—behold!"
Quick the parchment she unroll'd:
Paused the axe in upward swing,—
"He is pardoned!" "Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long:
All about the scaffold throng,
There entwining, fold in fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is press'd,
While the white lips murmuring move—
"I can hate—but I can love!"

THE DEATH-RACE.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

WATCH ye, and ward ye! a ship in sight,
And bearing down for Trebarra Height,
She folds her wings by that rocky strand:
Watch ye, and ward ye! a boat on land!

Hush! for they glide from yonder cave
To greet the strangers of the wave;
Wait! since they pace the seaward glen
With the measured tread of mourning men.

"Hold! masters, hold! ye tarry here,
What corpse is laid on your solemn bier?
Yon minster-ground were a calmer grave
Than the roving bark, or the weedy wave!"

"Strong vows we made to our sister dead
To hew in fair France her narrow bed;
And her angry ghost will win no rest
If your Cornish earth lie on her breast."

They rend that pall in the glaring light,
By St. Michael of Carne! 'twas an awful sight,
For those folded hands were meekly laid
On the silent breast of a shrouded maid.

"God speed, my masters, your mournful way!
Go, bury your dead where best ye may!
But the Norroway barks are over the deep,
So we watch and ward from our guarded steep."

Who comes with weapon? who comes with steed?
Ye may hear far off their clanking speed;
What knight in steel is thundering on?
Ye may know the voice of the grim Sir John.

"Saw ye my daughter, my Gwennah bright,
Borne out for dead at the deep of night?"
"Too late! too late!" cried the warder pale.
"Lo! the full deck, and the rushing sail!"

They have roused that maid from her trance of sleep,
They have spread their sails to the roaring deep;
Watch ye, and ward ye! with wind and tide,
Fitz-Walter hath won his Cornish bride.

AUNT TABITHA.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHATEVER I do, and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago),
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice!
But I like my own way, and I find it *so* nice!
And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare,—
It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm,—just for safety, you know,—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in! But stay—
Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma,
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! Who knows?
And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!
And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched young man!
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me *she* never did so!

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

LOCKHART.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to say to Muca, I cannot, cannot tell."
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter—
"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muca give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget,
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh what will Muca think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well—
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muca, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh! luckless, luckless well,
For what to say to Muca, alas! I cannot tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Muca, and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, guidsake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Whate'er you do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young,
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;

But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

DAVE'S WIFE.

ELLA WHEELER.

"So Dave has brought his wife home?"

Deacon Somers cut a larger chip from the stick he had been whittling down to a very fine point as he answered Deacon Bradley's query by the one monosyllable, "Ye-a-s."

"Got home last night, I hear."

"Ye-a-s;" and the stick was coming down to a very fine point now, so assiduously was the deacon devoting all his energies to it.

Deacon Bradley waited a moment with an expectant air; then he clasped one knee with both hands, and leaned forward towards his neighbour.

"Well, what do you think of your boy's choice?" he asked. "What sort of a woman does she seem to be? Think she'll be a help in the church?"

Deacon Somers was silent a moment. (He had a very mathematical eye, and he liked to have everything "plumb," as he expressed it. He had been known to rise from his knees at a neighbour's house in prayer-meeting time, and go across the room and straighten a picture which offended his eye by hanging "askew.") Having convinced himself that the stick was round, the deacon tilted back against the side of the country store where he and his companion were sitting, and answered the question by another, and a seemingly irrelevant one.

"Do you remember Dave's hoss trade?"

"No," answered the deacon, surprised at this sudden turn in the conversation, "I can't say t' I do."

"Wa'al, just after he come home from college, two years ago, he got dreadfully sot against the bay mare I drove. I'd had her for years, and she was a nice steady-going animal.

We had a four-year-old colt too, that I drove with her. Wa'al, Dave, he thought it was a shame and a disgrace to drive such an ill-matched span. The young hoss was right up and off, and the bay mare she lagged behind about half a length. The young hoss was a short stepper, and the bay mare went with a long, easy lope. They wasn't a nice-matched span, I do confess.

"Wa'al, Dave he kept a-talkin' trade to me till I give in. He said he knew of a mighty nice match for the young hoss, and if I would leave it to him he'd make a good trade. So I left it to him, and one day he come drivin' home in grand style.

"'Isn't she a beauty, father?' said Dave.

"'Yes,' says I; 'but handsome is as handsome does, applies to hosses as well as to folks, I reckon. What can this 'ere mare do, Dave?'

"Dave's face was all aglow. 'Do?' says he. 'Why, she can trot a mile *in two minutes and three-quarters*, father, and I only give seventy-five dollars to boot 'twixt her and the old mare.'

"Wa'al, you see, I was just struck dumb at that there boy's folly, but I knew 'twa'n't no use to say a word then. I just waited, and it come out as I expected. The dappled-grey mare took us to church or to town in fine style—passed everything on the road slick as a pin. But she baulked on the reaper, and give out entirely on the plough. And I hed to buy another hoss for the work, and let the dappled mare stand in the stable except when we put her in the carriage.

"Dave's marriage is off the same piece as his hoss trade. Pretty creature, and can outstrip all the girls round here in playin' and singin' and paintin' and dressin', but come to washin' and bakin' and steady work—why, we'll hev to get somebody else to do it, and let her sit in the parlour.

"Sarah Jane Graves would have suited mother 'n' me better. You know Dave and she was pretty thick before he went off to college."

"She's a powerful homely girl, though," Deacon Bradley said, "and the awkwardest critter I ever see stand in a church choir and sing. Seems to be all elbows, somehow."

"Ye-a-s—ye-a-s; a good deal like the bay mare Dave was so sot against—awkward, but steady-goin' and useful, more for use than show."

When Dave Somers and his bride walked up the church aisle the next Sunday morning, over Parson Elliott's congregation there passed that indefinable flutter which can only be compared to a breeze suddenly stirring the leaves of a poplar grove.

"A mighty pretty girl," "A face like a rose," "Stylish as a fashion plate," "A regular little daisy," were a few of the comments passed by the young men of the congregation. To these remarks the ladies supplemented critical observations after the manner of women: "Her nose isn't pretty," "Her mouth is too large," "Her face was powdered—I saw it," "Her hat was horrid." But Sarah Jane Graves said, "She is lovely. I would give the world to be as pretty as she is. No wonder Dave loved her." And she choked down a lump in her throat as she said it.

All the neighbouring people called on Dave's wife durin the next month, and, with one or two exceptions, introduc the conversation by the question, "Well, how do you li Somerville?" To the monotony of this query Dave's wi varied her replies as much as was possible without contra dicting herself. "I am quite delighted with the fertility of my mind," she laughingly remarked to Dave at the expiration of the first month.

"I fear I did wrong to bring you here among these people," he said. "They are so unlike you—so commonplace. I fear you are homesick already, Madge."

"No, no; indeed you are wrong, Dave; indeed, I am happy here, and like your friends," Madge protested, with tender earnestness.

But as the months went by it was plain to all eyes that Dave's wife was not happy, that she did not assimilate with her surroundings. She made no intimate friendships; she sat silent at the sewing society. She would not take a class at Sunday-school, claiming that she was not fitted to explain

the Gospel, as she was not at all sure that she understood it herself.

Dark insinuations were afloat that Dave's wife was an "unbeliever," or at least a Unitarian, and her fashionable style of dress marked her as "worldly-minded" at all events.

"She's settin' a bad example to all of Somerville," Deacon Bradley declared. "My gal Arminda's gettin' just as fussy and proud as a young peacock about her clothes; nothin' suits her now unless it looks stylish and citified. And I see there's a deal more extravagance in dress among all the women-folks since Dave's wife came with her high heels and her bustles and her trimmin's."

And somehow Deacon Somers could think of no reply.

"I'm troubled about church matters, mother," said Deacon Somers a few days after. "The debt fur that new steeple and altar, and all the rest of the expense we've bin to the last two years, wears on me night and day. And Deacon Bradley he's gettin' mad at some of the trustees, and says he'll never put another dollar into the church till they come forward and head a paper with fifty dollars apiece subscription. I know 'em all too well to think they'll ever do that, and Deacon Bradley he's a reg'lar mule."

"Isn't there something that can be done to raise the money?" asked Mother Somers, anxiously. "Can't we get up entertainments?"

"That's old, and 'tain't strawberry season," sighed the deacon.

Dave's wife, sitting with her pale face, which had grown very thin and wan of late, bent over a bit of sewing, suddenly looked up. "Father Somers," she began, timidly, "do you suppose—do you think—I could get up a reading?"

"A what?" and Deacon Somers turned a surprised and puzzled face upon his daughter-in-law.

"A reading. You know I took the prize for elocution at college. I know ever so many things I could recite, and it might draw a crowd just from its being something new."

Deacon Somers looked upon the glowing face of Dave's wife with increasing wonder.

"'Pon my soul," he ejaculated, "I don't know but it might draw a crowd, just from curiosity. Everybody would go to see Dave's wife. Not that I hev much of a opinion of readin's; never heard any but once, and then I went to sleep. But it might draw, seein' it's you. You can try it if you want to."

Dave's wife did try it. It was announced before service Sunday morning, and again there was a breezy stir in the congregation.

The night came fair and clear. As Deacon Somers had predicted, the announcement that Dave's wife was to give a reading had drawn a house; the church was literally packed. Dave's wife rose before her audience with no words of apology or introduction, and began the recitation of the old, hackneyed, yet ever beautiful

"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was new to most of the audience, and certainly the manner of its delivery was new to them. They forgot themselves, they forgot their surroundings, they forgot that it was Dave's wife who stood before them. They were alone in the belfry tower, clinging with bleeding hands to the brazen tongue of the bell as it swung to and fro above the deaf old janitor's head. When the recitation was finished two or three of the audience found themselves on their feet. How they came there they never knew.

Sarah Jane Graves was in tears, and one or two others wiped their eyes furtively, and then the old church walls rang with cheers. So soon as they subsided, Dave's wife arose, and, with a sudden change of expression and voice, began to give a recital of "An Evening at the Quarters." It was in negro dialect, and introduced one or two snatches of song and a violin air. To the astonishment of her audience, Dave's wife picked up a violin at the appropriate time, and played the air through with extraordinary effect; and

then the house resounded to another round of cheers. Everything which followed, grave or gay, pathetic or absurd, was met with nods of approval, or the clapping of hands and the drumming of feet. Somerville had never known such an entertainment before. The receipts for the evening proved to be over forty dollars.

During the next three months Dave's wife gave two more readings, the proceeds of which paid half the church debt, and this so encouraged the members that old quarrels were forgotten, and Deacon Bradley and the elders made up the remaining half, and Somerville church was free from debt.

Yet Deacon Bradley was heard to say that, while he was glad and grateful for all that Dave's wife had done, he did not in his heart approve of turning the house of God into a "theatre." "She performed exactly like them women whose pictures are in the store-winders in town," he said, "a-making everybody laugh or cry with their monkey-shines. I don't think it a proper way to go on in the house of God. Never would hev given my consent to it ef I'd known what sort of entertainment it was to be."

"Dave's wife ever been an actress?" asked Deacon Bradley of Deacon Somers, when they next met.

"Actress? No. What put that into your head?" answered Deacon Somers, with some spirit.

"Oh, nothin', nothin'; only her readin's seemed a powerful sight like a theatre I went to once. Didn't know but she'd been on the stage; it's gettin' fashi'nable nowadays. Any way, she's missed her callin'. Wait a minute, neighbour; don't hurry off so. I want to talk church matters."

"Can't," responded Deacon Somers, whipping up his horse. "Dave's wife is sick in bed, and I came to the store to git a few things for her—bitters, and some nourishin' things to eat. She's sort o' run down with the exertion she made in them readin's. She used to be just drippin' with perspiration when she got home."

Dave's wife was ailing for months, unable to do more than sit in her room and paint an hour or two each day.

The house was filled with her paintings. They ornamented brackets, and stood in corners, and peeped from the folds of fans, and smiled from Dave's china coffee-cup.

One day Dave proposed to his wife that she should go to her old home—the home of her guardian—and make a visit.

"We've been married fifteen months now," he said, "and you've never been away. I think a change will do you good. You seem to be running down every day."

So she went. After an absence of ten days she wrote to Dave to send her paintings to her by express. She had need of them; would explain when she returned. Dave packed them carefully, and sent them with a sigh.

Mrs. Somers saw the express package, and inquired what it was. Dave told her, remarking at the same time that he did not know what use she intended to make of them.

"Maybe she's going to give 'em away to those who will appreciate 'em," suggested his mother. "I'm sure we've no room for such rubbish. But her time's no more'n a settin' hen's, and she might as well spend it in that way as any other. She can't do nothin' that amounts to anything."

"I think her readings amounted to a good deal," Dave responded, glad that he could once speak authoritatively of his wife's usefulness.

"Oh, yes, for that emergency. But it's steady work that tells. Lor', I pity you and father ef I couldn't do nothin' but give readings! Wonder where your meals would come from. Your marriage and your horse trade were 'bout of one piece, Dave. Your wife's pretty in the parlour or on the floor readin', and your mare looks nice and drives nice in the buggy. But they can't work."

Dave's wife came home at the expiration of a month, looking fresher, and feeling stronger, she said. And she did not bring her paintings.

Deacon Somers came into Dave's room the night after her return to talk about a certain piece of land that was for sale. It "cornered on" to the deacon's farm, and a stream of water ran across it.

"It will be worth a mint of money to me," he said, "for I can turn that field into a pasture, and all my stock will water itself. But the man who's sellin' wants a hundred and fifty dollars down, and must have it this week. I don't see the way clear to pay it. Do you think of anybody that'll be likely to lend us that amount for three months, Dave?"

But before Dave could reply, Dave's wife spoke. "Father Somers," she said, "I can let you have the money—not as a loan, but as a gift. I have been of so little use to you, and have made you so much expense, I shall be very, very happy if you will let me do this for you." And rising up she came and laid a little silken purse in Deacon Somers' hands.

"But where did you get it, child?" asked the wondering deacon, looking from the plethoric little purse to her face, which had flushed a rosy red.

"I sold my paintings," Dave's wife answered. "A gentleman happened to see a little thing I painted, and he said he knew where I could dispose of any quantity of such work. And sure enough I sold every one of those things I painted when I was sick, for good prices. And I decorated some plates for a lady, who paid me well for it. So I have one hundred and seventy-five dollars in that purse, which you are more than welcome to."

Deacon Somers removed his spectacles and mopped them with his silk handkerchief. "I can't do it, my child," he said; "it wouldn't be right. You must keep your own money."

"But I have no use for it," cried Dave's wife. "I intended to spend it all in Christmas gifts for the family, but this is better. I have everything I need. All I ask or desire is to be of some use—and to have you all love me," she added, softly.

"A hundred and seventy-five dollars for that trash! Well, the world is full of fools!" said Mrs. Somers, when she was told what had occurred. But she looked at Dave's wife with an expression of surprised interest after that, as if it was just

dawning upon her that one might be of use in the world who could neither cook nor make cheese.

Deacon Somers' farm boasted a fine stone quarry, and he was very busily at work, every spare moment, quarrying stone for the foundation of a new barn he was to build. One day Dave drove to town, ten miles distant, with a load of grain for market. It was September, and the market had risen during the last few days. All the neighbouring farmers had turned out and hurried their grain away. Deacon Somers remained at home, quarrying stone. Mrs. Somers rang the great bell at noon-time, but he did not come. Then she grew alarmed.

"Some one must go up to the quarry and see if anything has happened," she said. And Dave's wife was off like a young deer before the words were out of her mouth.

It did not seem three minutes before she stood at the door again, with white lips, her dark eyes large with fright. "Father is wedged in under a great boulder," she said. "You and the girl must go to him. Take the camphor and ammonia; it may sustain his strength till I can bring relief. I am going to ride the dappled mare to the village, and rouse the neighbourhood."

"We have no saddle," gasped Mrs. Somers, "and the mare will break your neck."

"I can ride anything," Dave's wife answered, as she sped away. "It was taught me with other useless accomplishments."

A moment later she shot by the door, and down the street toward the village. She had bridled the mare, and buckled on a blanket. She sat like a young Indian princess, her face white, her eyes large and dark, looking straight ahead, and urging the mare to her highest speed. Faster faster she went, until the woods and fields seemed pictures shooting through the air. Half-way to th which was more than two miles distant, she Burges, the blacksmith. She reined up the ma denly she almost sat her down on her haunches.

"Deacon Somers has fallen under a boulder in his quarry," she cried. "Go to him—quick! Dave is away." Then she rode on.

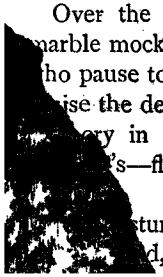
At the village she roused half a dozen men, and to the strongest and most muscular she said, "Take this mare, and put her to her highest speed. Tom Burges is already there. You two can lift the boulder perhaps. I will ride with Dr. Evans."

When Dr. Evans reined his reeking horse at the quarry, Tom Burges and Jack Smith were propping up the boulder with iron bars, while Mrs. Somers and her help were trying to remove the deacon's inanimate form. The doctor and Dave's wife sprang to their assistance. In another moment he was free from his perilous position, and Dr. Evans was applying restoratives. "He will live," he said: "but in five minutes more, if help had not come, he would have been a dead man. It is very fortunate you had a swift horse in the stable, and a rider who could keep her seat," and he glanced around at Dave's wife just in time to see her fall in a limp heap.

"Dave's wife and the dappled mare saved my life," said the farmer to Deacon Bradley, on the following morning. "So the boy didn't make so poor a bargain, either time, after all."

The deacon recovered rapidly, and just as rapidly Dave's wife lost strength and colour. She faded before their eyes like some frail plant, and at last one day, with a tired sigh, she drifted out into the Great Unknown.

Over the low mound where "Dave's wife" sleeps, the marble mockery of a tall monument smiles in irony at those who pause to read its flattering inscription. It is so easy to raise the dead! And the memorial window sacred to her memory in Somerville church—a proposition of Deacon [illegible]'s—flushes in crimson shame while suns rise and



sturdy farm-horse pulls the plough through Dave's field, and Sarah Jane drives the work in his kitchen.

II.

HEROISM.

THE STORY OF JENNIE McNEAL.

PAUL REVERE was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often has that been dwelt upon.
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage cosy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to *fears*,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years;
Her voice was a song with a merry ring,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing.
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;

And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true,
So all kind words and acts would deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie McNeal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their pearly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door,
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying: "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a *rebel* colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Watched the while by Jennie McNeal.

For the grey-haired colonel they hovered near
Had been her true friend—kind and dear;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her on his knee,
And told her stories, many a one,
Concerning the French war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said, "The time may be
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bareheaded she slipped from the cottage-door.
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of grey.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight, a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern conmand;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed,
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein.
So into the night the grey horse strode;
His shoes heaved fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage, that never dies,
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The raindrops splashed on her glowing face.
"On—on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal.

"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Shed after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in a rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right.
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,

Except a silvery laughter-peal,—
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal!

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill;
The grey horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him quiet stand,
Petted him with her able hand;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all.
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap;
No more the high-bred steed could reel,
But ran his best for Jennie McNeal.

They were a furlong behind or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain;
But her cheeks as red as firebrands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! they come! away! away!"
Then sank on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.

The startled colonel sprung and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;

Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay;
But first he bent, in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest,
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said,
"Never you hold a moment's dread:
Of womanhood I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen,
Wear this gold ring as your valour's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putman's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeal.

THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

FELICIA HEMANS.

It is related, in a French Life of Ali Pacha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into the mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.

She stood upon the loftiest peak
Amidst the clear blue sky;
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines
Dost thou see where the foemen's armour shines?
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast!
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy?
—That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath
Lay Suliote sire and son:
They had heaped high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

"They have crossed the torrent, and on they come:
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
Naught but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till even the upper air was stirred,
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Sulis wild?
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armèd sire?
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low:
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swelled the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—
Free, and how cherished, my warrior's son!
He too hath blessed thee, as I have done.

Ay, and unchained must his loved ones be—
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And fast the fair child bore.
A veil upon the wind was flung—
A cry—and all was o'er!

RE-ENLISTED.—MAY, 1864.

LUCY LARCOM.

Oh, did you see him in the street, dressed up in army-blue,
When drums and trumpets into town their storm of music threw,—
A louder tune than all the winds could muster in the air,
The Rebel winds, that tried so hard our flag in strips to tear?

You didn't mind him? Oh, you looked beyond him then, perhaps,
To see the mounted officers rigged out with trooper-caps,
And shiny clothes, and sashes, and epaulets and all:—
It wasn't for such things as these he heard his country call.

She asked for men; and up he spoke, my handsome, hearty Sam,
"I'll die for the dear old Union, if she'll take me as I am."
And, if a better man than he there's mother that can show
From Maine to Minnesota, then let all the nation know.

You would not pick him from the rest by eagles or by stars,
By straps upon his coat-sleeve, or gold or silver bars,
Nor a corporal's strip of worsted; but, there's something in his face,
And something in his even step, a-marching in his place,

That couldn't be improved by all the badges in the land:
A patriot, and a good, strong man; are generals much more grand?

We rest our pride on that big heart wrapped up in army-blue,—
The girl he loves, Mehitabel, and I, who love him too.

He's never shirked a battle yet, though frightful risks he's run,
Since treason flooded Baltimore, the spring of Sixty-one;
Through blood and storm he's held out firm, nor fretted once, my Sam,
At swamps of Chickahominy, or fields of Antietam.

Though many a time, he's told us, when he saw them lying dead,
The boys that came from Newburyport, and Lynn, and Marblehead,
Stretched out upon the trampled turf, and wept on by the sky,
It seemed to him the Commonwealth had drained her life-blood dry.

"But then," he said, "the more's the need the country has of me:
To live and fight the war all through, what glory it will be!
The Rebel balls don't hit me; and, mother, if they should,
You'll know I've fallen in my place, where I have always stood."

He's taken out his furlough, and short enough it seemed:
I often tell Mehitabel he'll think he only dreamed
Of walking with her nights so bright you couldn't see a star,
And hearing the swift tide come in across the harbour bar.

The Stars that shine above the Stripes, they light him southward now;
The tide of war has swept him back; he's made a solemn vow
To build himself no home-nest till his country's work is done!
God bless the vow, and speed the work, my patriot, my son!

And yet it is a pretty place where his new house might be;—
An orchard-road that leads your eye straight out upon the sea.
The boy not work his father's farm? it seems almost a shame;
But any selfish plan for him he'd never let me name.

He's re-enlisted for the war, for victory or for death,—
A soldier's grave, perhaps! the thought has half-way stopped my breath,
And driven a cloud across the sun;—my boy, it will not be!
The war will soon be over; and you'll come again to me!

He's re-enlisted: and I smiled to see him going, too!
There's nothing that becomes him half so well as army-blue.
Only a private in the ranks! but sure I am indeed,
If all the privates were like him, they'd scarcely captains need.

And I and Massachusetts share the honour of his birth,—
The grand old State! to me the best in all the peopled earth!
I cannot hold a musket, but I have a son who can;
And I'm proud for Freedom's sake to be the mother of a man!

THE LADY OF PROVENCE.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France;
It had stilled the harp of the Troubadour,
And the clash of the tourney's lance.

The sounds of the sea and the sounds of the night,
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,

Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,
On the old Provençal shore.
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirred by the ringing trumpet's breath,
His shroud of armour wore;
And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came,
Through the clouds, like bursts of dying flame,
Gave quivering life to the slumber pale
Of stern forms couched in their marble mail,
At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
As leaders in many a bold career;
And haughty their stillness looked and high,
Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory.
But meekly the voice of the lady rose
Through the trophies of their proud repose;
Meekly yet fervently, calling down aid,
Under their banners of battle she prayed;
With her pale fair brow and her eyes of love
Upraised to the Virgin's portrayed above,
And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave;
And her fragile frame, at every blast,
That full of the savage war-horn passed,
Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart,
When it vainly strives from its cage to part—
So knelt she in her woe;
A weeper alone with the tearless dead—
Oh, they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
Or the dust had stirred below!

Hark!—a swift step! she hath caught its tone,
Thro' the dash of the sea, thro' the wild wind's moan,
Is her lord returned with his conquering bands?

No! a breathless vassal before her stands!
"Hast thou been on the field? Art thou come from the host?"
"From the slaughter, lady!—All, all is lost!
Our banners are taken—our knights laid low,
Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe;
And thy lord"—his voice took a sadder sound—
"Thy lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
There are those who tell that the leader's plume
Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom!"

A change o'er her mien and her spirit passed:
She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
She dashed the tears from her kindling eye,
With a glance as of sudden royalty:
The proud blood sprang in a fiery flow,
Quick o'er bosom and cheek and brow,
And her young voice rose till the peasant shook
At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look:—
"Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,
And fear not to say that their son hath fled?
Away!—he is lying by lance and shield,—
Point me the path to his battle-field."

The shadows of the forest
Are about the lady now;
She is hurrying through the midnight on,
Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief;
The branches that rock to the tempest-strife
Are groaning like things of troubled life;
The wind from the battle seems rushing by
With a funeral-march through the gloomy sky;
The pathway is rugged and wild and long,
But her frame in the daring of love is strong,
And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
When she reached the field of the warrior-dead;
There lay the noble, the valiant, low—
Ay! but one word speaks of deeper woe;
There lay the *loved*—on each fallen head
Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed;
Sisters were watching in many a home
For the fettered footstep, no more to come;
Names in the prayer of that night were spoken,
Whose claim unto kindred prayer was broken;
And the fire was heaped and the bright wine poured
For those now needing nor hearth nor board;
Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
And oh, ye beloved of women, farewell!

Silently, with lips compressed,
Pale hands clasped above her breast,
Stately brow of anguish high,
Deathlike cheek but dauntless eye;
Silently, o'er that red plain,
Moved the lady, midst the slain.
Sometimes it seemed as a charging-cry,
Or the ringing tramp of a steed came nigh;
Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
Sudden and shrill from the mountains borne;
And her maidens trembled; but on her ear
No meaning fell with those sounds of fear;
They had less of mastery to shake her now,
Than the quivering erewhile of an aspen bough.
She searched into many an unclosed eye,
That looked without soul to the starry sky;
She bowed down o'er many a shattered breast,
She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—
Not there, not there he lay!
"Lead where the most hath been dared and done,
Where the heart of the battle hath bled;—lead on!"
And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree
That waved o'er a fountain red :
Oh ! swiftest *there* had the currents free
From noble veins been shed.
Thickest there the spear-heads gleamed,
And the scattered plumage streamed,
And the broken shields were tossed,
And the shivered lances crossed,
And the mail-clad sleepers round
Made the harvest of that ground.

HE WAS THERE ! the leader amidst his band,
Where the faithful had made their last vain stand ;
He was there ! but affection's glance alone
The darkly-changed in that hour had known ;
With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasped,
And a banner of France to his bosom clasped,
And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
And the face—oh ! speak not of that dead face !
As it lay to answer love's look no more,
Yet never so proudly loved before !

She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe,—
The time was not yet for their waves to flow ;
She felt the full presence, the might of death,
Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath ;
And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
As she turned to his followers—"Your lord is there !
Look on him ! know him by scarf and crest !
Bear him away with his sires to rest ! "

Another day, another night,
And the sailor on the deep
Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
From the lordly chapel sweep.

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,
As if that rite were in terror done ;
Yet the song midst the seas hath a thrilling power,
And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
Through the aisle the mourners go;
With a hushed and stealthy tread,
Bearing on the noble dead;
Sheathed in armour of the field—
Only his wan face revealed,
Whence the still and solemn gleam
Doth a strange sad contrast seem
To the anxious eyes of that pale band,
With torches wavering in every hand,
For they dread each moment the shout of war,
And the burst of the Moslem scimitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
No brother of battle, no princely friend:
No sound comes back, like the sounds of yore,
Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor;
By the red fountain the valiant lie,
The flower of Provençal chivalry;
But ONE free step, and one lofty heart,
Bear through that scene to the last their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave
To the verge of his own ancestral grave;
She hath held o'er her spirit long rigid sway,
But the struggling passion must now have way.
In the cheek, half seen through her mourning veil,
By turns does the swift blood flush and fail;
The pride on the lip is lingering still,
But it shakes as a flame to the blast might thrill;
Anguish and triumph are met at strife,
Rending the chords of her frail young life;
And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
Lifting her voice as if death might hear.
"I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong,
My soul hath risen for thy glory strong!
Now call me hence, by thy side to be,
The world thou leav'st has no place for me.

"The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—
Faithful and tender! oh, call me forth!
Give me my home on thy noble heart,—
Well have we loved—let us both depart!"
And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,
The living cheek to the cheek of clay;
The *living* cheek! oh, it was not vain
That strife of the spirit to rend its chain;
She is there at rest in her place of pride!
In death how queen-like—a glorious bride!

Joy for the freed one!—she might not stay
When the crown had fallen from her life away;
She might not linger—a weary thing,
A dove with no home for its broken wing,
Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
That know not its own land's melodies.
From the long heart-withering early gone,
She hath lived—she hath loved: her task is done!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,—
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;
On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick Town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of morn looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick Town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast;
It shivered the window, pane, and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf,
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.
"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel-host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well:
And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honour to her!—and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law:
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick Town!

THE PILOT'S QUEST.

ALFRED H. MILES.

On the rugged coast of Devon, where the restless Channel throws
The *débris* of her conquests when she battles with her foes,
Lived a weather-beaten pilot in the remnant of his days,
Cheered by hardy sons' affection, and by loving daughters' ways.

Body weak, but spirit mighty, gleamed his wonted ardour when
He in animated story lived his troubled life again.
Told, while at his bedside gathered the companions of his sons,
How the heroes of Old England faced the vaunting Frenchman's guns,
How along the coastline burning gleamed the watch fires o'er the sea,
Ere the mighty Nelson triumphed in the gallant *Victory*.

How the lawless smuggler battled with the wary King's excise,
In the sanguinary conflict of some fearful night surprise:
And of still more mighty triumphs, when a gallant crew to save,
They launched the dauntless lifeboat on the grim, relentless wave.

When the oldest seaman trembled and the women knelt to pray
As they buckled on the lifebelts and prepared to launch away.
But full sixty years of labour in the never-ceasing strife
Had bedridden him, and passing was the evening of his life.

At the sudden call of duty on a boisterous summer's day,
Manned their boat two youthful seamen, and set off across the bay;
'Twas the pilot's sons, who, bending as they pulled the boat along
(Their manly voices blending), sang an old familiar song;
Till more distant grew their music from the watchers on the shore,
And both eyes and ears were wearied, and they saw and heard no more.

Loud blew the winds and louder as the night was drawing near,
And the watchers gathered shoreward in anxiety and fear;
For the distant rolling thunder and the lightning's livid leap
Told the weather-gauging fisherfolk it was no night for sleep;
It was night for fear and sorrow, it was night for earnest prayer,
It was night for anxious watching, it was night for grim despair.

Roared the tempest's loud artillery, boomed the ocean's cannonade,
Gleamed a watch-fire on the headland, by their rapid fingers made;
Then they peered into the darkness, and at each succeeding flash,
Eager swept the dim horizon 'mid the thunder's pealing crash.
Oh! was ever such a thrilling scene upon the southern shore?
'Twas said there never yet had been and never should be more.

In vain they watched and waited, for the momentary glare
Of the lightning showed no answer to the oft-repeated prayer.
And their sad hearts sank within them, when, more vivid than the rest,
A flash showed something heaving on a distant billow's crest;
And a thrill of hope excited, and then bound them in a spell,
As with eager eyes they waited what another flash might tell.

And it told the same glad story, they could see its frantic leap,
As it climbed a mountain summit, and then dived a valley deep.
And still on and on it lumbered, till in outline it appeared;
'Twas the pilot's boat returning, and oh, how the people cheered!
First they cheered and then they waited, then they laughed and then they cheered;
Then they ran along the coastline to the spot for which it steered.

Within earshot how they shouted, and then listened for reply,
But the winds alone gave answer, and they answered with a sigh.
Then they dashed into the water, and waist high amid the foam,
Caught the heaving log, and boldly hauled her up the shingle home.
Then one look, one anxious query, and above the tempest's roar
Rose the shrieks of fainting sisters, for the time of hope was o'er.

With the morning's grey awakening, and the tempest's partial stay,
Full fifty boats put out to sea to search the yeasty bay,
If God would, to wrest the bodies from the fury of the waves,
For quiet Christian burial in village churchyard graves.

And the old bedridden pilot, moved by love's unreasoning zest,
With his noble-hearted daughters joined the melancholy quest.
They found a broken rudder and a battered splintered oar,
A seaman's cap by Deadman's Gap, another on the shore;
A pipe below the inlet, a pouch beyond the head,
But never the trace of a living face, or a glimpse of the darling dead.

And though the rest returning showed how fruitless was the hour,
They toiled and toiled till evening, nerved by love's unyielding pow'r,
Till the sun went down in darkness and the moon arose in blood,
With the shameless flush of a guilty blush, and looked upon the flood,
As like a phantom craft and crew they moved among the waves,
As silent as the spirits do 'mid scarcely greener graves.

And the brothers they are standing on the distant golden quay,
With eager faces scanning every craft that sails the sea;
They are looking for the pilot, who is still upon the wave,
They are watching for the sisters, the loving and the brave.
And who shall tell the meeting when, the final journey o'er,
They ride into the harbour of that distant golden shore?

Oh! let Britain's daughters never yield the palm so truly theirs,
Won by danger-daring courage; for who more than woman dares
When her duty calls her forward, and her love impels her through?
Long may Britain's sons be worthy of the hero's chaplet too.
Perish pride, but courage never! oh, far distant be the day,
Let Old England and Young England join both hearts and hands to pray.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

R. T. S. LOWELL.

Oh ! that last day in Lucknow fort !
We knew that it was the last :
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death ;
And the men and we all work'd on :
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee :
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh ! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death :
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden ;—a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke:

"*The Highlanders!* Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa—
The McGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonny Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried:
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Pour'd forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men:
And they started, for they were there to die:
Was life so near them then?

They listen'd, for life; and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all:—and the colonel shook his head,
And they turn'd to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said—"That slogan's dune;
But can ye no hear them, noo,—
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
Our succours hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they play'd "*Auld Lang Syne:*"
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobb'd in a crowd:
And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the General took her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
For the pipes play'd "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

GERTRUDE; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

FELICIA HEMANS.

HER hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried;
"My Rudolph! say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side—
Peace! peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
When death is on thy [redacted]?

The world! what means it? *mine* is *here*—
I will not leave thee now.

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through *this*!
And thou, mine honoured lord and true!
Bear on, bear nobly on:
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, Love! of mortal agony
Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak!

The wind rose high—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:—
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near.
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit passed!
While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE.

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

'Tis like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the times that tried men's souls";
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel* story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets, rattle of the April running battle;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker's Hill.

'Twas a peaceful summer's morning, when the first thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore:
"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come o murder us once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to roar:
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute"—
For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to my heels;
God forbid you ever knowing, when there's blood around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping, and I knew it was the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbour, on that wooden leg he wore,
With a knot of women round him,—it was lucky I had found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple,—the old soldier and his people;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking stair,
Just across the narrow river—Oh, so close it made me shiver!—
Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stubborn walls were dumb:
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon each other,
And their lips were white with terror as they said: "THE HOUR HAS COME!"

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannon's deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode sedately;
It was PRESCOTT, one since told me; he commanded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so straight and tall;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats' ranks were forming;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers, soldiers still:
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and fasting,—
At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines advancing—
Now the front rank fires a volley—they have thrown away their shot;
For behind their earthworks lying, all the balls above them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear sometimes and tipple),—
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war) before,—
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hearing,—
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry floor:—

"Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's shillin's,
But ye'll waste a ton of powder afore a 'rebel' falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've splintered with your balls!"

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are well-nigh breathless all;
Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry railing,
We are crowding up against them like the waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer—nearer—nearer,
When a flash—a curling smoke-wreath—then a crash—the steeple shakes—
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud it breaks!

Oh the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke
blows over!
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes
his hay;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is
flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat—it
can't be doubted!
God be thanked, the fight is over!" Ah! the grim old
soldier's smile!
"Tell us, tell us, why you look so!" (We could hardly speak,
we shook so),—
"Are they beaten? *Are* they beaten? ARE they
beaten?" "Wait a while."

Oh the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw our
error:
They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them
back in vain;
And the columns that were scattered, round the colours
that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted breasts
again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo, the roofs of Charlestown
blazing!
They have fired the harmless village, in an hour it will be
down!
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain His fire and
brimstone round them,—
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a
peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we can see each
massive column,
As they neared the naked earth-mound with the slanting
walls so steep.

Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless haste departed?
Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! Scarce a rod the foes asunder;
Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork they will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken, when the ominous calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves of Howe;
And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their barges they have run for:
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over now!".

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old soldier's features,
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would ask:
"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet,—once more, I guess, they'll try it—
Here's confusion to the cut-throats;"—then he handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have a drop of old Jamaiky;
I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore the job is done;"
So I took one scorching swallow, dreadful faint I felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm clock-dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping,—they were creeping round to four,
When the old man said, "They're forming with their bayonets fixed for storming;
It's the death-grip that's a-coming,—they will try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold uncoiling,—
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory—shall I tell the fearful story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as the sea breaks o'er a deck;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men retreated,
With their powder horns all emptied, like the swimmer from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say I fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me down the stair;
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps were lighted,—
On the floor a youth was lying, his bleeding breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for WARREN! hurry! hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and dress his wound!"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the place
from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left him
at our door,
He could not speak to tell us; but 'twas one of our brave
fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying
soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered round
him crying,—
And they said, "Oh, how they'll miss him!" and "What
will his mother do?
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has been
dozing,
He faintly murmured, "Mother!"—and—I saw his eyes
were blue.

"Why, grandma, how you're winking!" Ah, my child, it
sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived
along;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like a
—mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked,
and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant summer
weather;
—"Please to tell us what his name was?" Just your
own, my little dear,—
There's his picture Copley painted: we became so well
acquainted,
That—in short, that's why I'm grandma, and you children
all are here!

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,
Over the crests of the billows far;
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foamed to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board;
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was poured;
The hearth was heaped with the pine-boughs high,
And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted in Runic rhyme
Their songs of the sword and the olden time;
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string:
They had summoned a softer voice to sing;
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood; in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies;
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low
Half-veiled a depth of unfathomed woe.

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame
Seemed struck with the blight of some inward flames
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush passed, like a crimson haze,
O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze—
No soft hue caught from the south wind's breath,
But a token of fever at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crowned for her bridal day,
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain in its first wild flow—
Troubled its murmur, and sad and low;
But it swelled into deeper power ere long,
As the breeze that swept o'er her soul grew strong.

"They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land! of thee!
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful-sounding sea?
Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul? In silence let me die,
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure deep sapphire sky.
How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried sweetness forth—
Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the north?

"Yet thus it shall be once, once more! My spirit shall awake,
And through the mists of death shine out, my country! for thy sake;
That I may make *thee* known, with all the beauty and the light,
And the glory never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight!
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,
Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily!

"There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence! but oh,
their glorious blue!
Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's deep hue!
It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,
And arching o'er my vintage hills, they hang their cloudless
dome;
And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the
shore,
And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more.

"And there are haunts in that green land—oh! who may
dream or tell
Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell?
By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy leaves,
And bowers wherein the forest dove her nest untroubled
weaves;
The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its
breath,
And the violets gleam like amethysts from the dewy moss
beneath.

"And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through
night and day—
Sweet sounds! the soul to hear them faints in dreams of
heaven away;
They wander through the olive woods, and o'er the shining
seas—
They mingle with the orange scents that load the sleepy
breeze.
Lute, voice, and bird are blending there,—it were a bliss to
die,
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily!

"*I* may not thus depart—farewell! Yet no, my country!
no!
Is not love stronger than the grave? I feel it must be so!
My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountains and the main,
And in thy tender starlight roye, and through thy woods again.

Its passion deepens—it prevails!—I break my chain—I come
To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest—in thy sweet air, my home!"

And her pale arms dropped the ringing lyre—
There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire—
And her dark rich tresses in many a fold,
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom rolled.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall—
A silence fell o'er the warrior's hall;
She had poured out her soul with her song's last tone:
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

THE TWO MEEK MARGARETS.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

It fell on a day in the blooming month of May,
When the trees were greenly growing,
That a captain grim went down to the brim
O' the sea, when the tide was flowing.

Twa maidens he led, that captain grim,
Wi' his red-coat loons behind him,
Twa meek-faced maids, and he sware that he
In the salt sea-swell should bind them.

And a' the burghers o' Wigton town
Came down, full sad and cheerless,
To see that ruthless captain drown
These maidens meek but fearless.

O what had they done, these maidens meek,
What crime all crimes excelling,
That they should be staked on the ribbed sea-sand,
And drowned, where the tide was swelling?

O waes me, wae! but the truth I maun say,
Their crime was the crime of believing

Not man, but God, when the last false Stuart
His Popish plot was weaving.

O spare them! spare them! thou captain grim!
No! no!—to a stake he hath bound them,
Where the floods as they flow, and the waves as they grow,
Shall soon be deepening round them.

The one had threescore years and three;
Far out on the sand they bound her,
Where the first dark flow of the waves as they grow,
Is quickly swirling round her.

The other was a maiden fresh and fair;
More near to the land they bound her,
That she might see by slow degree
The grim waves creeping round her.

O captain, spare that maiden grey,
She's deep in the deepening water!
No! no!—she's lifted her hands to pray,
And the choking billow caught her!

See, see, young maid, cried the captain grim,
The wave shall soon ride o'er thee!
She's swamped in the brine whose sin was like thine;
See that same fate before thee!

I see the Christ Who hung on a tree
When His life for sins He offered;
In one of His members, even He
With that meek maid hath suffered.

O captain, save that meek young maid;
She's a loyal farmer's daughter!
Well, well! let her swear to good King James,
And I'll hale her out from the water!

I will not swear to Popish James,
But I pray for the head of the nation,
That he and all, both great and small,
May know God's great salvation!

She spoke; and lifted her hands to pray,
And felt the greedy water
Deep and more deep around her creep,
Till the choking billow caught her!

O Wigton, Wigton! I'm wae to sing
The truth o' this waesome story;
But God will sinners to judgment bring,
And His saints shall reign in glory.

KENTUCKY BELLE: AN OHIO STORY.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

SUMMER of sixty-three, sir, and Conrad gone away—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell a load of hay—
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Roschen there was a baby, and I but nineteen.

Conrad took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle;
How much we thought of Kentuck, I'm sure I couldn't tell—
She came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood where the corn-fields stretched in many a waving row;
The old folks gave me a welcome, as kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of Tennessee.

Oh for the sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn,
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands out to this river shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad;
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbours. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse he can find;
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen."

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing upon the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone;
And Morgan's men came nearer, nearer, galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture bar;
"Kentuck!" I called; "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down to the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her up to the bushes, and left her out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, I heard the terrible sound—
The ring of hoofs, of galloping hoofs, thundering over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

And nearer they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby upon my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in galloping haste along—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and day;
Pushing on East to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up to the fiery West,
To ford the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance!
Bright were his eyes like living coals, as he gave me a side-long glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last of the lawless troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place;
I gave him a cup, and he smiled, sir—'twas only a boy, you see,
Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he hailed from Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought of the weary mother waiting down in the South!

Oh, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do;
The boy was simply dying, sir, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie that I was from the South,
Water came into his eyes, sir, and quivers around his mouth;
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistfully tried to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to;
I fed him, and I coaxed him, as I thought his mother would do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly;
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never come in sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways;
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last;
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still;
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully, and fetched Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-Grass;
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
And he rode away with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
And then the daylight faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen she galloped then, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of rebel grey was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old Blue-Grass.

The lad had crossed the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses since, but never a horse like her!

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her wall
Waved free its lily flowers.

Ay, proudly did the banner wave,
As queen of earth and air;
But faint hearts throbbed beneath its folds
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon
Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field
Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful when at feast they met,
The wine-cup round to send;
For each that touched it silently
Then missed a gallant friend.

And mournful was their vigil
On the beleaguered wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
Of slow defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm,
And one—of all the loftiest there—
Thrilled in a woman's form;

A woman, meekly bending
O'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft sad eyes of weeping love,
As the Virgin Mother's mild.
Oh! roughly cradled was thy babe,
'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
And a strange wild bower was thine, young queen!
Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
Like a scene for wizard-spell,
Deep in the Saracenic gloom
Of the warrior citadel;
And there, 'midst arms, the couch was spread,
And with banners curtained o'er,
For the daughter of the minstrel-land,
The gay Provençal shore—

For the bright queen of St. Louis,
The star of court and hall!
But the deep strength of the gentle heart
Wakes to the tempest's call.
Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,
His soul with grief oppressed,
Yet calmly lay the desolate,
With her young babe on her breast.

There were voices in the city,
Voices of wrath and fear—
"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain—
We will not perish here!
Yield! yield! and let the Crescent gleam
O'er tower and bastion high!
Our distant homes are beautiful—
We stay not here to die."

They bore those fearful tidings
To the sad queen where she lay—
They told a tale of wavering hearts,
Of treason and dismay:
The blood rushed through her pearly cheek,
The sparkle to her eye—
"Now call me hither those recreant knights
From the bands of Italy!"

Then through the vaulted chambers
Stern iron footsteps rang;
And heavily the sounding floor
Gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her—steel-clad men,
Moulded for storm and fight,
But they quailed before the loftier soul
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes! as before the falcon shrinks
The bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from the imperial glance
Of her—that fragile thing!

And her flute-like voice rose clear and high
Through the din of arms around—
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul
As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the Lily
Is in your hands to keep,
And the banner of the Cross, for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep;
And the city which for Christian prayer,
Hath heard the holy bell—
And is it these your hearts would yield
To the godless infidel?

"Then bring me here a breastplate
And a helm, before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form,
And on the ramparts die!
And the boy whom I have borne for woe,
But never for disgrace,
Shall go within my arms to death
Meet for his royal race.

"Look on him as he slumbers
In the shadow of the lance!
Then go, and with the Cross forsake
The princely babe of France!
But tell your homes ye left one heart
To perish undefiled:
A woman, and a queen, to guard
Her honour and her child!"

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves
When winds are in the wood;
And a deepening murmur told of men
Roused to a loftier mood.
And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
Unsheathed in many a hand,
As they gathered round the helpless one,
Again a noble band!

"We are thy warriors, lady!
True to the Cross and thee;
The spirit of thy kindling words
On every sword shall be.
Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast;
Rest—we will guard thee well.
St. Denis for the Lily-flower
And the Christian citadel!"

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the foreheads of a man and maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary—she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful—she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur,—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh!
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper,—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poison dart,—

"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadow'd tow'r;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it; curfew, it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright;
In an undertone she murmured, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before:
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro,
As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder,—o'er her hangs the great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell!
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curf[redacted]w,
And [redacted]t has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, [redacted]aled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out—the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro!
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted—the brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires, with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face, so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell; "Curfew must not ring to-night."

MRS. MAGRUDER'S SEWING-CIRCLE.

MAX ADELER.

(From *Out of the Hurly-Burly.*)

MRS. MAGRUDER is a physician, an enthusiast in the study and practice of medical science, and a woman of such force that she succeeds in keeping Mr. Magruder, if not precisely in a state of repression, at least slightly in the background. He married her, according to report, shortly after her graduation; and, as he was at that time an earnest advocate of the theory that women should practise medicine, a belief prevails that he became attached to her while under her treatment. She touched his heart, we may presume, by exciting activity in his liver. He loved her, let us say, for the blisters she had spread, and demanded her hand because he had observed the singular dexterity with which it cut away tumours and tied up veins.

A few years ago the Magruders lived in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Magruder was a professor in the Woman's Medical College. At that time Magruder was in business; and as he generally came home tired, he had a habit of lying on the sitting-room sofa in the evening, for the purpose of taking a nap. Several times when he did so, and Mrs. Magruder had some friends with her down stairs, he noticed upon awaking that there was a peculiar feeling of heaviness in his head and a queer smell of drugs in the room. When he questioned Mrs. Magruder about it, she invariably coloured and looked confused, and said he must have eaten something which disagreed with him.

Ultimately the suspicions of Magruder were aroused.

He suspected something wrong. A horrible thought crossed his mind that Mrs. Magruder intended to poison him for his skeleton—to sacrifice him so that she could dangle his bones on a string before her class, and explain to the seekers after medical truth the peculiarities of construction which enabled the framework of her husband to move around in society.

So Magruder revealed his suspicions to his brother, and engaged him to secrete himself in a closet in the room while he took his usual nap on a certain evening upon the sofa.

When that night arrived, Mrs. Magruder pretended to have the "sewing-circle" from the church in the parlour, while her husband went to sleep in the sitting-room with that vigilant relative of his on guard. About nine o'clock Mr. Magruder's brother was surprised to observe Mrs. Magruder softly stealing upstairs, with the members of the "sewing-circle" following her noiselessly in single file. In her hand Mrs. Magruder carried a volume. If her brother-in-law had conceived the idea that the book might contain the tender strains of some sweet singer amid whose glowing imagery this woman revelled with the ecstasy of a sensitive nature, he would have been mistaken, for the work was entitled "Thompson on the Nervous System"; while those lines traced in a delicate female hand, upon the perfumed note-paper, and carried by Mrs. Magruder, so far from embodying an expression of the gentlest and most sacred emotions of her bosom, were merely a diagnosis of an aggravated case of fatty degeneration of the heart.

I give the story literally as I received it from that eminent practitioner Jones.

When the whole party had entered the room, Mrs. Magruder closed the door, and applied chloroform to her husband's nose. As soon as he became completely insensible, the sewing in the hands of the ladies was quickly laid aside, and to Magruder's secreted brother was disclosed the alarming fact that this was a class of students from the college.

If Dr. Jones is to be believed, Professor Magruder began her lecture with some very able remarks upon the nervous system; and in order to demonstrate her meaning more plainly, she attached a galvanic battery to her husband's toes, so that she might make him wriggle before the class. And he did wriggle. Mrs. Magruder gave him a dozen or two shocks and poked him with a ruler to make him jump around, while the students stood in a semicircle, with note-books in their hands, and exclaimed, "How very interesting!"

Magruder's brother thought it awful, but he was afraid to come out when he reflected that they might want *two* skeletons at the college.

Mrs. Magruder then said that she would pursue this branch of the investigation no further at that moment, because Mr. Magruder's system was somewhat debilitated in consequence of an overdose of chlorate of potash which she had administered in his coffee upon the previous day for the purpose of testing the strength of the drug.

Mrs. Magruder then proceeded to "quiz" the class concerning the general construction of her husband. She said, for instance, that she had won what was called the heart of Mr. Magruder, and she asked the students what it was that she had really won.

"Why, the cardia, of course," said the class; "it is an azygous muscle of an irregular pyramid shape, situated obliquely and a little to the left side of the chest, and it rests on the diaphragm."

One fair young thing said that it didn't rest on the diaphragm.

Another one said she would bet a quart of paregoric it did, and until the dispute was settled by the professor, Magruder's brother's hair stood on end with fear lest they should go to probing around inside of Magruder with a butcher-knife and a lantern, for the purpose of determining the actual condition of affairs respecting his diaphragm.

Mrs. Magruder continued. She explained that when she

accepted Mr. Magruder he seized her hand, and she required the class to explain what it was that Mr. Magruder actually had hold of.

The students replied that he held in his grip twenty-seven distinct bones, among which might be mentioned the phalanges, the carpus, and the metacarpus.

The beautiful creature who was incredulous concerning the diaphragm suggested that he also had hold of the deltoid. But the others scornfully suggested that the deltoid was a muscle; they knew, because they had dissected one that very morning. The discussion became so exciting that thumb-lancets were drawn, and there seemed to be a prospect of bloodshed, when the professor interfered and demanded of the girl who had begun to cry about the deltoid what was the result when Mr. Magruder kissed her.

"Why, merely a contraction of the orbicularis oris muscle; thus," said the student, as she leaned over and kissed Mr. Magruder.

Magruder's brother, in the closet, thought maybe it wasn't so very solemn for Magruder after all. He considered this portion of the exercises in a certain sense soothing.

But all the students said it was perfectly scandalous. And the professor herself, after informing the offender that hereafter when illustration of any point in the lesson was needed it would be supplied by the professor, ordered her to go to the foot of the class, and to learn eighty new bones as a punishment.

"Do you hear me, miss?" demanded the professor, when she perceived that that blooming contractor of the orbicularis oris did not budge.

"Yes," she said, "I am conscious of a vibration striking against the membrana tympanum, and being transmitted through the labyrinth until it agitates the auditory nerve, which conveys the impression to the brain."

"Correct," said the professor. "Then obey me, or I will call my biceps and flexors and scapularis into action and put you in your place by force."

"Yes, and we will help her with our spinatus and infra-spiralis," exclaimed the rest of the class.

Magruder's brother in the gloom of his closet did not comprehend the character of these threats, but he had a vague idea that the life of that lovely young sawbones was menaced by firearms and other engines of war of a peculiarly deadly description. He felt that the punishment was too severe for the crime. Magruder himself, he was convinced, would have regarded that orbicularis operation with courageous fortitude and heroic composure.

Mrs. Magruder then proceeded to give the class practice in certain operations in medical treatment. She vaccinated Magruder on the left arm, while one of the students bled his right arm and showed her companions how to tie up the vein. They applied leeches to his nose, under the professor's instructions; they cupped him on the shoulder-blades; they exercised themselves in spreading mustard plasters on his back; they timed his pulse; they held out his tongue with pincers and examined it with a microscope, and two or three enthusiastic students kept hovering around Magruder's leg with a saw and a carving-knife, until Magruder's brother in retirement in the closet shuddered with apprehension.

But the professor restrained these devotees of science; and when the other exercises were ended, she informed the students that they would devote a few moments in conclusion to study of the use of the stomach-pump.

Dr. Jones continued: "I shall not enter into particulars concerning the scene that then ensued. There is a certain want of poetry about the operation of the weapon just named, a certain absence of dignity and sentiment, which, I may say, render it impossible to describe it in a manner which will elevate the soul and touch the moral sensibilities. It will suffice to observe that as each member of the class attacked Magruder with that murderous engine, Magruder's brother, timid as he was, solemnly declared to himself that if the class would put away those saws and things he would rush out and rescue his brother at the risk of his life.

"He was saved the necessity of thus imperilling his safety. Magruder began to revive. He turned over; he sat up; he stared wildly at the company; he looked at his wife; then he sank back upon the sofa and said to her, in a feeble voice:

"'Henrietta, somehow or other I feel awfully hungry!'

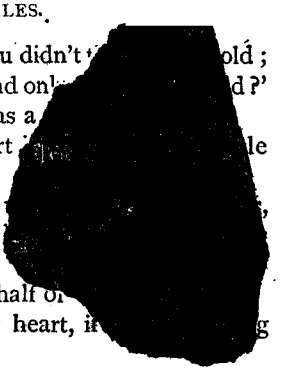
"Hungry! Magruder's brother considered that, after that last performance of the class, Magruder ought to have a relish for a couple of raw buffaloes, at least. He emerged from the closet, and, seizing a chair, determined to tell the whole story. Mrs. Magruder and the class screamed, but he proceeded. Then up rose Magruder and discussed the subject with vehemence, while his brother brandished his chair and joined in the chorus. Mrs. Magruder and the class cried, and said Mr. Magruder was a brute, and he had no love for science. But Mr. Magruder said that as for himself, 'hang science!' when a woman became so infatuated with it as to chop up her husband to help it along. And his brother said he ought to put it in even stronger terms that that. What followed upon the adjournment of the class is not known. But Magruder seems somehow to have lost much of his interest in medicine, and since then there has been a kind of coolness between him and the professor."

III.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

WOMAN AND WORK.

ALFRED H. MILES.



"'ALWAYS a hindrance,' are we? you didn't [illegible] old;
With 'never a han' to help a man, and on[illegible] d?'
'Timid as hares in danger—weak as a[illegible]
And never the heart to bear a part [illegible] le
of life?'
'Just fit to see to the children and [illegible],
With only a head for butter and [illegible]
and chairs?'
Where would you be to-morrow if half o[illegible]
'Tis well some women are weak at heart, i[illegible] g
you.

"We haven't much time to be merry who marry a struggling man;
Saving and spending, and making and mending, and doing the best we can,
Plotting and planning, and skimming and scanning, and making the done-for do,
With motherly magic eluding the tragic, and turning the old into new,
Picking and paring, and shaving and sharing, and when not enough for us all,
Giving up tea that, whatever may be, the 'bacca shan't go to the wall,

With never a quiet from racket and riot, from hustle and bustle and noise,
For the boys will all try to be men like you, and the girls will all try to be boys.

"You know the tale of the eagle, that carried the child away
To its eyrie high in the mountain sky, grim and rugged and grey;
Of the sailor who climbed to save it, who ere he had half-way sped,
Met mother and child on the mountain wild, returning as dead.
Th[illegible] bearded giant had never have grown a span
If [illegible] in childhood's hour, he'd had to wait
[illegible] among you, but is living and hale
[illegible] a woman's side in the old home far
[illegible]rd the tale of the lifeboat, and the women [illegible]bles Head,
Who, while the men stood shivering by, or out of the danger fled,
Tore their shawls into striplets and knotted them end to end,
And then went down to the gates of death, for father, and brother, and friend;
Deeper and deeper into the sea, ready of heart and head,
Hauling them home through the blinding foam, and raising them from the dead.
There's many of you to-morrow who, but for a woman's hand,
Would be drifting about with the shore lights out, and never a chance to land.

"You've read of the noble woman in the midst of a Border fray,
Who held her own in a castle lone, for her lord who was far away,
For the children who gathered around her, and the home that she loved so well,
And the deathless fame of a woman's name, whom nothing but love could quell,
Who, when the men would have yielded, with her own sweet lily hand
Led them straight from the postern gate, and drove the foe from the land.
There's many a little homestead that is cosy and [redacted] to-day,
Because of a woman who stood at the d[redacted]he wolves at bay

"'Only a hindrance,' are we? then w[redacted]
We hinder the devil and all his w[redacted] takes it ill;
We do the work that is nearest, and[redacted]
But if ever you want a hero and you ca[redacted]
You need not tell us the chances—you've [redacted] show,
And there's many a woman besides myself that's willing and ready to go.
For trust in trial, for work in woe, for comfort and care in sorrow,
The wives of the world are its strength to-day, the daughters its hope to-morrow."

THE FORECLOSURE.

MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

WALK right in the settin'-room, Deacon; it's all in a muddle, you see;
But I hain't no heart to right it, so I've jest let everything be.

Besides, I'm a-goin' to-morrow,—I mean to start with the dawn,—
And the house won't seem so home-like if it's all upset and forlorn.
I sent off the children this morning; they both of them begged to stay;
But I thought 'twould be easier, mebbe, if I was alone to-day.
For this was the very day, Deacon, twenty years ago,
That Caleb an' I moved into this house; and I couldn't forgit it, you know.
He was so busy and happy!—we'd been married a month before—
And Caleb would clear up the table, an' brush up the floor.
H[illegible]tired, an' helped me; but law! that was [illegible]ay—
A[illegible]elpful, and kind, to the very last day.
[illegible]Deacon, that winter I broke my arm?
[illegible]t me, not even to tend to the farm.
[illegible]ing I saw him, a-settin' so close to
[illegible] spite of the fever that made me so wild
[illegible]nd nothin' to grieve me, till he died and left me behind—
Yes, I know there's no use in talkin', but somehow it eases my mind:
And he sot so much store by you, Deacon, I needn't to tell you now,
He'd come to you for your judgment, ere ever he'd buy a cow.
Well, our cow has gone, and the horse, too,—poor Caleb was fond of Jack—
And I cried like a fool this morning when I looked at the empty rack.
I hope he'll be kindly treated; 'twould worry poor Caleb so
If the Joneses should whip that crature—but I s'pose he ain't like to know.

I've been thinkin' it over lately, that when Mary sickened and died,
Her father's sperret was broken, for she was allus his pride.
He wasn't never so cheery; he'd smile,—but the smile wa'n't bright,
And he didn't care for the cattle, though once they'd been his delight.
The neighbours all said he was ailin', and they tried to hint it to me;
They talked of a churchyard cough, Deacon; but I feared and I wouldn't see:
I never believed he was goin' till I saw him a-lyin' here dead.
There, you needn't be anxious, Deacon: I have[illegible] a tear to shed.
I've tried to keep things together,—I'[illegible]rly and late,—
But I couldn't pay the interest, nor git [illegible].
So of course I've gone behindhand, ar[illegible]l
For enough to pay the mortgage, I s'[illegible]
I've prayed ag'inst all hard feeli[illegible] Christian ought,
But it's hard to see Caleb's children [illegible] he bought;
And readin' that text in the Bib[illegible]d orphans, you know,
I can't think the folks will prosper who are willin' to see us go.
But there! I'm a-keepin' you, Deacon, and it's nigh your time for tea.
"Won't I come over?" No, thank you; I am better alone, you see.
Besides, I couldn't eat nothin'; whenever I've tried it to-day,
There's something here that chokes me. I'm narvous, I s'pose you'll say.
"I've worked too hard?" No, I haven't. Why, it's work that keeps me strong;
If I sot here a-thinkin', my heart would break before long.

Not that I care about livin', I'd ruther be laid away
In the place I've marked beside Caleb, to rest till the judgment day.
But there's the children to think of—that makes my duty clear.
And I'll try to follow it, Deacon, though I'm tired of staying here.
Good-bye, then. I sha'n't forgit you, nor all the kindness you've showed,
'Twill help to cheer me to-morrow as I go on my lonely road,
For—What are you sayin', Deacon? I needn't—I needn't go?
You've b[redacted]ht the mortgage and I can stay? Stop! say it
Je[redacted]minute—I'll take it in bime-by.
T[redacted]hy, Deacon, what is it that makes me
[redacted]nk you. Ef Caleb was only here,
[redacted]akin' he'd make my feelin's clear.
[redacted]ible of an angel from the skies,
[redacted]no great coat and no spectacles on
H[redacted]n, Deacon, with your smile so good and true,
And whenever I see that picter, 'twill make me think of you.
The children will be so happy! Why, Annie will 'most go wild;
He fretted so much at leavin' her here, the mornin' he died, poor child!
And I am as glad as Annie, ef only for jest one thing—
I can tend to the plants and flowers I put on his grave last spring,
On Caleb's grave; he loved flowers, and it seems as ef he will know
They are bloomin' and blowin' around him while he's sleepin' there below.

AFTER THE SALE.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE waggon, with high fantastic load
Of household goods, is at the gate;
The shadows darken down the road;
Why does the old man wait?
Bureau, bedstead, rocking-chair,
Upturned table with heels in the air—
Whatever the grudging fates would spare,
Lie huddled and heaped and tumbled there,
A melancholy freight!
"Of all his riches," the teamster said,
"Now only this precious pile remains!
A blanket and bed for his old grey head
For all his lifelong pains.
Hard case, I own! but they s[illegible]
Must have a fall." His ropes
In the chill March wind. "I[illegible]
And gathered in the rein
The old wife bows her stricke[illegible]
On the doorstone, weary
The old man lingers about th[illegible]
Taking a last survey;
Looks in once more at the gre[illegible]oor,
On the empty mow and the va[illegible]or;
All the gains of his life have gon[illegible]efore,
And why should he care to stay?
Only a stool with a broken leg
Is left, and a bucket without a bale.
The harness is gone from hook and peg,
Even the whip from its nail;
Dreary shadows hang from the wall,
No friendly whinny from shed or stall,
Nor unmilked heifer's welcoming call;
The poultry and pigs have vanished, all
Swept out by the sheriff's sale.

Back to the dooryard well he goes
For a parting look, a farewell drink,
How drippingly that bucket rose
And poised for him on the brink
In the summers gone, and plashed his feet
When the men came in from the harvest heat!
How blessedly cool the draught, how sweet!
'Tis misery now to think!

What scenes of peaceful, prosperous life
Once filled the yard, so desolate now!
When he often would say to his pleased, proud wife,
That the farm appeared, somehow,
More thrifty and cheery than other men's
With [illegible]ttle in pasture and swine in pens,
[illegible]nd cackle of hens,
[illegible] crib and mow.

[illegible]eir proud success,
[illegible]ure and mutual blame,
[illegible]l that was happiness,
[illegible]at was sorrow and shame.
[illegible]eful and strong and fair—
[illegible] wraith sitting there,
[illegible]grief and her old, thin hair
Bowed [illegible] feeble frame?

"Do you ren[illegible]er? This well," he said,
"Was sunk that summer when Jane was born.
She used to stand in the old house-shed
And blow the dinner-horn
In after years—or climb a rail
Of the dooryard fence for a cheery hail—
Then run to the curb for a brimming pail,
When I came up from the corn."

Why think of her now? against whose name
His lips and heart long since were sealed;
Whose memory in their lives became
A sorrow that never was healed.

Her step is on the creaking stair;
Her girlish image is everywhere!
He hears her laughter, he sees her hair
Blow back in the wind, as she comes to bear
His luncheon to the field.

"'Twas a terrible wrong!" The old wife spoke,
Swaying her gaunt frame to and fro.
"I'll say it now!" Her strained voice broke
Into a wail of woe.
"It haunts me awake, it haunts me asleep!
And silence has been so hard to keep—
So long!—But there is a grief too deep
For ever a man to know!"

A quaver of anguish shook his tone,
His look was pierced with a keen remorse:
"The blame, I suppose, was all my own;
And I have no heart, of course!
Great Heaven! nor any grief to hide!"
Lifting his gloomy hat aside,
He looked up, haggard and hollow-eyed,
Like one whose burning soul had dried
His tears at their very source.

"No, no! I don't mean that," she wept,
"I've felt you suffering many a day,
And often at night when you thought I slept,
And when I have heard you pray,
Until it seemed that my heart would burst.
And as for the blame, you know, at first,
I claimed you were right and did my worst
To force her to obey.

"For the dream of our lives had been to make
Our Jane a lady fit for a lord;
Our schemes were all for our children's sake,
And it seemed a cruel reward

To see her with careless scorn refuse—
For all the arguments we could use—
The man you most approved, and choose
The one you most abhorred.

"But when she had chosen and all was done,
You needn't have been so hard and stern;
We might have forgiven the poor dear one,
And welcomed her return.
You never could know what she was to me,
You never will know how I yearn to see
My child again—how homesickly
I yearn, and yearn, and yearn!

"She chose for herself, and who can tell?
She braved your will, it's true, and yet
She may, for all that, have chosen well.
And how can we forget?
We chose for Alice, and unawares,
Rushed with her into a rich man's snares,
Who tangled us up in his loose affairs,
And dragged us down with debt."

"Well, well!"—with a heavy sigh—"Let's go!
I haven't been always wise. Ah, Jane!
Some things might not be done just so,
If they were to do again.
But Alice is dead and the farm is gone;
Our hopes, and all that we built them on,
Friends, wealth, are scattered hither and yon,
And only ourselves remain.

"These boughs will blossom and fruits will fall
The same! When I changed the orchard lot
And fenced it all with good stone wall,
And planned the garden plot,
And built the arbour and planted trees,
And made a home for our pride and ease,
We little thought these were all to please
Strangers who knew us not!

"Others will reap where we have sown;
But others never can understand
What watchful care these fields have known,
Or how I loved the land.
Here maids will marry and babes be born,
The sun will shine on the wheat and corn,
Crops be gathered and sheep be shorn,
But by a stranger's hand.

"Come, wife!" With bitterest vain regret,
Remembering all good things that were,
The old man yet can half forget
His woes, in pity of her.
She entered, a young man's happy bride,
She crowned his home with hope and pride,
And now goes forth by an old man's side
A weary wanderer.

With slow, disconsolate, broken talk,
They look their last and pass the gate;
The waggon is gone and they must walk
A mile, and it's growing late.
She bears a parcel, he lifts a pack,
But what do they see there, up the track,
Against the sunset, looming black?
'Tis strange! the waggon is coming back,
With its melancholy freight.

And what is the driver shrieking out?
Now, Heaven, for a moment, keep them sane!
"Turn about! turn about!" they hear him shout,
As he flourishes whip and rein—
"You've a home and a good friend yet, you'll find,
A coach is following close behind!"
A face—a voice—Oh, Heaven, be kind!
Oh, lips that tremble and tears that blind!
Oh, breaking hearts! IT'S JANE!

GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN.

(*MASSACHUSETTS SHORE*, 1800.)

BRET HARTE.

I MIND it was but yesterday,—
The sun was dim, the air was chill;
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill—
My Jacob, who was cast away.

He said, "God keep you, mother dear,"
But did not turn to kiss his wife;
They had some foolish, idle strife;
Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear;
I marked not that the hills looked near,
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

For with my darling went the joy
Of autumn woods and meadows brown;
I came to hate the little town;
It seemed as if the sun went down
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,
The wind it shifted west-by-south;
It piled high up the harbour mouth;
The marshes, black with summer drouth,
Were all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night—
The sea upon the garden leapt,
And my son's wife in quiet slept,
And I, his mother, waked and wept,
When, lo! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood! his seaman's dress
All wet and dripping seemed to be;
The pale blue fires of the sea
Dripped from his garments constantly—
I could not speak through cowardness.

"I come through night and storm," he said;
Through storm and night and death," said he,
To kiss my wife, if it so be
That strife still holds 'twixt her and me,
For all beyond is Peace," he said.

"The sea is His, and He who sent
The wind and wave can soothe their strife;
And brief and foolish is our life."
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,
Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,
But her—his wife—who did not wake,
My heart within me seemed to break;
I swore a vow! nor thenceforth spake
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him not,
Somehow we spake of aught beside;
For she—her hope upheld her pride;
And I—in me all hope had died,
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide
She pined and faded where she stood;
Yet spake no word of ill or good;
She had the hard, cold Edward's blood
In all her veins—and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,
To give her peace, but ere I spake
Methought, "*He* will be first to break
The news in heaven," and for his sake
I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam;
I only wait to hear his call;
I doubt not that this day, next fall,
Shall see me safe in port; where all
And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,
And knew my Jacob? . . . Eh! Mercy!
Ah, God of wisdom! hath the sea
Yielded its dead to humble me;
My boy! . . . my Jacob . . . Turn again!

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Of all the rides since the birth of time
Told in story or sung in rhyme—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's house of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borâk—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own towns-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the woman of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives grey,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbours!" at last he cried—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Preson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him!—why should we?"

Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's Oh to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death!
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep.
O God! that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—
A table,—a broken chair,—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,—
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light;
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel;
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THOMAS HOOD.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing:
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully:
Think of her mournfully:
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses,
  Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
  Where was her home?

Who was her father?
  Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
  Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
  Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
  Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
  Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
  Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
  Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
  With many a light
From many a casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
  Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
  Made her tremble and shiver,

But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd,
Anywhere! anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran;
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it—drink of it
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently—kindly—
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity.
As when with the daring,
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest:

Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

ELIHU.

ALICE CARY.

"O SAILOR, tell me, tell me true,
Is my little lad—my Elihu—
A-sailing in your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dimmed with dew.
"Your little lad? Your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip;
"What little lad—what ship?"

What little lad?—as if there could be
Another such an one as he!
"What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee.
It was just the other day
The *Grey Swan* sailed away."

The other day? The sailor's eyes
Stood wide open with surprise.
"The other day?—the *Swan?*"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone!"—

"Gone with the *Swan.*" "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her—
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know,
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the *Grey Swan's* deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw—
Taking it off, as might be so—
The kerchief from your neck;
Ay, and he'll bring it back.

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the *Grey Swan's* crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad;
The best boy ever mother had;
Be sure, he sailed with the crew—
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold—if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine;
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years! a long, long cruise;
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can
Forgive him?" "Miserable man!
You're mad as the sea; you rave—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild:
"My God!—my Father!—is it true?
My little lad—my Elihu!
And is it?—is it?—is it you?
My blessed boy—my child—
My dead—my living child!"

ORISKA.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

FAR in the west, where still the red man held
His rights unrifled, dwelt an aged chief,
With his young daughter. Joyous as a bird
She found her pastime 'mid the forest shades,
Or with a graceful vigour urged her skiff
O'er the bright waters. The bold warriors mark'd
Her opening charms, but deem'd her still a child,
Or feared from their grave kingly chief to ask
The darling of his age.

A stranger came
To traffic with the people, and amass
Those costly furs which in his native clime
Transmute so well to gold. The blood of France
Was in his veins, and on his lips the wile
That wins the guileless heart. Ofttimes at eve
He sought the chieftain's dwelling, and allured
The gentle girl to listen to his tale,
Well framed and eloquent. With practised glance
He saw the love-flush on her olive cheek
Make answer to him, though the half-hid brow
Drooped 'mid its wreath of tresses.

"Ah! I know
That thou dost love to please me. Thou hast put
Thy splendid coronet of feathers on:

How its rich crimson dazzles 'mid thy locks,
Black as the raven's wing! Thy bracelets, too,—
Who told thee thou wert beautiful? Hast seen
Thy queenly features in yon mirror'd lake?
Bird of the Sioux! let my nest be thine,
And I will sing thee melodies that make
Midnight like morn."

With many a spell he charm'd
Her trusting innocence; the dance, the song,
The legend, and the lay of other lands;
And patient taught his pupil's lips to wind
The maze of words with which his native tongue
Refines the thought. The hoary chieftain frown'd;
But when the smooth Canadian press'd his suit
To be adopted by the tribe, and dwell
Among them, as a brother and a son;
And when the indulgent sire observant read
The timid pleading of Oriska's eye,
He gave her tenderly, with sacred rites,
In marriage to the stranger.

Their sweet bower
Rose like a gem amid the rural scene,
O'ercanopied with trees, where countless birds
Carol'd unwearied, the gay squirrel leaped,
And the wild bee went singing to his work,
Satiate with luxury. Through matted grass,
With silver foot, a frolic fountain stole,
Still track'd by deeping greenness, while afar
The mighty prairie met the bending skies,—
A sea at rest, whose sleeping waves were flowers.

Nor lack'd their lowly dwelling such device
Of comfort, or adornment, as the hand
Of gentle woman, sedulous to please,
Creates for him she loves. For she had hung
Attentive on his lips, while he described

The household policy of prouder climes;
And with such varied and inventive skill
Caught the suggestions of his taste refined,
That the red people, wondering as they gazed
On curtain'd window and on flower-crowned vase,
Carpet and cushion'd chair, and board arranged
With care unwonted, called her home the court
Of their French princess.

A rich clustering vine
Crept o'er their porch, and 'neath its fragrant shade
Oriska sang her evening melodies,
Tuneful, and clear, and deep—the echoed truth
Of her soul's happiness. Her highest care
And dearest pleasure was to make his lot
Delightful to her lord; and he, well pleased
With the simplicity of fervent love,
And the high honour paid a chieftain's son,
Roamed with the hunters at his will, or brought
Birdlings of brilliant plume as trophies home
To his young bride.

Months fled, and with them change
Stole o'er his love. And when Oriska mark'd
The shadow darkening on his brow, she fear'd
The rudeness of her nation, or perchance
Her ignorance had err'd, and strove to do
His will more perfectly. And though his moods
Of harshness or disdain chill'd every joy,
She blamed him not, for unto her he seem'd
A higher being of a nobler race;
And she was proud and happy, might she bathe
His temples in some fit of transient pain,
Or by a menial's toil advance the feast
Which still she shared not. When his step was heard
She bade her beating heart be still, and smooth'd
The shining tresses he was wont to praise,
And fondly hasting, raised her babe to meet

His father's eye, contented if the smile
That once was hers might beam upon his child.
But that last solace fail'd, and the cold glance
Contemptuously repress'd her toil of love.
And then he came no more.

But as she watch'd
Night after night, and question'd every hour,
How bitterly those weeks and years were notched
Upon the broken tablet of the soul,
By that forsaken wife!

Calm moonlight touch'd
A fair Canadian landscape. Roof and spire,
And broad umbrageous tree, were saturate
With liquid lustre. O'er a lordly dome,
Whose halls had late with bridal pomp been gay,
The silvery curtains of the summer night
Were folded quietly.

A music-sound
Broke forth abruptly from its threshold stone,
Shrill and unearthly—not the serenade
That thrills on beauty's ear, but a bold strain,
Loud even to dissonance, and oft prolonged
In low, deep cadence, wonderfully sad,—
The wild song of the Sioux. He, who first
Awaking, caught that mournful melody,
Shudder'd with icy terror as he threw
His mantle o'er him, and rush'd madly forth
Into the midnight air.

"Hence! Leave my door!
I know thee not, dark woman! Hence, away!"

"Ah! let me hear that voice! How sweet its tones
Fall on my ear, although the words are stern.
Say! Know'st thou not this boy? Whose eyes are these?
Those chestnut clusters round the lifted brow—
Said'st thou not in his cradle they were thine?"

"How cam'st thou here, Oriska?"

"We have trod
A weary way. My father and his men
Came on the business of their tribe, and I,
Unto whose soul the midnight and the morn
Have been alike for years, roam'd restlessly,
A wanderer in their train, leading our boy.
My highest hope was but to hear, perchance,
That thou didst live; and lo! a blessed guide
Hath shown me to thy home."

"Oriska, go!
I have a bride. Thou canst not enter here—
I'll come to thee to-morrow?"

"*Wilt* thou come?
The white-hair'd chief, I fear me, fades away
Unto the spirit-land!"

"I bid thee hence
To thine abode. Have I not said to thee
I'll come to-morrow?"

With a heavy heart,
Through silent streets, the sad-brow'd woman went,
Leading her child.

Morn came, and day declined,
Yet still he came not. By her sire she watch'd,
O'er whose dull eye a filmy shadow stole,
While to her troubled question no reply
Rose from his palsied lip. Nature and age
Slept wearily and long. The second eve
Darken'd the skies, when lo! a well-known step—
He stood before her.

"Was it kind of thee,
Oriska, thus to break my bridal hour
With thy strange, savage music?"

"Was thy wife
Angry at the poor Indian? Not to speak
Harsh words I came: I would not think of thee
A thought of blame. But, oh! mine aged sire,
Thou seest him dying in this stranger land,
Far from his fathers' graves. Be thou a friend
When he is gone and I am desolate.
Make me a household servant to thy wife.
I'll bring her water from the purest spring,
And plant the corn, and ply the flying oar,
And never be impatient or require
Payment from her, nor kind regard from thee.
I will not call thee husband, though thou taught'st
My stammering lip that word when love was young;
Nor ask one pitying look or favouring tone,
Or aught, except to serve and pray for thee
To the Great Spirit. And this boy shall do
Her will and thine."

The pale-face turn'd away
With well-dissembled anger, though remorse
Gnaw'd at his callous bosom! "Urge me not!
It cannot be!" Even more he might have said,
Basely and bitterly, but lo! the chief
Cast off the ice of death, and on his bed,
With clenched hand and quivering lip, uprose:
"*His* curse be on thee! He who knoweth where
The lightnings hide!" Around the old man's neck
Fond arms were wildly thrown. "Oh, curse him not—
The father of my boy!" And blinding tears
Fell down so fast, she mark'd not with what haste
The white-browed recreant fled. "I tell thee, child,
The cold, black gall-drop in a traitor's soul
Doth make a curse. And, though I curse him not
The sun shall hate him, and the waters turn
To poison in his veins. "But light grows dim.
Go back to thine own people. Look no more

On him whom I have cursed, and lay my bones
Where my dead fathers sleep." A hollow groan,
Wrung by extremest agony, broke forth
From the old chieftain's breast. "Daughter, I go
To the Great Spirit."

O'er that breathless clay
Bow'd down the desolate woman. No complaint,
No sigh of grief burst forth. The tear went back
To its deep fountain. Lip and fringed lid
Trembled no more than in the statued bronze,
Nor shrank one truant nerve, as o'er her pass'd
The asphyxia of the heart.

Day after day,
O'er wild and tangled forest, moved a train,
Bearing with smitten hearts their fallen chief;
And next the bier a silent woman trod,
A child's young hand for ever clasp'd in hers,
And on her lip no sound. Long was the way,
Ere the low roof-trees of their tribe they saw
Sprinkling the green; and loud the funeral wail
Rose for the honour'd dead, who, in his youth,
Their battles led, and in his wintry years
Had won that deeper reverence, which so well
The forest sons might teach our wiser race
To pay to hoary age. Beneath the mounds,
Where slept his ancient sires, they laid him down;
And there the gathered nation mourn'd their sire,
In the wild passion of untutor'd grief;
Then smooth'd the pillow'd turf, and went their way.

* * * * *

Who is yon woman in her dark canoe,
Who strangely towards Niagara's fearful gulf
Floats on unmoved? Firm and erect she stands,
Clad in such bridal costume as befits

The daughter of a king. Tall, radiant plumes
Wave o'er her forehead, and the scarlet tinge
Of her embroider'd mantle, fleck'd with gold,
Dazzles amid the flood. Scarce heaves her breast,
As though the spirit of that dread abyss,
In terrible sublimity, had quell'd
All thought of earthly things. Fast by her side
Stands a young, wondering boy, and from his lip,
Blanching with terror, steals the frequent cry
Of "Mother!" "Mother!" But she answereth not,
She speaks no more to aught of earth, but pours
To the Great Spirit, fitfully and wild,
The death song of her people. High it rose
Above the tumult of the tide that bore
The victims to their doom. The boy beheld
The strange, stern beauty in his mother's eye,
And held his breath for awe. Her song grew faint;
And as the rapids raised their whitening heads,
Casting her light oar to the infuriate tide,
She raised him in her arms, and clasped him close.
Then as the boat with arrowy swiftness drove
Down toward the unfathomed gulf, while chilling spray
Rose up in blinding showers, he hid his head
Deep in the bosom that had nurtured him,
With a low, stifled sob. And thus they took
Their awful pathway to eternity.
One ripple on the mighty river's brink,
Just where it, shuddering, makes its own dread plunge,
And at the foot of that most dire abyss
One gleam of flitting robe and raven tress,
And feathery coronet—and all was o'er,
Save the deep thunder of the eternal surge
Sounding their epitaph.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

E. L. BEERS.

WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John, John looked at me,
And when I found that I must speak
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then, I, listening, bent my head.—
This is his letter: "I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share:
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band;
First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dread or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,

"He's but a baby, too!" said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,
"No, for a thousand crowns not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave,
Bade us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a wilful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no!
I cannot, will not let him go."
And so we wrote in a courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

"I'M goin' to die!" says the Widder Green.
"I'm going to quit this airthly scene;
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me,
Nobody can't let nobody be.
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
An' that's the hull o' what they know.
The men is mad on bonds an' stocks—
Swearin' an' shootin' and pickin' locks.
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There's another matter that's pesky hard—
I can't go into a neighbour's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin
But what the papers have it in.
'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene,'
Or 'Our worthy friend Mrs. Green has gone
Down to Barkhamsted to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
Without a-raisin' some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy—so to say—
No more'n if this was the Judgment Day.
And as for meetin'—I declare
Whenever I put my head in there—
Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spiled and done,
Like everything else beneath the sun.
It used to be so solemn and slow—
Praise to the Lord from men below;
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High-diddle-diddle, there and here!
No respect to the Lord above,
No more'n ef He was hand and glove

With all the creturs He ever made,
And all the jigs that ever was played.
Preachin' too—but here I'm dumb.
But I tell you what! I'd like it some
Ef good old parson Nathan Strong
Out o' his grave would come along,
An' give us a stirrin' taste of fire—
Judgment an' justice is my desire.
'Tain't all love an' sickish sweet
That makes this world nor t'other complete.
But la! I'm old. I'd better be dead.
When the world's a-turnin' over my head,
Sperits talkin' like tarnal fools,
Bibles kicked out o' deestrict schools,
Crazy creturs a-murderin' round—
Honest folks better be under ground.
So fare-ye-well! this airthly scene—
I'm going to die," said Widder Green.

WHY?

MAUDE MOORE.

WHAT did the baby come for?
That was the question trite
The neighbours asked each other
That stormy winter's night.
What was the need of children?
'Twas hard enough before
To keep care out of the window,
The gray wolf from the door.

Out on the wintry barren,
Over the sleeping town,
Out of the cold dark heaven
Drifted the snowflakes down.
Within the low, old cottage,
Flickered the candle's flame
In the dusk of the early dawning—
But never an answer came.

What did the baby come for?
A woman's heart could tell,
At touch of the tiny fingers,
Like to a fairy spell—
A heart that was hard with doubting,
A soul that was barred with sin,
Opened a tide from God's ocean—
The mother-love swept in.

What did the baby come for?
A strong man's heart had grown,
Through poverty's constant grinding,
As hard as the nether stone;
Only a baby's prattle,
And yet, O wonderful song
That made a man's heart grow lighter—
Made a man's hands grow strong!

Was ever a spring or summer
That vanished on wings so fleet?
Ah! 'twas joy to labour
When living had grown so sweet!
Care never came to the window,
And poverty, gaunt and grim,
Never stepped over the threshold;
There was no place for him.

What did the baby go for?
Softly the summer night
Fell like a benediction
On the baby shrouded white.
Only two golden summers!
'Twas not a life, we say,
"Only a bit of childhood
The great God threw away."

Out on the dusky meadow,
Over the slumbering town,
Out of the silent heaven
Brightly the stars look down.

What did the baby go for?
  Flickered the dawning flame
Into the cottage window—
  But never an answer came.

What did the baby go for?
  O thou shadow of death!
O thou angel! Thou demon,
  Icy of touch, and breath!
We cry to the sunlit heavens,
  And no voice answereth.

Will there ever come a morning
  When, with our tears all dried,
Resting in fair green pastures
  The river of life beside,
We shall know, beyond all doubting,
  Just why the baby died?

Oh, thank God for the children!
  Aye, give thanks, though we lay
Under the "sod of the valley"
  The fairest of all, away.
Thank Him for those that leave us,
  Thank Him for those that stay.

THE QUEEN'S REPARTEE.

JAY ALLISON.

He was a king, yet well he knew
  The worth of gold for payment;
She was a queen—a woman, too,
  And fond of costly raiment.

"This is a dainty cap," he said,
  "Fine as a cobweb, truly.
What was the price?" She shook her head:
  "You'll think it cost unduly.

"Men should not ask what women pay
  For ribbons, caps, and collars.

But this was a bargain, as you will say,
'Twas only just ten thalers."

"*Only* ten thalers! You cannot mean
You paid such a sum of money
For that small thing, my darling queen!"
He looked o'er the landscape sunny,

And beckoned a guardsman, poor and old.
"Here! you are no impostor:
Tell this lady the worth of gold;
What should that lace thing cost her?"

On his clumsy hand he turned the cap.
"I've but a feeble notion
Of the cost of women's gear. Mayhap,
It cost her many groschen."

"Groschen, man! Such a bit of lace
As that costs ten whole thalers.
This pretty lady with smiling face
Pays dear for caps and collars.

"Ask her to give as much to you—
She can afford it surely."
He held his hand with small ado,
She gave the sum demurely.

Then said with a gesture arch and sly:
"This gentleman so stately
Standing here, is richer than I—
His wealth is increasing greatly;

"All that I have he gives to me—
Thankfully I receive it.
Ask *twice* ten thalers, and you'll see
He can afford to give it."

Laughing, the king bestowed the gold—
Such grace his rank befitted,
And merrily oft the story told
How he had been outwitted.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face—ay, lovely even now:
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care?
Why steals that tear across her cheek?—She sees her first grey hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace;
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face;
Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow more than years;
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears:
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife;—the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth;
A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath never banish'd sleep;
Her life hath been a cloudless one; then, wherefore doth she weep?

She looked upon her raven locks;—what thoughts did they recall?
Oh! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet or for ball;—
They brought back thoughts of early youth, e'er she had learnt to check,
With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there;
She seem'd to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch
That sometimes feigned to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first grey hair! oh, deem it not a crime
For her to weep—when she beholds the first footmark of Time!
She knows that, one by one, those mute mementoes will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane—
Yet though the blossom may not sigh to bud, and bloom again,
It cannot but remember, with a feeling of regret,
The Spring for ever gone—the Summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, Lady! heed the monitor! Thy mirror tells the truth,
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth;
Go;—bind it on thy daughter's brow, in her thou'lt still look fair;
'Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold the first grey hair!

MEASURING THE BABY.

EMMA ALICE BROWN.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall,
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall.
A Royal Tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And the heart of a jewell'd chalice
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blue-birds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees;
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees.

And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced at the lattice-sill.

His eyes were as wide as blue-bells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown:
And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day:
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon:
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below:
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan:—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN BELT.

ONE OF THE "NINE STORIES OF CHINA."

JOHN G. SAXE.

A BEAUTIFUL maiden was little Min-Ne,
Eldest daughter of wise Wang-Ke;
Her skin had the colour of saffron-tea,
And her nose was flat as flat could be;
And never were seen such beautiful eyes,
Two almond-kernels in shape and size,
Set in a couple of slanting gashes,
And not in the least disfigured by lashes;
And then such feet;
You'd scarcely meet
In the longest walk through the grandest street
(And you might go seeking
From Nanking to Peking)
A pair so remarkably small and neat.

Two little stumps,
Mere pedal lumps,
That toddle along with the funniest thumps,
In China, you know, are reckon'd trumps.
It seems a trifle to make such a boast of it;
But how they *will* dress it,
And bandage and press it,
By making the least, to make the most of it!
As you may suppose,
She had plenty of beaux
Bowing around her beautiful toes,
Praising her feet and eyes and nose
In rapturous verse and elegant prose!
She had lots of lovers, old and young;
There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung,
Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,
Musical Sing, and, the rest among,
Great Hang-Yu and Yu-be-Hung.

But though they smiled, and smirk'd, and bow'd,
None could please her of all the crowd;
Lung and Tung she thought too loud;
Opulent Tin was much too proud;
Lofty Long was quite too tall;
Musical Sing sung very small;
And, most remarkable freak of all,
Of great Hang-Yu the lady made game,
And Yu-be-Hung she mock'd the same,
By echoing back his ugly name!
But the hardest heart is doom'd to melt;
Love is a passion that will be felt;
And just when scandal was making free
To hint "What a pretty old maid she'd be,"
Little Min-Ne,
Who but she?
Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!
A man, I must own, of bad reputation,
And low in purse, though high in station—
A sort of Imperial poor relation,
Who rank'd as the Emperor's second cousin
Multiplied by a hundred dozen;
And, to mark the love the Emperor felt,
Had a pension clear
Of three pounds a year,
And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt!
And gallant Ho-Ho
Could really show
A handsome face, as faces go
In this Flowery Land, where, you must know,
The finest flowers of beauty grow.
He'd the very widest kind of jaws,
And his nails were like an eagle's claws,
And, though it may seem a wondrous tale—
(Truth is mighty and will prevail!)
He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause
Under the Emperor's chancery laws!

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne
The men declared they couldn't see;
But all the ladies, over their tea,
In this one point were known to agree:
Four gifts were sent to aid his plea;
A smoking-pipe with a golden clog,
A box of tea, and a poodle dog,
And a painted heart that was all a-flame,
And bore, in blood, the lover's name.
Ah! how could presents pretty as these
A delicate lady fail to please?
She smoked the pipe with the golden clog,
And drank the tea, and ate the dog,
And kept the heart—and that's the way
The match was made, the gossips say.
I can't describe the wedding-day,
Which fell in the lovely month of May;
Nor stop to tell of the honeymoon,
And how it vanish'd all too soon;
Alas! that I the truth must speak,
And say that in the fourteenth week,
Soon as the wedding guests were gone,
And their wedding suits began to doff,
Min-Ne was weeping and "taking-on,"
For *he* had been trying to "take her off."

Six wives before he had sent to heaven,
And being partial to number "seven,"
He wished to add his latest pet,
Just, perhaps, to make up the set;
Mayhap the rascal found a cause
Of discontent in a certain clause
In the Emperor's very liberal laws,
Which gives when a Golden Belt is wed,
Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed;
And if in turn he marry a score,
With every wife six hundred more.

First, he tried to murder Min-Ne
With a special cup of poison'd tea,
But the lady, smelling a mortal foe,
Cried, "Ho-Ho!
I'm very fond of mild Souchong,
But you, my love, you make it too strong."

At last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,
Contrived the most consummate plan
Invented since the world began;
He went and got him a savage dog,
Who'd eat a woman as soon as a frog;
Kept him a day without any prog,
Then shut him up in an iron bin,
Slipp'd the bolt and lock'd him in;
Then giving the key
To poor Min-Ne,
Said, "Love, there's something you *mustn't* see
In the chest beneath the orange-tree."

* * * * * *

Poor mangled Min-Ne! with her latest breath
She told her father the cause of her death;
And so it reach'd the Emperor's ear,
And his highness said: "It is very clear
Ho-Ho has committed a murder here!"
And he doom'd Ho-Ho to end his life
By the terrible dog that kill'd his wife;
But in mercy (let his praise be sung!)
His thirteen brothers were merely hung,
And his slaves bamboo'd in the mildest way
For a calendar month three times a day.
And that's the way that justice dealt
With wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE King's three little daughters, 'neath the palace windows straying,
Had fallen into earnest talk that put an end to playing,
And the weary King smiled once again to hear what they were saying.

"It is I who love our father best," the eldest daughter said;
"I am the oldest Princess!" and her pretty face grew red;
"What is there none can do without?—I love him more than bread."

Then said the second Princess, with her bright blue eyes aflame,
"Than bread; a common thing like bread! Thou hast not any shame!
Glad am I it is I, not thou, called by our mother's name.

"I love him with a better love than one so tame as thine—
More than—oh, what then shall I say that is both bright and fine,
And is not common? Yes, I know—I love him more than wine!"

Then the little youngest daughter, whose speech would sometimes halt
For her dreamy way of thinking, said, "Nay, you are both in fault;
'Tis I who love our father best—I love him more than salt."

Shrill little shrieks of laughter greeted her latest word,
As the two joined hands exclaiming, "But this is most absurd."
And the King, no longer smiling, was grieved that he had heard.

For the little youngest daughter, with her eyes of steadfast grey,
Could always move his tenderness, and charm his care away.
"She grows more like her mother dead," he whispered, "day by day.

"But she is very little, and I will find no fault,
That, while her sisters strive to see who most shall me exalt,
She holds me nothing dearer than a common thing like salt."

The portly cook was standing in the courtyard by the spring;
He winked and nodded to himself, "That little quiet thing
Knows more than both the others, as I will show the King."

That afternoon at dinner there was nothing fit to eat;
The King turned, angrily, away from soup and fish and meat,
And he found a cloying sweetness in the dishes that were sweet.

"And yet," he muttered, musing, "I cannot find the fault;
Not a thing has tasted like itself but this honest cup of malt."
Said the youngest Princess, shyly, "Dear father, they want salt."

A sudden look of tenderness shone on the King's dark face,
As he sat his little daughter in the dead Queen's vacant place;
And he thought, "She has her mother's heart—ay, and her mother's grace.

"Great love through smallest channels will find its surest way;
It waits not state occasions, which may not come, or may;
It comforts and it blesses, hour by hour and day by day."

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

WILL CARLETON.

OVER the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle grey—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken, a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of a journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favour, if one can live without.

I am willin' an' anxious and ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more, too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbours would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done,
Only perhaps we humoured 'em, which some good folks condemn;
But every couple's childr'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God He made that rule of love; but when we're old and grey,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts He come one day, an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know,
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in' me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with childr'n three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the childr'n was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out west,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charlie went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my childr'n dear, good-bye
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

PATIENT MERCY JONES.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

LET us venerate the bones
Of patient Mercy Jones—
Who lies underneath these stones.

This is her story as once told to me
By him who still loved her, as all men might see—
Darius, her husband, his age seventy years,
A man of few words, but, for her, many tears.

Darius and Mercy were born in Vermont;
Both children were christened at baptismal font
In the very same place, on the very same day—
(Not much acquainted just then, I dare say).
The minister sprinkled the babies, and said,
"Who knows but this couple some time may be wed,
And I be the parson to join them together,
For weal or for woe through all sorts of weather!"

Well, they *were* married, and happier folk
Never put both their heads in the same loving yoke.
They were poor, they worked hard, but nothing could try
The patience of Mercy, or cloud her bright eye.
She was clothed with Content as a beautiful robe;
She had griefs—who has *not* on this changeable globe?—
But at such times she seemed like the sister of Job.
She was patient with dogmas, where light never dawns,
She was patient with people who trod on her lawns;
She was patient with folks who said blue skies were gray,
And dentists and oxen who pulled the wrong way;
She was patient with phrases no husband should utter,
She was patient with cream that declined to be butter;
She was patient with buyers with nothing to pay,
She was patient with talkers with nothing to say;

She was patient with millers, whose trade was to cozen,
And grocers who counted out ten to the dozen;
She was patient with bunglers and fault-finding churls,
And tall, awkward lads who came courting her girls;
She was patient with crockery no art could mend,
And chimneys that smoked every day the wrong end;
She was patient with reapers who never would sow,
And long-winded callers who never would go:
She was patient with relatives when, uninvited, [slighted;
They came, and devoured, then complained they were
She was patient with crows that got into the corn,
And other dark deeds out of wantonness born;
She was patient with lightning that burned up the hay,
She was patient with poultry unwilling to lay;
She was patient with rogues who drank cider too strong,
She was patient with sermons that lasted too long;
She was patient with boots that tracked up her clean floors,
She was patient with pedlars and other smooth bores;
She was patient with children who disobeyed rules,
And, to crown all the rest, she was patient with fools.

The neighbouring husbands all envied the lot
Of Darius, and wickedly got up a plot
To bring o'er his sunshine an unpleasant spot.
"You think your wife's temper a proof against fate,
But *we* know of something her smiles will abate.
When she gets out of wood, and for more is inclined,
Just send home the *crookedest* lot you can find;
Let *us* pick it out, let *us* go and choose it,
And we'll bet you a farm, when she comes for to use it,
Her temper will crack like Nathan Dow's cornet,
And she'll be as mad as an elderly hornet."

Darius was piqued, and he said, with a *vum*:
"I'll pay for the wood, if *you'll* send it hum;
But depend on it, neighbours, no danger will come."

Home came the gnarled roots, and a crookeder load
Never entered the gate of a Christian abode.

A ram's horn was straighter than any stick in it,
It seemed to be wriggling about every minute;
It would not stand up, it would not lie down,
It twisted the vision of one-half the town.
To *look* at such fuel was really a sin,
For the chance was strabismus would surely set in.

Darius said nothing to Mercy about it:
It *was* crooked wood—even *she* could not doubt it;
But never a harsh word escaped from her lips,
Any more than if they'd been the smoothest of chips.
She boiled with them, baked with them, washed with them through
The long winter months, and none ever knew
But the wood was as straight as Mehitabel Drew,
Who was as straight as a die, or a gun, or an arrow,
And who made it her business all male hearts to harrow.

When the pile was burned up, and they needed more wood,
"Sure now," mused Darius, "I *shall* catch it good;
She has kept her remarks all condensed for the spring.
And my ears, for the trick, now deserve well to sing;
She never *did* scold me, but now she will pout,
And say with *such* wood she is nearly worn out."

But Mercy, unruffled, was calm like a stream
That reflects back at evening the sun's perfect beam;
And she looked at Darius, and lovingly smiled,
As she made this request with a temper unriled:
"We are wanting more fuel, I am sorry to say;
I burn a great deal too much every day,
And I mean to use less than I have in the past;
But get if you can, dear, a load like the last;
I never had wood that I liked half so well—
Do see who has nice *crooked* fuel to sell:
There's nothing that's better than wood full of knots,
It fays so complete round the kettles and pots,
And washing and cooking are really like play
When the sticks nestle close in so charming away."

HUSBANDS.

(Arranged.)

MOST women who have had any experience of the subject agree that, while husbands are, as a rule, convenient and useful additions to the household, there are few of them but have their little drawbacks. In view of the importance of this subject to the sex in general, and to eligible young ladies in particular, I am collecting materials for a large and exhaustive work to be entitled "Husbands I have Known"; in which it is my intention to give illustrations from my own experience, and that of other ladies of my acquaintance, of the various types of husbands, as well as examples from real life as to the most successful methods for their treatment. As a kind of prospectus of this large and important work, permit me, without comment, to give you a few specimens of the results of my inquiries of ladies of various ages, temperaments and stations in life; recording, in passing, my high sense of the courtesy I have experienced at the hands of every lady whom I have interviewed, and my appreciation of the willingness and cheerful unreserve with which they have one and all answered my questions, and even volunteered information as to the faults and failings of their husbands. The first example I shall cite will be that of—

THE HANDY HUSBAND.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, that will so exasperate a man as a bureau drawer which will not shut. It is a deceptive article. It will start off all right; then it pauses at one end while the

other swings in as far as it can. It is the general custom to throw the whole weight of the person against the end which sticks. We have seen men do this several times, and then run from the other side of the room and jump with both feet against the obstinate end. This doesn't appear to answer the purpose any better; but it is very satisfying. Mrs. Holcomb was trying to shut a bureau drawer on Saturday morning, but it was an abortive effort. Finally she gave it up. Then Mr. Holcomb told her to stand aside and see him do it.

"You see," observed Mr. Holcomb, with quiet dignity, "that the drawer is all awry. That's what makes it stick. Now, anybody but a woman would see at once that to move a drawer standing in that position would be impossible. I now bring out this other end even with the other—so; then I take hold of both knobs, and with an equal pressure from each hand the drawer moves easily in. See?"

The dreadful thing moved readily forward for a distance of nearly two inches; then it stopped abruptly.

"Ah!" observed Mrs. Holcomb, beginning to look happy again. Mr. Holcomb very properly made no response to this ungenerous expression; but he gently worked each end of the drawer to and fro, but without success. Then he pulled the drawer all the way out, adjusted it properly, and started it carefully back; it moved as if it were on oiled wheels. Mr. Holcomb smiled. Then it stopped. Mr. Holcomb looked solemn.

"Perhaps you haven't got the ends adjusted," suggested the happy Mrs. Holcomb.

Mr. Holcomb made no reply. Were it not for an increased flush in his face, it might have been doubted if he heard the remark at all. He pushed harder at the drawer than was apparent to her, but it didn't move.

"Are you sure you've got everything out of there that you want?" he finally asked, with a desperate effort to appear composed.

"Oh, *that's* what you are stopping for, is it? But you

needn't. I have got what I wanted, thank you; you can shut it right up."

Then she smiled a very wicked smile. He grew redder in the face, and set his teeth firmly together, and put all his strength to the obdurate drawer, while a hard look gleamed in his eye. But it did not move. He pushed harder.

"Ooh, ooh!" he groaned.

"I'm afraid you haven't got the ends adjusted," she maliciously suggested. A scowl settled on his face, while he strained every muscle in the pressure.

"What stupid fool put this drawer together, I'd like to know?" he snapped out. She made no reply, but she felt that she had not known such happiness since the day she stood before the altar with him, with orange blossoms in her hair.

"I'd like to know what in thunder you've been doing to this drawer, Jane Holcomb?" he jerked out.

"I haven't done anything to it," she replied.

"I know better," he asserted.

"Well, know what you please, for all I care," she sympathetically retorted.

The cords swelled up on his neck, and the corners of his mouth grew whiter.

"I'll shut that drawer, or I'll know the reason of it!" he shouted; and he jumped up and gave it a passionate kick; then he dropped on his knees again, and grabbed hold of the knobs, and swayed and pushed at them with all his might, but it didn't move.

"Why on earth don't you open the window? Do you want to smother me?" he cried passionately.

It was warm; dreadfully warm. The perspiration stood in great drops on his face, and ran down into his neck. The birds sang merrily at the door, and the glad sunshine lay in golden sheets upon the earth, but he did not notice them. He would have given five pounds if he had not touched the bureau. He would have given ten if he had never been born. He threw all his weight on the knobs.

It moved them. It went to its place with a suddenness that threw him from his balance, and brought his burning face against the bureau with force enough to skin his nose, and fill his eyes with water to a degree that was blinding. Then he went out on the verandah, and sat for an hour scowling at the scenery.

My next illustration will show the superior courage of the male sex, and the advantage of having—

A BRAVE DEFENDER.

"SAY, my dear!" ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke, sitting bolt upright in bed with a sudden jerk; "say, my dear, wake up! I hear burglars in the house."

"Who? what burglar?" demanded Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she popped up beside her husband. "Who's in the house?"

"Hush! Quiet, will ye? I don't know which burglar, but I hear some one moving around."

"Oh my! What shall we do?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Let's cover up our heads."

"Why don't you get up and light the gas?" propounded Mr. Spoopendyke in a hoarse whisper. "S'pose you can see who it is in the dark? Strike a light, can't ye? If you had your way we'd both be murdered in bed. Going to light up before we're killed?"

"I'm afraid," whispered Mrs. Spoopendyke, sticking one foot out of bed, and hauling it in as if she had caught a fish with it.

"Going to sit there like a shot-tower and have our throats cut?" interrogated Mr. Spoopendyke. "How'm I going to find a burglar without a light? Find a match and light that gas now, quick!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled out of bed and hunted around for a skirt.

"What's the matter with you? Can't you find a match? Why don't you move?" hissed Mr. Spoopendyke.

"I am, as fast as I can," replied his wife, her teeth chattering. "I'm looking for a pin."

"Oh! you're moving like a railroad, ain't ye? I never saw anything fly like you do. What d'ye want of a pin? Going to stick a pin in the burglar? Why don't you light that gas?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke broke half a dozen matches, and finally got a light.

"That's something like it," continued Mr. Spoopendyke. "Now hand me my pantaloons."

"You won't go down where they are, will you?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, handing over the garment.

Mr. Spoopendyke vouchsafed no reply, but donned the habiliments.

"Now, you open the door," said he, "and go to the head of the stairs and ask who's there, while I find my stick. Hurry up, or they'll get away."

"Suppose they are there. What'll I do then?"

"Tell 'em I'm coming. Go ask 'em, will ye? What's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke opened the door about an inch, squealed, "Who's there?" slammed the door again, and popped into bed.

"What ails ye?" demanded her husband. "What d'ye think you are, any way—a conical shot? Get up, can't ye, and look out! Where's my big stick? What have you done with it? Sent it to school, haven't ye? Go out and ask who's there, will ye, before they come up and slaughter us?"

Once more Mrs. Spoopendyke approached the door, and tremulously demanded what was going on. There was no response, to her incalculable relief, and she went to the head of the stairs.

"See anybody?" whispered Mr. Spoopendyke, looking over her shoulder.

"Who's there?" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Go away, go away: my husband is here."

"Oh, you've done it!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hauled her back into the room. "Now how d'ye s'pose I'm going to catch 'em? What do you want to scare 'em

away for? What d'you say anything about me for? What made you leave the house open? Come on down with me, and I'll show you how to lock up."

Down they went, and a careful scrutiny demonstrated that everything was fast.

"I don't believe there was anybody there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as they returned to their chamber.

"It wasn't your fault," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you'd got up when I told you and kept your mouth shut, we'd have got 'em. We might have been killed the way you went to work."

"I think we'd caught them if they'd been there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, taking down her hair and proceeding to put it up again.

"You'd caught 'em!" sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Another time a burglar gets into the house you stay abed, and don't you wake me up again. I won't have any cowardly, fussy woman routing me out this time of night—ye hear?"

"Yes, dear," and Mrs. Spoopendyke went to sleep, secure in her liege lord's protection.

My third example shows that even hardened cases are not always hopeless, and proves the efficacy of—

HUSBAND TRAINING.

So you want ter know how I came ter hev Caleb, when I knew jest heow he used Nancy, his first wife. Wall, I'll tell ye all about it.

You know Dan'el left me pretty poorly off. I hed two little children, an' what ter dew I didn't know. The mortgage was ter run eout in about a year an' a half arter he died. I'd sent the children down to brother John's ter go to school. Brother John wanted me to give them ter him, an' he'd do well by 'em, an' I was meditating on it, orful loth to dew it. But what else could I dew with 'em when the old farm was took away from me?

One day when the time was near eout, I was a-hoein' the beans side of the fence jinin' Caleb's confield. I tell

yer, Hannah, I never felt bluer in all my born days. I'd allers lived an' worked on a farm, an' couldn't do no other kind of work; so what was to become of me I didn't know.

"Purty good hoein' for a green hand," sez somebody over the fence.

"Yes," sez I. "I've done enough of it since I was left alone. 'Practice makes perfect,' we usèd ter write in our copy-books when we were child'en," an' I couldn't help heaving a sigh.

"Wall, Emmerline," sez he, "you'n I seem to be in the same fix. You need a man to do your hoeing and sich, an' I need a woman to see ter my house, an' if you're agreed we'll hitch horses and work in double harness. I can't find no hired help that'll do as Nancy did." (Thinks I to myself, an' you'll never find a wife 'twill either.) "So what d'ye say, Emmerline?"

P'raps I didn't think o' nothing for the nex' few minutes. It all flashed over me in a secont, what an unfeelin' man he'd allers been. Poor Nancy had ter dew all the housework an' a good deal belonging ter him ter dew, an' he was stinger than an old miser, tew.

I knew he was a smart man ter work, was forehanded, and was able to live in good deal better shape than he did, an' you know, Hannah, that poor Dan'el was just the oppersite. He was a norful clever man, was Dan'el, but kind o' shiftless an' easy, an' it allers worried me ter hev things goin' so slack. Sez I, to myself, a body can't hev everything: there's allers some eouts, an' a poor man's better'n none. So I speaks right up, and I sez:

"Caleb, we've been nabours for many a year. I know your failin's an' s'pose you know mine; an' so, if you say so, all right; p'r'aps we might do wuss."

Wall, ter make a long story short, we agreed to hev the business dun right off. Caleb said that it was stylish to go on a weddin' tower nowadays, and as he wanted to go down to Bangor to see about selling his wool, an' as Sarah Jane Curtis (who used to work for him) lived about half-way, an

we could stop there both ways and not cost us anything, he thought we'd better go. His niece, Rebecca Gilman, yer know, lives there, and we could make her a visit at the same time. Brother John lives there tew, yer know, an' I made up my mind that I'd jest bring home the child'en. An' so I did; but Caleb he was orful sot agin it, but sed, "Of course they can come and make a visit;" an' I let him think so, 'cause I wasn't quite ready to have words with him yet.

We stayed about a week, an' got home along in the afternoon all right. The next mornin' I woke up purty early, and I sez to myself: "Courage, Emmerline; now or never." I kep' still, for Caleb was still a-snorin', but bime by he fetched an' onarthly snort that wak't himself up, an' w'en he see as it was gettin' daylight, he nudged me and sez he:

"Wake up, Emmerline, Emmerline, it's broad daylight; come, come, get up, we sha'n't hev any breakfast ter day."

I was orful hard ter wake, but after a while I managed ter, an' while I was a-rubbin' my eyes, I sez, "Got a good fire, Caleb?"

"Fire!" said he. "No, I never build any fires. Nancy allers built the fires."

"Did she?" sez I, cool as a cucumber. "So did Dan'el."

I turned over and went to sleep again—or at least he thought I did.

Wall, he wiggled, and turned, and twisted, and he didn't move ter get up fer about an hour, an' when the sun rose and shone inter the bedroom winder, he got up and built the fire. There wasn't a stick of wood, an' he had to skirmish round lively and get some.

Arter the fire got to crackling in good shape I got up. I didn't hurry none, let me tell you. I was mos' dead lying abed so long, but sez I to myself:

"Ef I make the fires now, I'll probably hev to do it in cold weather, an' I won't do it for any man."

He was pretty sullen all day, but I didn't take no notice of him, an' he got over it. The next day he was ter begin hayin', an' he had six men ter help him. I hed ter do all

the work, an' take care of the milk and churnin', an' it was no fool of a job. Come time ter get dinner, an' there wasn't a slivet of wood cut. I sent Johnnie (he was then about seven years old), out in the field to tell Caleb I wanted him.

He came in looking savage enough, and wanted to know what it was I wanted. Sez I:

"I want some wood ter burn."

"Wall," sez he, "there's a wholé woodpile out there. Help yerself."

"An' not a stick split," sez I. "You will hev ter get a bigger stove ter burn that."

"Wall, it ain't such a hard job ter split it," sez he. "Nancy used tew, often, when I was bizzy."

"Did she?" sez I. "So did Dan'el."

He got the wood, an' said, as he was going out, that he didn't want ter be called in out o' the mowing field again, unless 'twas for victuals.

"All right," sez I.

The nex' day 'twas the same thing; not a stick split. Thinks I, "Old fellow, you ain't got Nancy here. I'll larn ye a little somethin' that p'raps ye don't know." So when it was dinner-time I blows the horn, an' in comes all seven of these men and sets down ter the table. Sich 'stonished lookin' faces as they had as they viewed the grub. There was just dough, the pertaters, an' meat, and everything was washed clean and put on raw. Not a thing was cooked.

Caleb looked blacke'n as a thunder cloud.

"What does this mean?" sez he.

"It means what it means," sez I. "You said yest'day that you didn't want ter be called in from the mowin' field again, unless it was for victuals, an' here they are."

"Nice shape, tew," sez he.

"Wall, I can't cook 'thout wood," sez I, dryly like.

With that all seven of 'em started for the door, an' they never left that pile till it was ready for the stove. I never was bothered for wood again.

A few weeks after I wanted some money purty bad. I wanted ter send Johnnie and Nellie back to school, an' I was bound that they should have some clothes fit to wear. I asked Caleb a number of times to let me hev some, but he made all kinds of excuses. I didn't tell him what I wanted of it, mind ye. So one day along comes a peddler that bought butter'n eggs. I had considerable on hand that Caleb was intending to carry into ther city when he had time. So I sold every pound of butter an' eggs I had in the house. I got nigh on to twenty-five dollars for 'em.

When Caleb came home I told him I had sold the butter'n eggs.

"Heow much did you git?" sez he.

I told him.

"Where's the money?" sez he.

"I've got it," sez I.

"Wall," sez he, "Nancy allers give me all the money that she took for her butter and eggs."

"Did she?" sez I. "And so did Dan'el."

He got tired of holding Nancy up afore my eyes, for I would offset her with Dan'el every time. He found that I was powerful sot in my way, an' he thought he might as well let me hev my own way, an' so he sez:

"I don't mean to be ugly, but I won't be trod on by nobody."

When he wouldn't let me hev what money I wanted, I'd sell something every time. I sold two tons of hay one time, when I knew he only had enough to winter his critters. So, on the whole, he found out that I wasn't afraid of him, and he behaved quite decent. I told him not long ago that he was growin' clever.

"Clever?" sez he. "I'd rather you call me a fule than clever."

But he ain't no fule nuther. He knows what's best for him, Caleb does, and that's more than most fules do. Why, there ain't a more useful man in all the State than Caleb; and it's all trainin'.

LEGENDS AND BALLADS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

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LEGENDS AND BALLADS,

TALES AND SKETCHES.

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND DIDACTIC.

EDITED BY

ALFRED H. MILES.

I.

LEGENDS.

DUKE LEOPOLD'S STONE.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

THERE was once a great Duke Leopold,
Who had wit and wisdom, as well as gold,
And used all three in a liberal way
For the good of his people, the stories say.
To see precisely what they would do,
And how nearly a notion of his came true,
He went from his palace one night alone—
When a brooding storm and starless skies
Hid his secret from prying eyes—
And set midway in the road a stone;
It was not too big for a man to move—
The Duke was confident on that score;
Yet the weight of the thing was enough to prove
The strength of one's muscle—and something more.
"Something more," laughed the Duke, as he strode
Through wind and rain on his homeward road:
"This time to-morrow I reckon will show
If a notion of mine is correct or no."

From a window high in the palace wall
He watched next day for the passers-by,
And grimly smiled as they one and all,
Where they found the stone, left the stone to lie.
A lumbering ox-cart came along,
And Hans, the driver, was stout and strong;
One sturdy shove with the right intent
Would have cleared the track of impediment;
But whatever appeared to be needless work,
Or work that another might possibly do,
Hans made it a point of duty to shirk.
He stopped his team for a minute or two,
And scratched his head as he looked about
For the easiest way of getting out:
Then—"Lucky for me that the road is wide,"
He lazily murmured, and drove aside.

The next that came was a grenadier
Bristling in scarlet and gold array;
And he whistled a tune both loud and clear,
But he took no note of the rock in his way.
When its ragged edges scraped his knee—
"Thunder and lightning! what's this?" says he.
"Haven't the blockheads sense enough
To clear their road of this sort of stuff?
A pretty thing for a grenadier
To stumble against, and bark his shins!
If I knew the rascal that planted it here—
Yes, surely! I'd make him see his sins."
He clanked his sword, and he tossed his plume,
And he strutted away in a terrible fume;
But as for moving the stone—not he!—
"It is just," said the Duke, "as I thought it would be."

A little later, still watching there,
He spied, on their way to the village Fair,
A troop of merchants, each with his pack
Strapped on a well-fed animal's back.

"Now let us see," with a nod of his head
And a merry twinkle, His Highness said:
"Perhaps this worshipful multitude
Will lend a hand for the public good."
But alack! the company, man and horse,
Hardly paused in their onward course.
Instead of cantering four abreast,
Two by two they went east and west;
And when they had left the stone behind—
"To think of a thing like that," said they,
"Blocking the high-road for half a day!"
It never reached the collective mind
In the light of a matter that implied
Some possible claim on the other side.

So a week, and two, and three slipped past:
The rock in the road lay bedded fast,
And the people grumbling went and came,
Each with a tongue that was glib to blame,
But none with a hand to help. At last
Duke Leopold, being quite content
With the issue of his experiment,
Ordered his herald to sound a blast,
And summon his subjects far and near,
A word from his high-born lips to hear.
From far and near at the trumpet call,
They gathered about the palace wall,
And the Duke, at the head of a glittering train,
Rode through the ranks of wondering eyes
To the spot where the stone so long had lain.
I will leave you to picture their blank surprise,
When he leaped from his horse with a smiling face,
And royal hands pushed the stone from its place!

But the stare of amazement became despair
When the Duke stooped down with his gracious air,
And took from a hollow the rock had hid
A casket shut with a graven lid.

The legend upon it he read aloud
To a silent and very crestfallen crowd:—
"*This box is for him, and for him alone,*
Who takes the trouble to move this stone."
Then he raised the lid, and they saw the shine
Of a golden ring, and a purse of gold;
"Which might have been yours," said Duke Leopold,
"But now I regret to say is mine.
It was I who, for reasons of my own,
Hindered your highway with the stone.
What the reasons were you have doubtless guessed
Before this time. And as for the rest,
I think there is nothing more to say.
My dear, good friends, I wish you good day!"
He mounted his horse, and the glittering train
After their leader galloped again.
With sound of trumpet and gleam of gold
They flashed through the ranks of downcast eyes,
And the crowd went home feeling rather "sold."
—Perhaps, however, a lesson lies
In the story that none of us need despise.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
"Lord," he thought, "in Heaven that reignest,
Who am I that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter
This poor cell my guest to be?"
Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,

To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto Thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And, with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye

That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!

But to-day, they know not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me."

Unto Me! But had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awestruck fe
At the threshold of his door;

For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said:
"Hadst thou stayed I must have fled!"

THE KING AND THE COTTAGER.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

JOHN G. SAXE.

PRAY list unto a legend
The ancient poets tell;
'Tis of a mighty monarch
In Persia once did dwell;
A mighty queer old monarch,
Who ruled his kingdom well.

"I must build another palace,"
Observed this mighty king;
"For this is getting shabby
Along the southern wing;
And, really, for a monarch,
It isn't quite the thing.

"So I will have a new one,
Although I greatly fear
To build it just to suit me
Will cost me rather dear;
[illegible] I'll choose, God wot, another spot,
[illegible]ich finer than this here."

So he travelled o'er the kingdom
A proper site to find,
Where he might build a palace
Exactly to his mind,
All with a pleasant prospect
Before it, and behind.

Not long with this endeavour
The King had travelled round,
Ere, to his royal pleasure,
A charming spot he found;
But an ancient widow's cabin
Was standing on the ground.

"Ah, here," exclaimed the monarch,
"Is just the proper spot,
If this woman would allow me
To remove her little cot!"
But the beldam answered plainly,
She had rather he did not!

"Within this lowly cottage,
Great Monarch, I was born;
And only from this cottage
By Death will I be torn:
So spare it in your justice,
Or spoil it in your scorn!"

Then all the courtiers mocked her
With cruel words and jeers:—
"'Tis plain her royal master
She neither loves nor fears;
We would knock her ugly hovel
About her ugly ears!

"When ever was a subject
Who might the king withstand?
Or deem his spoken pleasure
As less than his command?

Of course he'll rout the beldam,
And confiscate her land!"

But to their deep amazement,
His Majesty replied:
"Good woman, never heed them,
The King is on your side:
Your cottage is your castle,
And here you shall abide.

"To raze it in a moment,
The power is mine, I grant;
My absolute dominion
A hundred poets chant;
For being *Khan* of Persia,
There's nothing that I *can't!*"

('Twas in this pleasant fashion
The mighty monarch spoke;
For kings have merry fancies,
Like other mortal folk:
And none so high and mighty
But loves his little joke.)

"But power is scarcely worthy
Of honour or applause,
That in its domination
Contemns the widow's cause,
Or perpetrates injustice
By trampling on the laws.

"That I have wronged the meanest
No honest tongue may say:
So bide you in your cottage,
Good woman, while you may;
What's yours by deed and purchase
No man may take away.

"And I will build beside it,
For though your cot may be

In such a lordly presence
No fitting thing to see,
If it honour not my castle,
It will surely honour me!

"For so my loyal people,
Who gaze upon the sight,
Shall know that in oppression
I do not take delight;
Nor hold a king's convenience
Before a subject's right!"

Now from his spoken purpose
The King departed not;
He built the royal dwelling
Upon the chosen spot,
And there they stood together,
The palace and the cot!

Sure such unseemly neighbours
Were never seen before;
"His Majesty is doting,"
His silly courtiers swore;
But all true loyal subjects,
They loved the King the more.

Long, long he ruled his kingdom
In honour and renown;
But danger ever threatens
The head that wears a crown,
And Fortune, tired of smiling,
For once put on a frown.

For ever secret Envy
Attends a high estate;
And ever lurking Malice
Pursues the good and great;
And ever base Ambition
Will end in deadly Hate!

And so two wicked courtiers,
Who long had strove in vain
By craft and evil counsels
To mar the monarch's reign,
Contrived a scheme infernal,
Whereby he should be slain!

But as all deeds of darkness
Are wont to leave a clue
Before the glaring sunlight
To bring the knaves to view,
That sin may be rewarded,
And Satan get his due,—

To plan their wicked treason,
They sought a lonely spot
Behind the royal palace,
Hard by the widow's cot,
Who heard their machinations,
And straight revealed the plot!

"I see," exclaimed the Persian,
"The just are wise alone;
Who spares the rights of others
May chance to guard his own;
The widow's humble cottage
Has propped a monarch's throne!"

THE BELL OF ATRI.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spurs on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts;—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"
But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed, dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,

And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at nought the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.
And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds
Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.

"What fair renown, what honour, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamour loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door:
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

A COUNTRY STORY.

ALFRED H. MILES.

At the little town of Norton, in a famous western shire,
There dwelt a sightless maiden with her venerated sire,
To him she was the legacy her mother had bequeathed;
To her he was the very sun that warmed the air she breathed.

Old Alec was a carter, and he moved from town to town,
Taking parcels from "The Wheatsheaf" to "The Mitre" or "The Crown";
And on festival occasions would the sightless maiden ride
To the old cathedral city by the honest carter's side.

Ere he tended to his duty at the market or the fair,
He would seek the lofty Gothic pile, and leave the maiden there,
That the choir's joyous singing and the organ's solemn strain
Might beguile her simple fancy till he journeyed home again.

On the fair autumnal evening of a bright September day,
She had heard the choir singing, she had heard the canons pray;
And the good old dean was preaching with simple words and wise
Of Him, who gave the maiden life and touched the poor man's eyes.

And her tears fell fast and thickly as the good old preacher said
That even now He cures the blind and raises up the dead;
And he aptly went on speaking of the blinding death of sin,
And urged them to be seeking for life and light within.

'Mid the mighty organ's pealing in the voluntary rare,
Through the fine oak-panelled ceiling went the maiden's broken prayer,

That she might but for a moment be allowed to have her sight,
To see old Alec's honest face that tranquil autumn night.

That He of old who sweetly upon Bartimeus smiled
Would gaze in like compassion on an English peasant child;
That He who once in pity stood beside the maiden's bed,
Would take her hand within His own and raise her from the dead.

The maiden's small petition, and the choir's grander praise
Reached the shining gates of heaven, 'mid the sun's declining rays,
And the King who heard the praises turned to listen to the prayer,
With a smile that shone more brightly than the richest jewel there.

And before the organ ended, ay, before the prayer was done,
An angel guard came flying through "the kingdom of the sun,"
From the land of lofty praises to which God's elect aspire
To the old cathedral city of that famous western shire.

And the maiden's prayer was answered; she gazed with eager sight
At the tesselated pavement, at the window's painted light;
And her heart beat fast and wildly as she realised the scene,
With the choir's slow procession, and the old white-headed dean.

Till she saw old Alec waiting, and arose for his embrace,
While a radiant light was stealing o'er her pallid upturned face.
But her spirit soaring higher flew beyond the realms of night,
For God Himself had turned for her all darkness into light.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ROBERT OF SICILY, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve at vespers proudly sat,
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, *Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet—
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully—
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests, and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And, leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.
When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And muttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.

The sounds re-echoed from the roofs and walls,
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.
At length, the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key, and flung the portal wide:
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace-gate;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting, in his rage,
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed—
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed—
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the daïs sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring—
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transformèd with angelic light!
It was an angel; and his presence there
With a Divine effulgence filled the air,

An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.
A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the Divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords.
The angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester. Thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape;
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats, and cries, and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the king!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said, within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head—
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls;
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And, in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch.

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And, deep within the mountain's burning breast,
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen, and silent, and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, he still was unsubdued.
And when the angel met him on his way,
And, half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the king?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the king!"
Almost three years were ended, when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea,
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,

With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on St. Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the king! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope, in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;
The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor baffled jester, in disgrace,
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ, indeed, had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw;

He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube shore,
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And, with a gesture, bade the rest retire.
And when they were alone the angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him, "Thou know'st best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"

The angel smiled, [illegible]rom his radiant face
A holy light illumi[illegible]ll the place,
And through the [illegible]pen window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose, like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo, he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

HE SENT HIS ANGEL.

TRISTRAM ST. MARTIN.

ONE dull grey evening in the autumn time
A parish priest approached his cottage door
Foredone with toil; for it was his to climb
Each day the steep hill-path and cross the rugged moor.

Wide was his parish, scattered his toiling flock,
And death's deft hand was never—never still!
Full many a mile of mingled bog and rock
His foot had trod since morning streaked the hill.

Now he was weary—weary and fit to sink,
As in his chair full fain he sat him down!
"At last I rest!" he muttered. "Sure I think,
I could not go a mile were't for a Crown.

"How sweet to rest!" But while he spake, a lad
Lifted the latch and entered out of breath:
"You must come quickly, fath[illegible] Moran's bad;
He can't outlast the night, an[illegible]d be arm'd for death."

"More ill and dying! Shall on[illegible]ever rest?"
He cried. "There is no peace for sick and dead,
Ah, who would choose a life so illy blessed!
What am I saying? Lord! what have I said?

"Boy, say I come—say, I will quickly come—
Haste! Ah, what sin—what dreadful sin is this?
Lord, hear me not—for once be wholly dumb;
'Twas not my heart spake—'twas my weariness!"

So saying, sank the good man on his knees
To pray, and, praying, fell fast—fast asleep,
Murmuring: "We have no strength unless it please
Thee, Lord, us ever in Thy hands to keep."

The youth brought home his message, and anon
They heard the good priest mount the creaking stair,
Console the dying, and, when that was done,
One who sat watching marked his absent air,

As he descended, and, with sad sweet face,
Passed through the door and out into the night;
Whence came his footfall as with steady pace
He trod along the highway to the height.

The dying man was happy as a bird
That soars aloft in spring-time as he passed,
Blessing the priest whose holy aid had stirred
His soul so deep, all fear away he cast.

The shades of night sped westward, and the morn
Was touching the east as with pale finger tips,
Opening the gates of day, it to adorn
With golden light and thrill with songful lips.

The house was still, and still was all abroad;
The cock attuned his clarion in the byre:
None heard him but a lone man on the road—
A holy man judged by his black attire.

It was the priest; he had returned once more;
Low was his knock, his eyes were very sad,
And sad he murmured when they oped the door,—
"I'm late—too late, I fear! 'Tis very bad.

"I slept; I was so overdone and spent!
Where is he? Dead? I feared it would be so!
Was ever heart with such sad trouble rent?"
He seemed as though he'd sink for very woe.

"To die so—unattended!" murmured he,
And bent his head and beat his anguished breast.
"But he was happy—happy as could be;
You dream, good father; you sped him to his rest."

So spake the woman, 'mazed at what she saw;
She thought he sleeping walked, or waking dreamed—
"He was so happy his last breath to draw,
He almost in his Saviour's presence seemed!"

The man stood awèd; his eyes grew passing bright.
"You have forgotten; sure you are not well;
We heard you mount the stairs—I held the light
To guide your steps in parting lest you fell."

"It must be so!" he murmured. "'Twas not I—
I slept: He came and did my work for me—
Or sent His Angel—when I failed: His eye—
It is upon us all unceasingly."

So spake the man, and turned and went his way,
Full of a wondrous light, and marvelling
At the great thing vouchsafed him, that all day,
All days, he seemed as though he saw the King.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

A TALE OF LONG AGO.

NIGHT in the Baron's castle,
Night on the windy moor,
The best of nights for the very rich,
And the worst for the very poor;
For the yule-log blazed in the ancient hold,
And the beggar shrunk from the biting cold.

The Baron's only daughter,
The little Lady Grace,
Was better dressed than any guest,
And fairer in the face;
But never a thought of pride had she
As they gaily danced round the Christmas-tree.

When lo! an ill-clad stranger
Stood in the firelight's glow;
His head was bare, his golden hair
All wet with melting snow.
"Whence comest thou?" the children cried;
But only a dim, sweet smile replied.

"It is the little Christ-child,"
Low spoke the Lady Grace;
"I dreamed last night that a halo bright
Shone round that very face;
And he said, 'Be sure you have eyes to see,
For I shall stand by your Christmas-tree.'

"So, when they spread the table,
A chair I bade them set
At my right hand for a guest more grand
Than all assembled yet;
And my mother said, when the servant smiled,
'Tis the second sight,—obey the child.'"

Then all the noisy children
Were silent for a space;
But no one heard him speak a word,
Though the smile grew on his face,
Till they saw a halo pure and faint
Round the stranger's head, like a picture saint.

In strides the stately Baron,
To view the children's cheer—
"Who has the place by the Lady Grace?
How came a beggar here?"

Said the Lady Grace, "God pardon thee!
The little Christ-child dines with me."

The Baron staggers backward,
And smites upon his breast,
Before him stands, with claspèd hands,
One more unbidden guest—
"Hast thou come back here from the dead,
Grace, my sister Grace?" he said.

"They told you falsely, brother;
Seven years ago to-day,
With a father's blame and a blighted name
I left this castle grey;
But at Christmas-time of every year
I have stood outside, I have seen you here.

"My son comes always with me,
Or else I could not come,
He will ever be like a babe to me,
For he is deaf and dumb:
He slipped from sight when my head was bowed,
And I saw him next in the youthful crowd.

"Among the happy children
I left my smiling boy,
For light and heat, and enough to eat
Are all he can enjoy;
But I'll take him now, I will go away,
And will come no more on the Christmas-day."

"Nay, then," replied the Baron,
"Thou shalt not go again;
Thy seven years of toil and tears
Amid the scorn of men
Are enough, in sooth, for a lifetime long;
And we've all done wrong—we have all done wrong."

Then followed hearty greeting,
Where people wept and smiled;
And the Lady Grace, with a warm embrace,
Welcomed the silent child;
But she wept that night on her mother's breast,
That the Christ-child had not been her guest.

"Nay, grieve thee not, my daughter,
The Christ of God hath come;
But He chooses to speak through a woman weak,
And a child who is deaf and dumb,
And 'as ye have done,' in the Book saith He,
'To the least of Mine, ye have done to Me.'"

A LEGEND FROM THE EAST.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

It was upon a Lammas night
Two brothers woke and said,
As each upon the other's weal
Bethought him on his bed:

The elder spake unto his wife,
"Our brother dwells alone;
No little babes to cheer his life,
And helpmate hath he none.

"Up will I get, and of my heap
A sheaf bestow or twain,
The while our Ahmed lies asleep,
And wots not of his gain."

So up he got and did address
Himself with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day,
To do that gracious deed.

Now to the younger, all unsought,
The same kind fancy came !
Nor wist they of each other's thought,
Though movèd to the same.

"Abdallah, he hath wife, quoth he,
And little babes also ;
What would be slender boot to me
Would make his heart o'erflow.

"Up will I get, and of my heap
A sheaf bestow or twain,
The while he sweetly lies asleep,
And wots not of his gain."

So up he got and did address
Himself with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day,
To mate his brother's deed !

Thus played they oft their gracious parts,
And marvell'd oft to view
Their sheaves still equal, for their hearts
In love were equal too.

One morn they met, and wondering stood,
To see by clear daylight,
How each upon the other's good
Bethought him in the night.

So when this tale to him was brought,
The Caliph did decree,
Where twain had thought the same good thought
There Allah's house should be.

"MANY STRIPES."

A LEGEND OF ST. MACARIUS.

REV. W. J. CHRISTIE.

"And that servant, which knew his lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more."—LUKE xii. 47, 48.

THERE's a legend strange recorded,
Of the olden Christian time,
Which may prove a word in season,
Wiser than some so-called reason,
If I tell it here in rhyme.

There are some who will not listen
To a story plain and terse
If in prose it be recorded;
Yet will read it, and reward it
With their credence when in verse.

So I haste to tell my story,
Be it legend false or true,
If it please you, try it, test it,
Read it, mark it, and digest it,
It may prove good food for you.

'Tis about a saintly person,
Who, our legend says, forsook
All the haunts of men and found him—
Dead—not living men—around him,
'Mid the tombs, a quiet nook.

'Twas in Egypt, famed in story,
Since the childhood of our race,

Where the sons of Jacob, driven
From their land by dearth, were given
Welcome and a dwelling-place.

Near that city, ever famous
In the old and recent time,
Named for Philip's son whose glory
Fills a blood-red page in story;
Glory near akin to crime.

Dwelt here godly St. Macarius,
So, at least, my legend says,
'Mid the mummy tombs he wandered,
Read in sacred lore and pondered,
Till he shone in saintly ways.

He was old and frail and feeble,
But the spirit-life was strong,
And 'gainst world, and flesh, and devil,
Every form and phase of evil,
He had battled well and long.

When the moonbeams bright were gleaming,
Through the tombs he slowly went,
And to stay his footsteps weary,
In his ramble lone and dreary,
On a crutch he feebly leant.

Near his path a skull was lying;
It had rolled from out a tomb,
And the saint, as he passed near it,
Spake (as if that skull could hear it),
"Thou art part, O skull, of whom?"

Then from out that bony fissure
Courtesy a mouth would call,
Came, in hollow tones, and slowly,
Answer to his saintship holy,
"I'm a pagan, held in thrall."

"And thy soul," replied Macarius,
"Where doth it, O pagan, dwell,
In the glorious light eternal,
Or in darkness deep, infernal?"—
Hollow tones replied—"In hell."

"Art thou deep there?" cried Macarius,
And again reply was given—
"Canst thou tell the space that lieth
For the saint to span that dieth
Ere it reach the happy heaven?

"So far am I sunk, Macarius,
In the deep abyss of hell,
There 'midst deepest woes and wailing,
Sorrow, anguish unavailing,
I with other pagans dwell."

Once again in tones pathetic,
That with pity seemed to swell,
Spake the saint, "O wretched pagan,
Worshipper of Bel or Dagon,
Art thou in the *lowest* hell?"

"Nay," came quick, in tones indignant,
Tones that seemed the saint to thrill,
"Nay, O Christian, where eternal
Burn deep down the fires infernal,
There are myriads deeper still."

"Tell me, pagan," cried Macarius,
Startled at this woful news,
"Who be they that, God-forsaken,
Thus in grips of woe are taken?"
Quoth the skull, "Unholy Jews.

"Long to them God showed a mercy
Human tongue can never tell,

And rejected mercy ever
From all hope the soul must sever
In the dark abyss of hell."

Thrilled with deep and holy horror,
Sacred pity in his eyes,
Trembling with emotions various
Thus again spake St. Macarius,
"Lives a soul that deeper lies?"

Scornful laughed that pagan relic,
Bitter was the quick reply,
"Yes, Macarius, there are others,
Men, in name, your 'holy brothers,'
Deeper many 'Christians' lie.

"If when clear the light is shining,
Men in darkness choose to dwell,
Can we think it strange, Macarius,
If for conduct so nefarious,
They should sink to nether hell?"

To his humble shelter passing,
Sadly St. Macarius sighed—
And with sorrow deep reflected,—
"Love and light and grace rejected,
Are with deepest guilt allied."

* * * * *

Reader, stay thee now and ponder,
Seek the grain amid the chaff,
This has not been solely written,
As a theme to show my wit on,
Or, forsooth, to raise a laugh.

Who art thou? No dark Egyptian,
Dwelling in the years gone by;
No blind Jew in darkness groping,
For Messiah vainly hoping,
Vainly wishing He were nigh.

"Nay," thou sayest, "I am Christian,
Born 'mid shining Gospel light."
Mark then well my words in parting,
Lest to thy eternal smarting
Thy frail life go out in night.

With thy light comes clearer duty
Louder calls to warmer love;
He whose radiant path of glory,
Shines for thee in Gospel story,
Looks upon thee from above.

He demands, and thou must yield Him,
If thou wouldst His glory see
(More than empty vain profession),
Service true and true confession—
These are what He seeks from thee.

But the empty name of Christian,
Lacking life, can only swell
Thy offences till they sink thee
(And to endless torments link thee)
In the deepest depths of hell.

THE PRIESTS OF CHRIST BEFORE KING EDWIN.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

When first the dauntless warriors of the Cross,
After great hardships, scaths, and cruel loss
Of blood and toil, of all but hope, did stand
Before King Edwin in the Saxon's land,
An ancient chief, baring his hoary head,
Uprose midmost the council-board, and said,
"O king, as night by night within thy hall,
Round the huge fire, we watched the sparkles fall

One after one, lost in the ashy gloom,
Above our wine-cups, through the glimmering room,
It happens oft that some small bird doth fly,
Flitting across the swart gleams silently,
Just for one moment glimpsed in warmth and light,
Ere in the next it wanes adown the night—
Borne from the outside cold and darkness stern,
To cold and dark, it wings its swift return.
Whence comes it who may tell, or whither flies,
A twinkling mote 'twixt rayless mysteries.
So are our transient lives. We come, we go;
But whence or whither what sagest mind can know?
Therefore, if any Heaven-fraught seers there be
Missioned to bring some certain lore to thee,
Touching these mortal years through which we live—
These dreary years, so strange and fugitive,
As blest perchance with fates beyond our ken,
Beyond the sphere of pains and griefs of men,
O! king, for all our sakes, for ours and thine,
I rede ye hearken to such lore divine,
That we, scarce nobler now than brutish beasts,
Wallowing in blood or mead-foam at our feasts,
May rise to know the hidden things of God!"

High on the royal daïs, his golden rod,
Wrought with barbaric symbols of command,
The king upreared, and with his strong right hand
Motioned toward the banded priests who came—
Saved from the rack, the dungeon, and the flame—
To preach those mystic truths whose power sufficed
To draw, ere now, the nations round their Christ,
In awe-struck faith and worship. These obeyed
The gracious sign the Saxon sovereign made;
While one amongst them—a tall man, with eyes
Bright as the starlit depths of Syrian skies—
And rife with heavenly meanings, passed before
His comrades grouped inside the palace door,

And spake with such keen eloquence of soul
That then and there, upcaught as echoes roll,
Prolonging through wild dell and desert cave
The solemn utterance of the ocean wave—
His words of pregnant passion and clear might
The hardened hearts of savage men did smite;
Rebounding thence, re-echoed wide and far,
Till in the ripened time that sacred star
Which once o'er Bethlehem shed its healing light,
Clove the dense darkness of their heathen night,
And Saxon England bowed to Christ the Lord!
Thus, thus it was, the antique creed, abhorred
Of all good angels—smitten by the sword
Not of the flesh, but spirit—passed away.
Old superstitions lost their iron sway,
And in the tranquil but invincible beam
Of the new Light they vanished like a dream.

MAN'S THREE GUESTS.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A KNOCKING at the castle gate,
When the bloom was on the tree,
And the youthful master, all elate,
Himself came forth to see.
A jocund lady waited there,
Gay was her robe, of colours rare,
Her tresses bright to the zephyr streamed,
And the car on its silver axle gleamed,
Like the gorgeous barge of that queen of yore
Whose silken sail and flashing oar
Sparkling Cydnus proudly bore.
The youth, enraptured at the smile,
And won by her enchanting wile

And flatteries vain,
Welcomed her in, with all her train,
Placing her in the chiefest seat,
While as a vassal at her feet
He knelt, and paid her homage sweet.
She decked his halls with garlands gay,
Bidding the sprightly viol play,
Till by magic power
Day turned to night and night to day,
For every fleeting hour
Bowed to Pleasure as its queen.
And so the syren guest, of mirthful mien,
Lingered till the vernal ray,
And summer's latest rose had sighed itself away.

A knocking at the gate!
And the lordling of the hall,
A strong and bearded man withal,
Held parley at the threshold-stone
In the pomp of his estate.
And then the warder's horn was blown,
The ponderous bolts drawn one by one,
And slowly in, with sandals torn,
Came a pilgrim, travel-worn;
A burden at his back he bare,
And coldly said, "My name is Care!"
Plodding and weary years he brought,
And a pillow worn with ceaseless thought;
And bade his votary ask of Fame,
Or Wealth, or wild Ambition's claim,
Payment for the toil he taught.
But dark with dregs was the cup he quaffed,
And 'mid his harvest proud
The mocking tare looked up and laugh'd
Till his haughty heart was bow'd,
And wrinkles on his forehead hung,
And o'er his path a cloud.

Again, a knocking at the gate,
At the wintry eventide;

And querulous was the voice that cried,
"Who cometh here so late?"
"Ho! rouse the sentinel from his sleep,
Strict guard at every loophole keep!"
And "Man the towers!" he would have said,
But alas! his early friends were dead,
And his eagle glance was awed,
And a frost that never thaw'd
Had settled on his head.
But that thundering at the gate
From morn to midnight late
Knew no rest,
And a boding cry of fate,
Like an owlet's cry of hate,
Chill'd his breast.
Yet he raised the palsied hand,
And, eager, gave command
To repel the threatening guest.
So the Esculapian band,
In their armour old and tried,
Were summon'd to his side;
And the watchful nurses came,
Whose lamp, like vestal flame,
Never died.
But the tottering bulwarks their trust betrayed,
And the old man groan'd as a breach was made;
Then through the chasm a skeleton foot
Forced its way,
And a fleshless hand to a shaft was put,
And he was clay.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE PORTER.

JOHN G. SAXE.

THERE was a famous nobleman
Who flourished in the East,
And once, upon a holiday,
He made a goodly feast,
And summoned in of kith and kin
A hundred at the least.

Now while they sat in social chat,
Discoursing frank and free,
In came the steward, with a bow—
"A man below," said he,
"Has got, my Lord, the finest fish
That ever swam the sea!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the nobleman,
"Then buy it in a trice;
The finest fish that ever swam
Must needs be very nice;
Go, buy it of the fisherman,
And never mind the price."

"And so I would," the steward said,
"But faith, he wouldn't hear
A word of money for his fish,—
Was ever man so queer?
But said he thought a hundred stripes
Could not be counted dear!"

"Go, bring him here," my lord replied;
"The man I fain would see:
A merry wag, by your report,
That fisherman must be!"
"Go, bring him here! Go, bring him here!'
Cried all the company.

The Steward did as he was bid,
When thus my lord began :
"For this fine fish what may you wish ?
I'll buy it if I can."
"One hundred lashes on my back ! "
Exclaimed the fisherman.

"Now, by the rood ! but this is good,"
The laughing lord replied ;
"Well, let the fellow have his way ;
Go, call a groom ! " he cried ;
"But let the payment he demands
Be modestly applied."

He bared his back and took the lash
As it were merry play ;
But at the fiftieth stroke he said,
"Good master groom, I pray
Desist a moment, if you please ;
I have a word to say.

"I have a partner in the case,
The fellow standing there ;
Pray take the jacket off his back,
And let him have his share ;
That one of us should take the whole
Were surely hardly fair ! "

"A partner ? " cried the nobleman,
"What can the fellow mean ? "
"I mean," replied the fisherman,
With countenance serene,
"Your porter there ! the biggest knave
That ever yet was seen !

"The rogue who stopped me at the gate,
And wouldn't let me in
Until I swore to give him half
Of all my fish should win.

I've got my share! Pray let, my lord,
His payment now begin!"

"What you propose," my lord replied,
"Is nothing more than fair;
Here, groom, lay on a hundred stripes,
And mind you do not spare;
The scurvy dog shall never say
He didn't get his share!"

Then all that goodly company,
They laughed with might and main,
The while beneath the stinging lash
The porter writhed in pain.
"So fare all villains," quoth my lord,
"Who seek dishonest gain!"

Then, turning to the fisherman,
Who still was standing near,
He filled his hand with golden coins,
Some twenty sequins clear,
And bade him come and take the like
On each succeeding year.

THE EBONY CABINET.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

MISS DILLINGHAM was dead, and Miss Curtis was in tears. She sat up in her own room, sobbing bitterly, while the last sad offices were being performed. She had good reason to weep, poor soul! for she had lost her only friend on earth.

"She died so suddenly, too," thought the hapless spinster, "that she made no provision for me. I know she *would* have left me something, and how thankful I should be for even five hundred dollars a year. Here I've had *everything*, and I'm just cast on the world as helpless as a baby. For years I've made her caps, and read aloud to her, and walked out with her, and driven out with her, and poured out the tea, and made the puddings, and been like her daughter; and how often she has said, 'Theresa, I'll not forget you.' She knew what it was to be single herself, but we neither of us counted on apoplexy. I fear she took too much old port and lived too high. I fear she did—poor thing—I was so fond of her.

"Gracious me! to think that dreadful cousin of hers will get it all! The house—all her money, and all the furniture, and the dresses. Everything is sealed up, and the china, and the ornaments! That nice cabinet! I declare, when I think of that pretty hanging cabinet! She'd have given it to me. Why, she meant to give me a legacy. Why, if I could ask her now, she'd say, 'Take it, Theresa.' I can hear her good old voice. She'll have that too, for the lawyer said, 'If no will was found, her next of kin would have everything.' I declare," said Miss Theresa Curtis,

wiping her tears away, "I mean to have that cabinet. "I'll get it, and it will just go into one of my trunks. Miss Dillingham would say I was right, and I'll do it."

Miss Curtis, having said this, arose and crept softly down into the dressing-room next the bedroom where all was now so still and terrible. She took the cabinet from its nail, and crept upstairs and hid it in her trunk, with a feeling that some one might be at her heels ready to call "Stop thief." To be sure she knew well that old Miss Dillingham would gladly have given her the cabinet; that her Cousin Spear was not a favourite, that the old lady would have preferred that she should take all she possessed to giving it to the person of whom she always spoke distastefully as "that Sally Spear." But all the same, that silent creeping over the stairs, past the door where the watchers sat together, that moment when she laid the cabinet in her trunk and covered it with folded garments, gave Miss Theresa Curtis a sense of having been a thief. She never forgot the action, or ceased to feel ashamed of it.

Time stalked away, using his scythe as usual. The funeral was over. Search was made for the will. Mrs. Spear was declared heiress to all, and Miss Curtis, who still occupied the house, was notified to leave. Fat Mrs. Spear waddled about the house and talked of the changes she would make; and Theresa Curtis sought a carman to convey her trunks to a cheap boarding-house. She was five-and-forty, and had lived with Miss Dillingham for fifteen years. Her wages as companion had allowed her to accumulate a few hundred dollars, but she had had "expectations." In her kind heart she never reproached old Miss Dillingham for having left them unfulfilled. And sometimes as she trotted about answering advertisements, and failing to please, it occurred to her that when they met in heaven they would have a great deal to talk over.

"I know she's sorry she didn't make a *will*," thought poor Theresa, "and I shall tell her just how Sally Spear took on herself. I'm sure she'll be glad I hid the cabinet." And yet the deed troubled her.

At last Theresa found a situation as nursery governess. There were five children to teach, dress, and walk out with. They had been used to a cherry-cheeked, light-hearted girl, and teased the serious, middle-aged woman all day long. Still she bore it, until at last mamma declared that she had no discipline, and once more she went in search of an employer.

She found an old lady who wanted a companion, but, alas! some one unlike good Miss Dillingham—a fashionable old lady who desired to have her hair dressed in the latest style, and to have her lap-dog curled and combed; who went to balls presumably to chaperon her granddaughters, and returned in the early morning expecting to find her "companion" wide awake. Dress-making, embroidery, and lace-making were required; reading until any hour of the night when the old lady by chance retired early. And all ended in an ignominious reproof and dismissal.

After this a school received Miss Theresa in its bosom. She endeavoured to teach the English branches, and received no salary. Finally, a sheriff appeared on the scene, and the poor lady fled before him with her trunks; and so from year to year ill-luck pursued her, until, in the end, it occurred to her to "go out nursing."

Having a kind heart and a light step, she managed to live at this. It was a hard life, but she kept it up for five years; and all this while the cabinet still remained where she had put it, in the bottom of her black trunk. It was the yellow one that she carried about with her; the black one was stored in the garret-room in which she slept when not engaged. Sometimes she looked at it, and always with shame and contrition. Scrupulously moral all her life before, she had at last broken a moral law. Religious as woman could be until that day, she had at least cracked a Commandment.

The cabinet was square, and made of ebony. It had a central receptacle, with a door which remained always locked. The key had not been in it when she carried it upstairs. There were also several shelves and drawers,

and it was very handsome; but when Theresa had a room to put it in, she feared questions; and when she had none naturally a cabinet was useless. This garret was a mere abiding-place for a day or two at a time; and for this she had lost her clear conscience, for *this!*

At last, nine years after Miss Dillingham's death, the final blow came. Poor Miss Curtis, having nursed many a patient happily through illness, succumbed herself, and was taken to a hospital.

There, in the delirium of fever, the cabinet grew to be of immense importance. She talked of it, raved of it, accused herself of theft, and finally opened her heart to the old clergyman who had been called to inquire into her troubled conscience.

The delirium had passed, and she was very feeble, but she managed to tell her tale.

"You see," she said, "I thought dear Miss Dillingham would have liked me to have it, but after a while I began to feel that it was Mrs. Spear's—that I was a thief. It's worn on me. And lately I've dreamt of Miss Dillingham. She comes and says: 'Why did you do it, Theresa?' She comes and says: 'Unlock the cabinet.' Once she said only, 'What a pity! What a pity!' I feel as if I'd lost my soul. Dr. Good, won't you help me to undo what I have done? Won't you have the cabinet brought here, and ask Mrs. Spear to come, and I'll give it back!"

"That may, perhaps, be the best way, if it troubles you so," said the old man—"if you think you did wrong." And he hurried away to see that what she had asked was done.

He brought her the cabinet, and he summoned Miss Dillingham's heiress, who arrived fatter and jollier than ever. The old clergyman told the story tenderly, and Mrs. Spear listened, wiping her eyes.

"Why, Theresa Curtis, I'm sure you were quite welcome," she said. "I missed the cabinet, but I supposed Cousin Dillingham had given it to you. Keep it; keep it."

"No; take it," sobbed Miss Curtis. "I know I stole it, say what you may."

She pushed the cabinet feebly toward the lady in her velvets and brocades, and the latter took it.

"Why, now, how particular!" said she. "I'll do it to please you. And when you get well you must make me a visit. I declare I've got the key of that cabinet on my key-ring. Never knew what it belonged to. There's something in it. Let's see what it is."

She unlocked the door of the shining little case, taking the key from her pocket to do so, and a little letter-case fell out, and in it was a letter. It was addressed to Miss Theresa Curtis.

"Why, you have left a letter here," said Mrs. Spear cheerfully. "Have you another key?"

"A letter!" cried poor Theresa, turning frightfully pale. "Read it to me, Dr. Good."

The clergyman opened the letter:—

"Dear Theresa,"—it began, "I feel a strange presentiment that I shall die soon. If I should not leave a will you'll have nothing. On the other side of this sheet I have made it as well as I knew how. All is left to you. I have nobody else, and I do not love Sally Spear. If this queer feeling passes off I'll send for a lawyer in the morning. If not, good-bye. You're a dear soul, and I'm glad to leave you comfortable."

"It is a perfect will," remarked the clergyman, looking on the other side of the paper. "Doubtless it would have been sufficient."

Mrs. Spear sank into a chair. Theresa Curtis tried to lift herself on her elbow.

"I've been rich all this weary time," she said, "and if I'd left the cabinet alone the will would have been found. See what I did. Take warning! Take warning!"

She sank back.

"Why, the money and everything is yours now," said Mrs. Spear, dolefully. "I'm not one to go against the will of the dead. Though why she disliked me I don't know.

It's startling, but—I'll give up everything I—Why—Theresa Curtis, what is it?"

Miss Curtis was pointing straight before her.

"Don't you see her?" she said. "Don't you hear her? She says, 'I've come for you, Theresa—I always told you what a goose you were—I've——' Yes, I'm coming, dear. I'm coming."

She paused. An utter silence followed, and the nurse stepped forward softly and laid a handkerchief across her face.

II.

LIFE, PROGRESS, AND DUTY.

THE THREE PREACHERS.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THERE are three preachers, ever preaching,
Fill'd with eloquence and power :—
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite ;
And he preaches every hour
With a shrill fanatic voice,
And a bigot's fiery scorn :—
"BACKWARD ! ye presumptuous nations ;
Man to misery is born !
Born to drudge, and sweat and suffer—
Born to labour and to pray ;
BACKWARD ! ye presumptuous nations ;
Back !—be humble and obey ! "

The second is a milder preacher ;
Soft he talks as if he sung ;
Sleek and slothful is his look,
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from his tongue.
With an air of self-content,
High he lifts his fair white hands :
"STAND YE STILL ! ye restless nations ;
And be happy, all ye lands ;
Fate is law, and law is perfect ;
If ye meddle, ye will mar ;
Change is rash, and ever was so :
We are happy as we are."

Mightier is the younger preacher,
Genius flashes from his eyes;
And the crowds who hear his voice
Give him, while their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies.
Awed they listen, yet elated,
While his stirring accents fall:—
"FORWARD! ye deluded nations,
Progress is the rule of all:
Man was made for healthful effort;
Tyranny has crush'd him long;
He shall march from good to better,
And do battle with the wrong.

"Standing still is childish folly,
Going backward is a crime:
None should patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure;
ONWARD! keep the march of Time.
Onward! while a wrong remains
To be conquer'd by the right;
While Oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason
Of the universal heart,
Or a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part.

"Lo! the world is rich in blessings:
Earth and Ocean, flame and wind,
Have unnumber'd secrets still,
To be ransack'd when you will,
For the service of mankind;
Science is a child as yet,
And her power and scope shall grow,
And her triumphs in the future
Shall diminish toil and woe;

Shall extend the bounds of pleasure
With an ever-widening ken,
And of woods and wildernesses
Make the homes of happy men.

"ONWARD!—there are ills to conquer,
Daily wickedness is wrought,
Tyranny is swoln with Pride,
Bigotry is deified,
Error intertwined with Thought,
Vice and Misery ramp and crawl;—
Root them out, their day has pass d;
Goodness is alone immortal;
Evil was not made to last.
ONWARD! and all Earth shall aid us
Ere our peaceful flag be furl'd."—
And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world.

"NAIL THE COLOURS TO THE MAST."

ALFRED H. MILES.

The incident upon which this piece is founded took place at the Battle of Camperdown, October 11th, 1797, when Admiral Duncan defeated the Dutch, and one Jack Crawford rescued and replaced a ship's colours in some such manner as is here described.

WE were lying calm and peaceful, as an infant lies asleep,
Rocked in the mighty cradle of the ever-restless deep,
Or the wary lion resting ere he rises to the fray,
With one eye half closed in slumber and the other on his prey.
We had waited long, and restless was the spirit of the fleet
For the long-expected conflict and the long-delayed defeat,
When uprose the mists of morning, as a curtain rolls away
For a drama's tragic action in which none but heroes play.

And athwart the sea to starboard waved the colours high and free
Of the famous fighting squadron that usurped the southern sea.

Quick the signal came for action; "Quick," replied we with a cheer,
"For the friends at home behind us, and the foes before so near!"
Three times three the cheering sounded, from five hundred lusty tars,
And we sprang into position, 'mid the deafening hurrahs,
And the cannon joined our shouting with a burly booming cheer
That nerved our hearts to action, and that pall'd their hearts with fear.
Lightning's flash and thunder's volley gleamed and pealed athwart the scene,
Till the noontide mist was greater than the morning mist had been;
Till the foeman, and the stranger, and the brother, and the friend,
Were mingled in a seething mass the battle's end to end.

With broken spars and splintered the decks were strewn anon,
While the rigging, torn and tangled, hung the shattered yards upon;
Like a cataract of fire poured the steady cannonade,
Till the strongest almost wavered and the bravest were dismayed.
Like an endless swarm of locusts sprang they up our vessel's side,
And scaled her burning bulwarks or fell headlong in the tide.
'Twas a fearful day of carnage, such as none had known before,
In the fiercest naval battles of those gallant days of yore.

We had battled all the morning, 'mid the never-ceasing hail
Of grape and spark and splinter, of cable shred, and sail;
We had thrice received their onslaught, which we thrice had driven back,
And were waiting, calm and ready, for the last forlorn attack;
When a shout of exultation from among their ranks arose,
As if conquest were accomplished, and they'd triumphed o'er their foes;
For the stainless flag of England, that has braved a thousand years,
Had been shot clean from the mast head; and they gave three hearty cheers.
"They have struck, and we have conquered!" cried the captain of their host,
Till a broadside gave him answer, and for ever stilled his boast.

Then a fearful struggle followed, as, to desperation spurred,
They sought in deed the triumph they had falsely claimed in word.
'Twas the purpose of a moment, and the bravest of our tars
Plunged headlong in the boiling surf, amid the broken spars;
He snatched the shot-torn colours, and wound them round his arm,
Then climbed upon the deck again, and there stood safe and calm;
He paused but for a moment—for it was no time to stay—
Then leaped into the rigging that had yet survived the fray;
Higher yet he climbed and higher, till he gained a dizzy height,
And then turned and paused a moment to look down upon the fight.

Whistled wild the shots around him, as a curling, smoky wreath
Formed a cloudy shroud to hide him from the enemy beneath.
And his heart beat wild and proudly as he firmly took his stand,
And again the colours floated as he held them in his hand.
Then the hammer deftly wielded, 'mid the battle's ceaseless blast,
Fastened there the colours firmly, as he nailed them to the mast;
Then, as if to yield him glory, the smoke-clouds cleared away—
And we sent him up the loudest cheer that reached his ear that day,
And, with new-born zeal and courage, dashed more boldly to the fight,
Till the day of battle ended in the triumph of the night.

'Tis a story oft repeated, 'tis a triumph often won,
How a thousand hearts are strengthened by the bravery of one;
Be it in the thick of battle or in striving for the right—
Whatever be the struggle and wherever be the fight—
There was never dauntless courage of the loyal and the true
That did not inspire others unto deeds of daring too;
There was never bright example, be the effort what it might,
That did not inflame the ardour of the others in the fight.
Up, then, ye who would be heroes, and, before the strife is past,
For the sake of those about you, "*nail the colours to the mast!*"

For the sake of truth and duty, uprouse ye to the fight!
There are many ills to conquer, there are many wrongs to right;

For the glory of the moment, and the triumph by-and-by,
Let your courage never falter, let your aim be ever high;
And though shrill the tempest's whistle, and though fierce the battle's blast,
Shrink not from the post of danger—NAIL THE COLOURS TO THE MAST!

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN was stanch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong;
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and he said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, money of brass,
He took his hammer, and said, with a frown
"*The coin's a bad one, nail it down.*"

John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in "two and two;"
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darken'd and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw through the mazes of their speech
The simple truth beyond their reach,
And crushing their logic, said, with a frown,
"*Your coin's a bad one, nail it down.*"

John Littlejohn maintain'd the Right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments learn'd by rote,
Or by coaxing, threat, or promise, tried
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
"*Nay, nay,*" said John, with an angry frown,
"*Your coin's a bad one, nail it down.*"

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That the rich alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head, and swore, with a frown,
"*The coin's a bad one, nail it down.*"

When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,
That a lie, if white, was a small offence,
To be forgiven by men of sense,
"*Nay, nay,*" said John, with a sigh and frown,
"*The coin's a bad one, nail it down.*"

When told from the pulpit or the press
That Heaven was a place of exclusiveness,
That none but those could enter there
Who knelt with the "orthodox" at prayer,
And held all virtues out of their pale
As idle works of no avail,
John's face grew dark, as he swore, with a frown,
"*The coin's a bad one, nail it down.*"

Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretences of such a kind,
With humbug, cant, and bigotry,
Or a specious, sham philosophy,
With wrong dress'd up in the guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John, and exclaim, with a frown,
"*The coins are spurious, nail them down!*"

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care:
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,

He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth or honours, or for worldly state:
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
—He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,—
Plays in the many games of life, that one

Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

JOHN G. SAXE.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker
Before the Castle say:
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!"
"On—on!" exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh!
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode:
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
"To find a way, or make it!"

Are Riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought:
To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it
Who says, with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

In Love's impassioned warfare
The tale has ever been,
That victory crowns the valiant,—
The brave are they who win:
Though strong is Beauty's castle,
A lover still may take it
Who says with Roman daring,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

A SONG FOR STOUT WORKERS.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Onward, brave men, onward go,
Place is none for rest below;
He who laggeth faints and fails,
He who presses on prevails!

Monks may nurse their mouldy moods
Caged in musty solitudes;
Men beneath the breezy sky
March to conquer or to die!

Work and live—this only charm
Warms the blood and nerves the arm,
As the stout pine stronger grows
By each gusty blast that blows.

On high throne or lowly sod,
Fellow-workers we with God;
Then most like to Him when we
March through toil to victory.

If there be who sob and sigh,
Let them sleep or let them die;
While we live we strain and strive,
Working most when most alive!

Where the fairest blossom grew,
There the spade had most to do;
Hearts that bravely serve the Lord,
Like St. Paul, must wear the sword!

Onward, brothers, onward go!
Face to face to find the foe!
Words are weak, and wishing fails,
But the well-aimed blow prevails!

THE NEEDLE, PEN, AND SWORD.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

WHAT hast thou seen, with thy shining eye,
Thou Needle, so subtle and keen?
"I have been in Paradise, stainless and fair,
And fitted the apron of fig-leaves there,
To the form of its fallen queen.

"The mantles and wimples, the hoods and veils,
That the belles of Judah wore,
When their haughty mien and their glance of fire
Enkindled the eloquent prophet's ire,
I help'd to fashion of yore.

"The beaded belt of the Indian maid
I have deck'd with as true a zeal
As the gorgeous ruff of the knight of old,
Or the monarch's mantle of purple and gold,
Or the satrap's broider'd heel.

"I have lent to Beauty new power to reign,
At bridal and courtly hall;
Or, wedded to fashion, have help'd to bind
Those gossamer links, that the strongest mind
Has sometimes held in thrall.

"I have drawn a blood-drop, round and red,
From the finger small and white
Of the startled child, as she strove with care
Her doll to deck with some gewgaw rare,
But wept at my puncture bright.

"I have gazed on the mother's patient brow,
As my utmost speed she plied,
To shield from winter her children dear,
And the knell of midnight smote her ear,
While they slumber'd at her side.

"I have heard in the hut of the pining poor
The shivering inmate's sigh,
When faded the warmth of her last, faint brand,
As slow from her cold and clammy hand
She let me drop—*to die!*"

What dost thou know, thou grey goose Quill?—
And methought, with a spasm of pride
It sprang from the inkstand, and flutter'd in vain
Its nib to free from the ebon stain,
As it fervently replied:

"*What do I know?*—Let the lover tell,
When into his secret scroll
He poureth the breath of a magic lyre,
And traceth those mystical lines of fire
That move the maiden's soul.

"*What do I know?*—The wife can say,
As the leaden seasons move,
And over the ocean's wildest sway
A blessed missive doth wend its way,
Inspired by a husband's love.

"Do ye doubt my power? Of the statesman ask,
Who buffets ambition's blast,—
Of the convict, who shrinks in his cell of care,
A flourish of mine hath sent him there,
And lock'd his fetters fast;

"And a flourish of mine can his prison ope,
From the gallows its victims save,
Break off the treaty that kings have bound,
Make the oath of a nation an empty sound,
And to liberty lead the slave.

"Say, what were History so wise and old,
And Science that reads the sky?
Or how could Music its sweetness store,
Or Fancy and Fiction their treasures pour,
Or what were Poesy's heaven-taught lore,
Should the pen its aid deny?

"Oh! doubt, if ye will, that the rose is fair,
That the planets pursue their way;
Go, question the fires of the noontide sun,
Or the countless streams that to ocean run
But ask no more what the pen hath done,"
And it scornfully turned away.

What are thy deeds, thou fearful thing,
By the lordly warrior's side?
And the Sword answer'd, stern and slow,
"The hearthstone lone and the orphan know
And the pale and widow'd bride.

"The shriek and the shroud of the battle cloud,
And the field that doth reek below,
The wolf that laps where the gash is red,
And the vulture that tears ere the life hath fled,
And the prowling robber that strips the dead,
And the foul hyena know.

"The rusted plough and the seed unsown,
And the grass that doth rankly grow
O'er the rotting limb and the blood-pool dark,
Gaunt Famine that quenches life's lingering spark,
And the black-winged Pestilence know.

"Death, with the rush of his harpy-brood,
Sad Earth in her pang and throe,
Demons that riot in slaughter and crime,
And the throng of the souls sent, before their time,
To the bar of the judgment—know."

Then the terrible Sword to its sheath return'd,
While the Needle sped on in peace,
But the Pen traced out from a Book sublime
The promise and pledge of that better time,
When the warfare of earth shall cease.

EXCELSIOR.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast;"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch:
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
Excelsior!

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely—strong or weary—
Trust in God and do the right

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leader in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no forms of guilty passion—
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion—
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee—
Trust in God and do the right.

Firmest rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding—
Trust in God and do the right.

ON PATIENCE.

(From "John Ploughman's Talk.")

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

PATIENCE is better than wisdom: an ounce of patience is worth a pound of brains. All men praise patience, but few enough can practise it; it is a medicine which is good for all diseases, and therefore every old woman recommends it; but it is not every garden that grows the herbs to make it with. When one's flesh and bones are full of aches and pains, it is as natural for us to murmur as for a horse to shake his head when the flies tease him, or a wheel to rattle when a spoke is loose; but nature should not be the rule with Christians, or what is their religion worth? If a soldier fights no better than a ploughboy, off with his red coat. We expect more fruit from an apple-tree than from a thorn, and we have a right to do so. The disciples of a patient Saviour should be patient themselves. Grin and bear it is the old-fashioned advice, but sing and bear it is a great deal better. After all, we get very few cuts of the whip, considering what bad cattle we are; and when we do smart a little, it is soon over. Pain past is pleasure, and experience comes by it. We ought not to be afraid of going down into Egypt when we know we shall come out of it with jewels of silver and gold.

Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts; sorrows are visitors that come without invitation, but complaining minds send a waggon to bring their troubles home in. Many people are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed; they chew the bitter

pill which they would not even know to be bitter if they had the sense to swallow it whole in a cup of patience and water. They think every other man's burden to be light, and their own feathers to be heavy as lead; they are hardly done by in their own opinion; no one's toes are so often trodden on by the black ox as theirs; the snow falls thickest round their door, and the hail rattles hardest on their windows; and yet if the truth were known, it is their fancy rather than their fate which makes things go so hard with them. Many would be well off if they could but think so. A little sprig of the herb called content put into the poorest soup will make it taste as rich as the Lord Mayor's turtle. John Ploughman grows the plant in his garden, but the late hard winter nipped it terribly, so that he cannot afford to give his neighbours a slip of it; they had better follow Matthew xxv. 9, and go to those who sell, and buy for themselves. Grace is a good soil to grow it in, but it wants watering from the fountain of mercy.

To be poor is not always pleasant, but worse things than that happen at sea. Small shoes are apt to pinch, but not if you have a small foot; if we have little means it will be well to have little desires. Poverty is no shame, but being discontented with it is. In some things the poor are better off than the rich; for if a poor man has to seek meat for his stomach, he is more likely to get what he is after than the rich man who seeks a stomach for his meat. A poor man's table is soon spread, and his labour spares his buying sauce. The best doctors are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman, and many a godly ploughman has all these gentlemen to wait upon him. Plenty makes dainty, but hunger finds no fault with the cook. Hard work brings health, and an ounce of health is worth a sack of diamonds. It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness. There is more sweet in a spoonful of sugar than in a cask of vinegar. It is not the quantity of our goods, but the blessing of God on what we have that makes us truly rich. The parings of a pippin are better than a whole crab; a dinner of herbs, with peace, is better

than a stalled ox and contention therewith. "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith." A little wood will heat my little oven; why, then, should I murmur because all the woods are not mine?

When troubles come, it is of no use to fly in the face of God by hard thoughts of providence; that is kicking against the pricks and hurting your feet. The trees bow in the wind, and so must we. Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing. Grumbling is a bad trade, and yields no profit, but patience has a golden hand. Our evils will soon be over. After rain comes clear shining; black crows have wings; every winter turns to spring; every night breaks into morning.

> "Blow the wind never so fast,
> It will lower at last."

If one door should be shut, God will open another; if the peas do not yield well, the beans may: if one hen leaves her eggs, another will bring out all her brood: there's a bright side to all things, and a good God everywhere. Somewhere or other in the worst flood of trouble there always is a dry spot for contentment to get its foot on, and if there were not it would learn to swim.

Friends, let us take to patience and water gruel, as the old folks used to tell us, rather than catch the miserables, and give others the disease by wickedly finding fault with God. The best remedy for affliction is submitting to providence. What can't be cured must be endured. If we cannot get bacon, let us bless God that there are still some cabbages in the garden. Must is a hard nut to crack, but it has a sweet kernel. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Whatever falls from the skies is, sooner or later, good for the land: whatever comes to us from God is worth having, even though it be a rod. We cannot by nature like trouble any more than a mouse can fall in love with a cat, and yet Paul by grace

came to glory in tribulations also. Losses and crosses are heavy to bear, but when our hearts are right with God it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes. We must needs go to glory by the way of Weeping Cross; and as we were never promised that we should ride to heaven in a feather bed, we must not be disappointed when we see the road to be rough, as our fathers found it before us. All's well that ends well; and, therefore, let us plough the heaviest soil with our eye on the sheaves of harvest, and learn to sing at our labour while others murmur.

TRY.

(*From "John Ploughman's Talk."*)

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

OF all the pretty little songs I have ever heard my youngsters sing, that is one of the best which winds up—

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again."

I recommend it to grown-up people who are down in the mouth, and fancy that the best thing they can do is to give up. Nobody knows what he can do till he tries. "We shall get through it now," said Jack to Harry as they finished up the pudding. Everything new is hard work, but a little of the "TRY" ointment rubbed on the hand and worked into the heart makes all things easy.

Can't do it sticks in the mud, but Try soon drags the waggon out of the rut. The fox said Try, and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said Try, and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said Try, and up he went to the top of the beech tree. The snowdrop said Try, and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said Try, and the spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said Try, and he found that his new wings took him over hedges

and ditches, and up where his father was singing. The ox said Try, and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.

"By little strokes
Men fell great oaks."

By a spadeful at a time the navvies digged the cutting, cut a big hole through the hill, and heaped up the embankment.

"The stone is hard, and the drop is small,
But a hole is made by the constant fall."

What man has done man can do, and what has never been may be. Ploughmen have got to be gentlemen, cobblers have turned their lapstones into gold, and tailors have sprouted into Members of Parliament. Tuck up your shirt-sleeves, young Hopeful, and go at it. Where there's a will there's a way. The sun shines for all the world. Believe in God, and stick to hard work, and see if the mountains are not removed. Faint heart never won fair lady. Cheer, boys, cheer, God helps those who help themselves. Never mind luck, that's what the fool had when he killed himself with eating suet pudding; the best luck in all the world is made up of joint oil and sticking plaster.

Don't wait for helpers. Try those two old friends, your strong arms. Self's the man. If the fox wants poultry for his cubs he must carry the chickens home himself. None of her friends can help the hare; she must run for herself, or the greyhounds will have her. Every man must carry his own sack to the mill. You must put your own shoulder to the wheel and keep it there, for there's plenty of ruts in the road. If you wait till all the ways are paved, you will have light shining between your ribs. If you sit still till great men take you on their backs, you will grow to your seat. Your own legs are better than stilts; don't look to others, but trust in God and keep your powder dry.

Don't be whining about not having a fair start. Throw a sensible man out of a window, he'll fall on his legs and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with the less you will have at the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter and sweeter than any you get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one; your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteenpence has set up many a pedlar in business, and he has turned it over till he has kept his carriage.

As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that. You need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of mettle sky high he would drop down into a good place. A hard-working young man, with his wits about him, will make money where others do nothing but lose it.

> "Who loves his work and knows to spare,
> May live and flourish anywhere."

As to a little trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would win must learn to bear. Idleness lies in bed sick of the mulligrubs, where industry find health and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at the fleas; the hunting dog does not even know they are there. Laziness waits till the river is dry and never gets to market; "Try" swims it and makes all the trade. Can't do it couldn't eat the bread and butter which was cut for him, but Try made meat out of mushrooms.

Everybody who does not get on lays it all on competition. When the wine was stolen they said it was the rats; it's very convenient to have a horse to put the saddle on. A mouse may find a hole, be the room ever so full of cats. Good workmen are always wanted. There's a penny to be turned at the worst booth in the fair. No barber ever shaves so close but another barber will find something left.

Nothing is so good but what it might be better; and he who sells the best wins the trade. We were all going to the workhouse because of the new machines, so the prophets down at the tap-room were always telling us; but, instead of it, all these threshing, and reaping, and hay-making machines have helped to make those men better off who had sense enough to work them. If a man has not a soul above clod-hopping he may expect to keep poor, but if he opens his sense-box, and picks up here a little and there a little, even Johnny Raw may yet improve. "Times are bad," they say; yes, and if you go gaping about and send your wits wool-gathering, times always will be bad.

Many don't get on because they have not the pluck to begin in right earnest. The first pound laid by is the difficulty. The first blow is half the battle. Over with that beer jug, up with the "Try" flag, then out to your work and away to the savings bank with the savings, and you will be a man yet. Poor men will always be poor if they think they must be. But there's a way up out of the lowest poverty if a man looks after it early, before he has a wife and half a dozen children: after that he carries too much weight for racing, and most commonly he must be content if he finds bread for the hungry mouths and clothes for the little backs. Yet I don't know; some hens scratch all the better for having a great swarm of chicks. To young men the road up the hill may be hard, but at any rate it is open, and they who set stout heart against a stiff hill shall climb it yet. What was hard to bear will be sweet to remember. If young men would deny themselves, work hard, live hard, and save in their early days, they need not keep their noses to the grindstone all their lives, as many do. Let them be teetotalers for economy's sake; water is the strongest drink, it drives mills. It's the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else. The beer money would soon build a house.

If you want to do good in the world, the little word "Try" comes in again. There are plenty of ways of serving God, and some that will fit you exactly as a key fits a lock.

Don't hold back because you cannot preach in St. Paul's; be content to talk to one or two in a cottage; very good wheat grows in little fields. You may cook in small pots as well as in big ones. Little pigeons can carry great messages. Even a little dog can bark at a thief, and wake up the master and save the house. A spark is fire. A sentence of truth has heaven in it. Do what you do right thoroughly, pray over it heartily, and leave the result to God.

Alas! advice is thrown away on many, like good seed on a bare rock. Teach a cow for seven years, but she will never learn to sing the Old Hundredth. Of some it seems true that when they were born Solomon went by the door, but would not look in. Their coat of arms is a fool's cap on a donkey's head. They sleep when it is time to plough, and weep when harvest comes. They eat all the parsnips for supper, and wonder they have none left for breakfast. Our working people are shamefully unthrifty, and so old England swarms with poor. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, workhouses would never be built.

"Once let every man say *Try*,
Very few on straw would lie,
Fewer still of want would die;
Pans would all have fish to fry;
Pigs would fill the poor man's sty;
Want would cease and need would fly;
Wives and children cease to cry;
Poor rates would not swell so high;
Things wouldn't go so much awry—
You'd be glad, and so would I."

III.

BALLADS.

THE LEAK IN THE DYKE.

PHŒBE CARY.

THE good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dyke, for me:
And take these cakes I made for him,—
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labour,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse, black bread,
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;

And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!

For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day,
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen,
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve,—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dyke while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stooping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea!" said Peter:
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes,
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dyke! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learnt to know
The dreadful thing that means
A leak in the dyke! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! he has seen the danger,
And, shouting in wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With strength of his single arm;
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough wind blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succour—
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea—
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
And what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?

Her neighbours are bearing between them
Something straight to her door—
The child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife,—
"Give thanks, your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine,
They knelt about the boy,
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good,
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.
They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dykes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea.

A CITY TALE.

ALFRED H. MILES.

I HEARD a story the other day, and I've shaped it into a rhyme,
With a few simple thoughts that occurred to me as I listened to it at the time.
'Tis only a childish incident, but it taught a lesson to me,'
And you know the greatest of teachers taught with a baby upon His knee.

It happened, you know, in that dingy part at the eastern end of the town,
Where sickened humanity loses its heart, and nature seems always to frown;
Where the black smuts fall from the chimneys tall, and the engines of toil never rest,
And it's only in dreams that they think of the beams that shine in the golden west.

'Mid the twilight gloom of an upper room, like flowers laid out in a row,
Ere the gardener Death bound them into a wreath for the Bride of the King, you know,
Some children were lying and tossing and sighing, and nightly there passed away
A baby's soul from the world's control to the regions of endless day.

On one little bed lay an aching head, that toss'd to and fro on the pillow,
Like a tiny boat on the waves afloat, when rock'd by the angry billow;
And his two little eyes seem to peer through the skies, just as lamps on a good ship's breast
Seem to look as they shine through the mist and the brine, for a haven of safety and rest.

He was only a wild, neglected child, a waif of the city grim,
Whose mother was dead, the nurses said, and whose father cared nothing for him;
And the pain that he bore, he bore it alone, for no one had taught him to pray,
Though at times in a dream he would say he had seen "a land that was far away."

And they heard him talking one afternoon (so one of the nurses said)
Of an angel of light who came down in the night, and passed at the foot of his bed;
And his little voice trembled, his little frame shook, as he said in words broken and slow,
"He goes to the other boys' beds every time, but he never comes near little Joe.

"I wonder, suppose if I turn down the clo'es, and watch till he comes by-and-bye,
And beckon him near, will he come to me here?" and he finished his words with a sigh.
But a smile came over his pale wan face, at this thought of his fancy born,
And he longed for the night with the feverish might that he'd hitherto longed for the dawn.

* * * * * * *

The shades of evening deepened fast o'er the city's soot and grime,
Till there boomed over all, from the bell of St. Paul, the old day's funeral chime;
And the new day breaking, the good nurse waking, arose with the twilight and grey,
And passed down the room, 'mid the slackening gloom, to the spot where the little boy lay.

And she started, amazed, and then lingered and gazed, for a wondrous sight met her view,
Which brought tears to her eyes, as of joy and surprise, as well it might bring them to you:

A little hand reaching in action beseeching, a figure half raised in a bed,
Two little eyes closing as softly reposing, and all of it stiffened and dead.

For the angel of light had come down in the night, and passed up the ward to and fro,
Till the beckoning finger had caused him to linger at the bedside of poor little Joe;
And before he could mutter the prayer he would utter, the small silver cord had been riven,
And the angel had said, as he turned from the bed, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Oh, mighty the teacher, though infant the preacher, how clearly he points to the skies,
More than all our fine colleges, systems, and "ologies," mystical, learned, and wise.
Oh, thank God, when we're weary with doubt and with theory, and scales seem to cover the sight,
Still in tiny wee fingers this simple faith lingers, and baby hands lead us to light.

Oh, 'tis strange how we older ones blunder and fight with the fancies that get in our way;
We bar up the windows while praying for light, draw the curtains while crying for day;
We sorrow and weep, and we stumble and creep, when there's nothing 'twixt us and the joy
But the shadows we throw on the path of ourselves.—Would a baby do so with a toy?

Oh, you who have asked the Levite's help, who to Jew or to priest have cried,
He never saw a hand upraised and passed on the other side;
And He's walking the wards of the hospital still while mankind is groaning in pain,
And there never was one that e'er beckoned His aid, that ever has beckoned in vain.

* * * * * * *

Well, I told you 'twas only a childish tale, but it gave me so much delight,
That I thought I'd just fashion it into a rhyme, and tell it you to-night.
Its simple annals of childish faith may well excite sympathy's tears,
Although there are those in the world, I suppose, who could hear of them only with sneers.
So the hospital surgeon he laughed "Ha! ha!" it seemed such a ridiculous thing;
But the angels in heaven they shouted a psalm to the triumph of Christ the King.

"HELP AT THE RIGHT TIME."

SOPHIA P. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; good-night had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs;
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin;
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever had been;
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And he whispered: "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast asleep?"
"Why, no, Brother Willie," a sweet voice replies;
'I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eves;

For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now *we* know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before dear mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking, that she used to pray,—
And God would hear everything mamma would say,—
And maybe she asked Him to send 'Santa Claus' here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan 'ot we p'ay, dust as mamma did, den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too;" and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees on the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favours we're asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he:
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bring us some p'esents before it is 'ight;
I want he sood div' me a nice little sed,
Wid bright shinin' 'unners, and all painted 'ed;
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy.
Amen. And den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again;

He seems now to hear Annie's self-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed:
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent;
For bank-stock to-day has gone down two per cent.;
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door—
To my darlings I never spoke harshly before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless papa," drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange! I'd forgotten," he said with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs, and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box, well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses; books pleasing to see;
And birds of all colours were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.

Now as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he'd amply been paid;
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before:
What care I if bank-stock fall two per cent. more!
Henceforward I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas-eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, slipping downstairs, retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
And they laughed, and they cried, in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted!) and left before light.
"And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and p'ayed just as well as we tood,
And Dod answered our p'ayer; now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please."
("Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf!
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")

Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN CHAINS!

BY HENRY SMETHAM.

So you call this a queer outlandish place,
Down here by a tumbling sea?
You're right; and as far as I can guess,
"Outlandish" it's like to be.
We're a slowgoing lot in this queer old spot;
At least, so it seems to me;
And I was but a youngster when I came here—
Well, about this height, d'ye see?

Hundreds of years o'er that grey old church,
With its crumbling tower, have rolled;
And many's the tombstone in the yard
All mildewed, and aged, and cold.
Their lines are faint, and their figures quaint,
The letters but dimly seen;
Yet they'll take you back three hundred years—
Blest if I know who was Queen!

Little I know about kings and queens,
Not much of a scholar, you see;
However, that's nothing concerning the tale
That you are asking of me.
That's a queerer case than this queer old place,
But there's many things queer, yet true;
One among the rest is I'm here to-day
And telling this tale to you.

'Twas some years ago this happened, you know,
My age must have been about ten;
A lively laddie I was at the time,
In for all sorts of mischief then.
I'd never heard name of this School Board game,
The greater the pity, you see,
I'd know a bit more if I had, and so
Would a good many more than me.

I'd a boyish mate, his name was Jim,
And a fine little fellow was he;
And I loved him as only a boy can love,
And Jim was as fond of me.
The weather was prime for Christmas-time,
And the closing of the year,
When we little lads set out for a run
Away to the marshes here.

They were building the railway at the time;
We went to play by a bridge—
The men had started to cross a creek,
Two miles beyond that ridge.
"Christmas?" you say; yes, that was the day;
'Twas near the full of the moon;
Would God that its rays had shone all night
Instead of the afternoon.

We trotted along till we reached the bridge—
Or what there was of it then,
For only a few great lumbering piles
Had been roughly fixed by the men.
Some driven deep in the midst of the creek,
The rest being fixed at the top;
The tide was out, and its slimy bed
Looked a perilous place to drop.

Now would you ever dream such a foolish scheme
As to walk o'er a bridge like that?
Just a single pile, laid all aslant,—
Why, 'twas hardly safe for a cat!
Yet I crossed o'er to the other shore,
And jeered at my playmate Jim,
That he hadn't pluck to follow my lead;
Oh, if I'd been as wise as him!

What a price was paid for the jeers I made!
Alas! on my journey back
I slipped, and but for the mercy of God,
In that miry, oozy black

And horrible filth I'd have found my grave;
Oh, a death so foul, so grim!
But for a hook in the greasy pile
And the help of my playmate Jim.

For he, brave lad! was soon at my side,
And stretched out a willing hand
To draw me up on the pile again,
And so help me back to land.
But I hung such a length, he hadn't the strength
To draw me up to the pile,
So he wound my clothes tight round the hook,
Ere he went on shore awhile.

He was as cool as a grown-up man,
And calmer than most would be;
Too wise to peril his life for jeers,
'He freely did it for me.
Heaven bless the dear lad! he seemed quite glad
To share my peril and pain;
And securely, at last, he bound me fast
With a length of iron chain.

He bade me take cheer, and to have no fear
Ere he started for home to run;
For nought going wrong 'twould not be long
Ere my rescue should be won.
Soon out of sight in the fading light
He sped on his homeward way,
And I sought in prayer for comfort there
At the eve of that Christmas Day.

In the gloomy skies, I saw arise
The moon, tho' but cold and dim;
Tho' it lighted the horrors that lay below
I was *glad*, for it lighted Jim.
And I prayed to be true, as he bade me do;
I tried to be brave like him:
But the moon went down, and a fog fell thick,
And the tide came rolling in.

On rolled its waves with a gathering power,
That swelled as the moments fled;
Hurling its strength 'gainst the trembling piles,
Till my soul grew sick with dread.
Like elves in play, in my face the spray
Dashed hard with remorseless beat;
Louder and higher the waves rolled by,
Till I felt them touch my feet.

Eternal in length seemed the hours that sped,
Till I screamed with pain and fright;
But only the mock of the echo rose
On the winds of that awful night.
How the dread hours rolled I can ne'er unfold,
It seems like a fearful dream!
Swung in the winds o'er that gulf of death,
Chained to that ponderous beam.

And the blood throbbed hot in my aching head,
And fevered my childish brain:
And I was mad! and raved, and shrieked!
And the echo shrieked again!
Oh heavens, how sweet when oblivion came!
"A sleep of the mind," so blest!
I suffered no more from pain, but slept
With a babe's unconscious rest.

'Twas so I hung when deliverance came,
Which was not till nearly day;
Poor Jim got benighted in the fog
On his lonely, cheerless way.
But his heart was bold, though his limbs were cold,
And he *did* get home at last,
But how, only God and His angels know—
Oh, if I could recall the past!

Can I tell how he wandered these gloomy wilds
In vain efforts to find the track—
How, tho' nearly drowned in a loathsome pool,
There was nothing could turn him back;

How he conquered fright on that awful night
In the strength of his love for me;
How the *lad* never quailed where men would have failed,
Such a grand little hero he?

He reached home at last, he told his tale,
And it thrilled each hearer's heart;
And he headed the eager band that came,
Each anxious to do his part.
In appearance dead, o'er the creek's grim bed,
I hung in the faithful chain;
But the horrors endured that Christmas night
Will never forsake my brain.

I'd give the best blood that flows in my veins
If my story ended here;
But I cannot recall my playmate's soul
From its bright and happy sphere.
But his fate is the cloud of my every joy—
These tears that mine eyes bedim
Are shed for *his* sufferings, not my own,
My brave, honoured playmate Jim!

He died of a chill that he caught that night—
He was ever a delicate lad;
Only knew me but once on this earth again,
For the fever drove him mad.
But the words he spoke of amazing love
For me! me, a second Cain!
Ere he passed away on the New Year's day,
Conscious and free from pain.

He's an angel of love in the home above—
He was scarcely less below;
I shall grasp his dear hand in that glorious land
Where the living waters flow.
When you speak of your heroes who die in war,
Tho' gallant they are, they're *men;*
Oh, tell of my hero playmate Jim,
Who was only a lad of ten!

LITTLE GOTTLIEB.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

PHŒBE CARY.

ACROSS the German Ocean,
In a country far from our own,
Once a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,
Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in the part of a village
Where the houses were poor and small,
But the house of little Gottlieb
Was the poorest one of all.

He was not large enough to work;
And his mother could do no more,
Though she scarcely laid her knitting down,
Than keep the wolf from her door.

She had to take her threadbare clothes,
And turn, and patch, and darn;
For never any woman yet
Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And oft at night beside her chair
Would Gottlieb sit, and plan
The wonderful things he would do for her
When he grew to be a man.

One night she sat and knitted,
And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
When a happy fancy all at once
Upon his vision beamed.

'Twas only a week till Christmas,
And Gottlieb knew that then
The Christ-child, who was born that day,
Sent down good gifts to men.

But he said, "He will never find us,
Our home is so mean and small,
And we, who have most need of them,
Will get no gifts at all."

When all at once a happy light
Came into his eyes so blue,
And lighted up his face with smiles,
As he thought what he could do.

Next day when the postman's letters
Came from all over the land,
Came one for the Christ-child, written
In a child's poor trembling hand.

You may think he was sorely puzzled
What in the world to do;
So he went to the Burgomaster,
As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,
They stood almost dismayed
That such a little child should dare
To ask the Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered,
And scarce knew what to speak,
And hastily he brushed aside
A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,
And he turned himself about:
"This must be a very foolish boy,
And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children
That night about him pressed,
Poor, trusting little Gottlieb
Stood near him with the rest.

And he heard his simple touching prayer,
Through all their noisy play;
Though he tried his very best to put
The thought of him away.

A wise and learned man was he,
Men called him good and just;
But his wisdom seemed like foolishness,
By that weak child's simple trust.

Now when the morn of Christmas came,
And the long, long week was done,
Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,
Rose up before the sun,

And hastened to his mother,
But he scarce might speak for fear,
When he saw her wondering look, and saw
The Burgomaster near.

He wasn't afraid of the Holy Babe,
Nor his mother, meek and mild;
But he felt as if so great a man
Had never been a child.

Amazed the poor child looked, to find
The hearth was piled with wood,
And the table, never full before,
Was heaped with dainty food.

Then, half to hide from himself the truth,
The Burgomaster said,
While the mother blessed him on her knees,
And Gottlieb shook for dread.

"Nay, give no thanks, my good dame,
To such as me for aid,
Be grateful to your little son,
And the Lord to whom he prayed!"

Then turning round to Gottlieb,
"Your written prayer, you see,
Came not to whom it was addressed,
It only came to me!

"'Twas but a foolish thing you did,
As you must understand;
For though the gifts are yours, you know,
You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
Where he humbly stood apart,
"But the Christ-child sent them all the same,
He put the thought in your heart!"

THE OLD MINISTER'S STORY.

THEY say I am old an' forgitful,
My style ez as slow ez a snail,
My doctrines are all out o' fashion,
My mind is beginnin' to fail;

They want a more flowery preacher,
More full o' furgiveness an' love.
To talk to 'em less about brimstone
An' more o' the mansions above.

Fur fifty long years I've been preachin',
I've studied my old Bible well,
I alwus hev felt it my duty
To show 'em the horrors o' hell.

Perhaps I've been wrong in my notions,
ve follered the Scriptures, I know,
An' never hev knowin'ly broken
The vows that I took long ago.

I've seen many trials an' changes;
I've fit a good fight against wrong;
The gals hev grown up to be wimmin,
The boys hev got manly an' strong.

The honest old deacons hev vanished,
Their pure lives hev come to a close;
They sleep in the silent old churchyard,
Where soon I shell lie in repose.

My flock hez been alwus complainin',
The church wuz not rightly arranged,
They voted to hev a high steeple;
The gallery hed to be changed.

They built up a fanciful vestry,
They bought the best organ in town;
They chopped the old pews into kindlin's,
An' tumbled the tall pulpit down.

And now, to my pain an' my sorrer,
They say "the old parson must go."
I know I am childish an' feeble,
My steps are unstidy an' slow;

They want a more spirited speaker,
Or one that is more of a scholar,
An' wake up the souls that are sleeping,
To dance round the platform an' holler.

I'll try to believe that what happens
Will alwus come out for the best.
They tell me my labour is ended,
'Tis time I wus taking a rest.

I've leetle o' comfort or riches
(I'm sartin my conscience is clear),
An' when in the churchyard I'm sleepin',
Perhaps they may wish I was here.

THE KAISERBLUMEN.

CELIA THAXTER.

HAVE you heard of the Kaiserblumen,
Oh, little children sweet,
That grows in the fields of Germany
Light waving among the wheat?

'Tis only a simple flower,
But were I to try all day,
Its grace and charm and beauty
I couldn't begin to say.

By fields and wood and roadside,
Delicate, hardy, and bold,
It blossoms in wild profusion
In every colour but gold.

The children love it dearly,
And with dancing feet they go,
To seek it with song and laughter,
And all the people know

That the Emperor's daughter loved it
Like any peasant maid;
And when she died, her father,
Stern Kaiser Wilhelm, said—

"This flower my darling cherished
Honoured and crowned shall be;
Henceforth 'tis the Kaiserblumen,
The flower of Germany."

Then he bade his soldiers wear it,
Tied in a gay cockade.
And the quaint and humble blossom
His royal token made.

Said little Hans to Gretchen,
One summer morning fair,
As they played in the fields together,
And sang in the fragrant air—

"Oh, look at the Kaiserblumen
That grow in the grass so thick!
Let's gather our arms full, Gretchen,
And take to the Emperor, quick!

"For never were any so beautiful,
So blue and so white and red!"
So all they could carry they gathered,
And thought of the princess dead.

Then under the blazing sunshine
They trudged o'er the long white road,
That led to the Kaiser's palace,
With their brightly nodding load.

But long ere the streets of the city
They trod with their little feet,
As hot they grew and as tired
As their corn-flowers bright and sweet.

And Gretchen's cheeks were rosy
With a weary travel stain,
And her tangled hair o'er her blue, blue eyes
Fell down in a golden rain.

And at last all the nodding blossoms
Their shining heads hung down—
But "Cheer up, Gretchen!" cried little Hans,
We've almost reached the town!

"We'll knock at the door of the palace,
And won't he be glad to see
All the princess's flowers we've brought him;
Think, Gretchen, how pleased he'll be!"

So they plodded patiently onward
And with hands so soft and small
They knocked at the palace portal,
And sweetly did cry and call—

"Please open the door, O Kaiser!
We've brought some flowers for you,
Our arms full of Kaiserblumen,
All rosy and white and blue!"

But nobody heeded or answered,
Till at last a soldier grand
Bade the weary wanderers leave the gate,
With a gruff and stern command.

But "No!" cried the children, weeping;
Though trembling and sore afraid,
And clasping their faded flowers,
"We *must* come in!" they said.

A lofty and splendid presence
The echoing stair came down;
To know the king, there was no need
That he should wear a crown.

And the children cried—"O Kaiser,
We have brought your flowers so far!
And we are so tired and hungry!
See, Emperor, here they are!"

They held up their withered posies,
While into the Emperor's face
A beautiful light came stealing,
And he stooped with a stately grace.

Taking the ruined blossoms,
With gentle words and mild,
He comforted with kindness
The heart of each trembling child.

And that was a wonderful glory
That the little ones befell!
And when their heads are hoary,
They still will the story tell,

How they sat at the Kaiser's table,
And dined with princes and kings,
In that far-off day of splendour
Filled full of marvellous things!

And home, when the sun was setting,
The happy twain were sent,
In a gleaming golden carriage,
With horses magnificent.

And like the wildest vision
Of Fairyland it seemed;
Hardly could Hans and Gretchen
Believe they had not dreamed.

And even their children's children
Eager to hear will be,
How they carried to Kaiser Wilhelm
The flowers of Germany.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

WILL CARLETON.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out—
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well!
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow,
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke:
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-creature was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the selfsame way;
Always something to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbours, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together,—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together than we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay:
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much:
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon:
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was as tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right:
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a trading man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

WILL CARLETON.

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer: how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures: make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And if my horses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd tripped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was labourin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travellin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over, the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind;
And these things flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plough, I do not oft turn back,
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two!"
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house, 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house, the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat-pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went a-foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drawed the agreement out,
And gave it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about;
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was busted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she gave my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin her too much;
But when she was through, she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, sir—I didn't come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or
rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its
worth,
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on
earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew
light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many
men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely and showed her out of doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to
do;
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than
half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a
while;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the
makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer: don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the cheques.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in
gold.

THE OLD CLOCK.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

"GOING! Going!" said the auctioneer. "Is seven dollars all I hear bid for this old family clock? Going! going; *Gone*! Who bought it?" We looked around, and found that a hard-visaged dealer in old furniture had become the possessor of the venerable timepiece. It was not like the clocks you turn out of a factory, fifty a-day,—unprincipled clocks, that would as lief lie as tell the truth, and that stand on the shelf a-chuckle when they find that they have caused you to miss the train. But such a clock as stood in the hall of your father's house when you were a boy. No one ever thought of such a timepiece as having been manufactured, but took it for granted that it had *been born* in the ages past, and had come on down in the family from generation to generation.

The old clock in the auction-room, which had been talking persistently for so long a time, said not a word. Its hands were before its face, unable to hide its grief. It had lost all its friends, and in old age had been turned out on the world. Its fortunes, like its weights, had *run down*. Looking through its glasses, it seemed to say,—

"Have I come to this? I have struck the hours, and now they come back to strike me!"

It first took its place in the old homestead about sev[illegible] years ago. Grandfather and grandmother had just [illegible] married. That was a part of their outfit. It called [illegible] to their first meal. There were the blue-edged dish[illegible] bone-handled knives, and homely fare, and an [illegible] sharpened on the wood-pile, or by the snow-shov[illegible]

the clock told twelve of noon the rugged pair, in home-made garments, took their position at the table, and keeping time to the rattle of knives and forks and spoons, the clock went *Tick—tock! Tick—tock!*

There were the shining tin pans on the shelf. There were the woollen mittens on the stand. There were the unpolished rafters overhead. There was the spinning-wheel in the corner. There was the hot fire, over which the apples baked till they had sagged down, brown, and hissing hot, and the saucepan on the hearth was getting up the steam, the milk just lifting the lid to look out, and sputtering with passion, until with one sudden dash it streams into the fire, making the housewife rush with holder and tongs to the rescue. The flames leaped up around the back-log, and the kettle rattled with the steam, and jocund laughter bounded away, and the old clock looked on with benignant face, as much as to say—

"Grand—sport! Happy—pair! Good times! Tick—tock! Tick—tock!" Clocks sympathise.

One day, at a vendue, grandfather was seen, with somewhat confused face, bidding for a high chair and a cradle. As these newly-purchased articles came into the house the old clock, in its excitement, struck five when it ought to have sounded *four*, but the pendulum cried, "Order!" and everything came back to its former composure, save that, as a dash of sunshine struck the face of the clock, it seemed to say, "Timepieces are not fools!" Clocks sound the march of generations. A time to be born, as well as a time to die. Tick—tock! Tick—tock!

A mischievous child trying to catch the pendulum: a crying child held up to be quieted while listening to the. tion of the works: a curious child standing on a chair to put his fingers among the cogs so see what they ade of: a tired child falling asleep in a cradle. forth the clock has beautiful accompaniment. Old- dle with a mother's foot on it, going "Rickety— ety—rack!" All infantile trouble crushed under Clock singing, "I started before you were

born." Cradle responding, "That which I swing shall live after you are dead." Clock chanting, "I sound the passing of Time." Cradle answering. "I soothe an heir of Eternity." Music! cradle to clock. Clock to cradle. More tender than harp, more stirring than huntsman's bugle.

The old timepiece had kept account of the birthday of all the children. Eighteen times it had tolled the old year out and rung the new year in, and fair Isabel was to be married. The sleighs crunched through the snow till at the doorway, with one sudden crash of music from the bells, the horses halted, and the guests, shawled and tippeted, came in. The stamp of heavy boots in the hall knocked off the snow, and voices of neighbourly good-cheer shook the dwelling. The white-haired minister stood mid-floor, waiting for the hour to strike, when the clock gave a premonitory rumble to let them know it was going off, and then hammered eight. The blushing pair stepped into the room, and the long charge was given, and at the close a series of explosive greetings—no simpering touch of the lips, but good, round, hearty demonstrations of affection, into which people threw themselves before kissing was an art. The clock seemed to enjoy it all, and every moment had something to say:

"I stood here when she was born. I was the only one present at the courtship. I told the young man when it was time to go, although sometimes he minded me not, and I had to speak again. I ordered the commencement of ceremonies to-day. I will dismiss the group. Good-luck to Isabel, and an honest eight-day clock to bless her wherever she may go. Tick—tock! Tick—tock!"

After many years grandfather became dull of hearing, and dim of sight. He could not hear the striking of the hours, but came close up and felt the hands, and said,—

"It is eight o'clock, and I must go to bed."

He never rose again.

He could not get his feet warm. The watchers sat, night after night, listening to the delirious talking of the old man,

the rehearsal in broken sentences of scenes long ago gone by—of how the Tories acted, and how the Hessians ran.

All spake in a whisper, and moved around the room on tiptoe; but there was one voice that would not be quieted. If the watchers said "Hush!" it seemed to take up a louder tone. It was the old clock in the next room. It looked so sad when, watching for the hour to give the medicine, the candle was lifted to its face. At the wedding it laughed. Now it seemed to toll. Its wheels had a melancholy creak; its hands, as they passed over the face, trembled and looked thin, like the fingers of an old man moving in a dying dream.

Poor old clock!

The hand that every Saturday night for forty years has wound it up will soon be still. The iron pulses of the old timepiece seem to flutter, as though its own spirit were departing. Its tongue is thick; its face is white, as one struck with death.

But just as grandfather's heart, after running for eighty years, ceased to tick, the old clock rallied, as much as to say,—

"It is the last thing I can do for him, and so I must toll the death-knell—One! two! three! four! five! six! seven! eight! nine! ten! eleven! twelve!"

With that it stopped.

Ingenious craftsmen attempted to repair it, and oiled the wheels, and swung the pendulum. But it would not go!

Its race was run; its heart was broken; its soul had departed. When grandfather died the clock died with him.

What if the furniture-dealer did set it down and cover it up with his rubbish? If the soul go straight it makes but little difference to us where we are buried.

It is time that dust and ashes should cover the face and hands of the dear old clock. Dust to dust!

OUR SPECTACLES.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

A MAN never looks more dignified that when he takes a spectacle-case from his pocket, opens it, unfolds a lens, sets it astride his nose, and looks you in the eye. I have seen audiences overawed by such a demonstration, feeling that a man who could handle glasses in that way must be equal to anything. We have known a lady of plain face, who, by placing an adornment of this kind on the bridge of her nose, could give an irresistible look, and by one glance around the room would transfix and eat up the hearts of a dozen old bachelors.

There are men who, though they never read a word of Latin or Greek, have, by such facial appendage, been made to look so classical that, the moment they gaze on you, you quiver as if you had been struck by Sophocles or Jupiter. We strongly suspect that a pair of glasses on a minister's nose would be worth to him about three hundred dollars' additional salary. Indeed, we have known men who had kept their parishes quiet by spectacular power. If Deacon Jones criticised, or Mrs. Go-about gossiped, the dominie would get them in range, shove his glasses from the tip of his nose close up to his eyebrows, and concentre all the majesty of his nature into a look that consumed all opposition easier than the burning-glass of Archimedes devoured the Roman ships.

But nearly all, young and old, near-sighted and far-sighted, look through spectacles. By reason of our prejudices, or education, or temperament, things are apt to come to us magnified, or lessened, or distorted. We all see things differently—not so much because our eyes are different, as because the medium through which we look is different.

Some of us wear blue spectacles, and consequently everything is blue. Taking our position at Trinity Church, and

looking down Wall Street, everything is gloomy and depressing in financials, and looking up Broadway, everything is horrible in the fashions of the day. All is wrong in churches, wrong in education, wrong in society. An undigested slice of corned-beef has covered up all the bright prospects of the world. A drop of vinegar has extinguished a star. We understand all the variations of a growl. What makes the sunshine so dull, the foliage so gloomy, men so heavy, and the world so dark? *Blue* spectacles, my dear.

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk pocket-handkerchiefs for twelve cents, and diamonds at the dollar-store. He takes five shares of silver mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a gentleman. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do is to stoop down and pick one up. Having been brought up where the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith's shop on a rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeit, and buckwheat-fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and ripe fall-pippins are a legal-tender, and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city life. A sharper has fleeced him, an evil companion has despoiled him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turnkey bids him a gruff "Good-night!"

What got him into all this trouble? Can any moral optician inform us? *Green* goggles, my dear.

Your neighbour's first great idea in life is a dollar; the second idea is a dollar—making in all two dollars. The smaller ideas are cents. Friendship is with him merely a question of loss and gain. He will want your name on his note. Every time he shakes hands he estimates the value of such a greeting. He is down on Fourth of Julys and Christmas Days, because on them you spend money

instead of making it. He has reduced everything in life to vulgar fractions. He has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf. He has cut the Lord's Prayer on the back of a three-cent piece, his only regret that he has spoiled the piece. He has calculated how much the interest would have been on the widow's "two mites" if she had only kept them till now. He thinks that the celestial city with pavements of gold is a great waste of bullion. No steel or bone eye-glass would fit the bridge of his nose. Through what does he look? *Gold* spectacles, my dear.

I know a man who sees everything as it is: black is black, white is white, and speckled is speckled. He looks straight through a man, taking him at any point—heart, lungs, liver, ribs, backbone being no obstruction. People pass before him for what they are worth. The colour of the skin is nothing, the epaulettes nothing, the spurs are nothing. He thinks no more of a dog because it once ran under the carriage of the Lord Mayor; and when a prince has an attack of nose-bleeding the blood seems no more royal than that of other people. He takes out of one of his vest-pockets scales, in which he weighs a man in an instant. He takes out of the other vest-pocket a chemical apparatus, by which he tells how much of the man is solid, and how much gas. He never saw an angel or a spook. He never had a presentiment. Rather than trouble the spirits of the future world to come this way, he concludes to wait till he can go to them. He consults no wizard to find out the future; but by honest industry and Christian principle tells his own fortune. The number of cats that wake him up at unseasonable hours is four, while to others it would have been fifty. In the music of his life there are but few staccato passages. He uses no microscope to enlarge the little, or telescope to bring hither the distant, but simply a plain pair of spectacles, honest spectacles.

But sometimes these optical instruments get old and dim.

Grandmother's pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second-sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapour floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and Grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapour that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a King's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried, "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again. Second-sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now *through a glass darkly!* Grandmother had NO MORE NEED OF SPECTACLES!

IV.

SACRED, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

HON. MRS. CHARLES HOBART.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to me—
My trial tests of faith and love to be—
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—My cross I cannot bear:

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see.
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see—
One to whom all the others bowed the knee—
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow Me!" He said: "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,
A little one, with jewels set in gold.
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear:

And so the little cross I quickly took;
But, all at once, my frame beneath it shook.
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to *see*,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
Wondering, I gazed; and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair!
Sorrowing, I said: "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said: "No cross, no crown!"

At length, to Him I raised my saddened heart:
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in Me—
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And, as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognised my own old cross again.

But oh! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

ABSALOM.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And lean'd in graceful attitudes to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashion'd for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding quickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those

Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd,
In agony that would not be controll'd,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soil'd
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jewell'd hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,

He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth,
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom?

"Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee:
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'My Father!' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee, I shall hear the gush
Of music and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft wind flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up;
With death so like a slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin!—oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself
A moment on his child; then giving him

A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE LEPER.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

"ROOM for the leper! room!"—And, as he came,
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! room!"—
Sunrise was slanting on the city's gates,
Rosy and beautiful; and from the hills
The early-risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully to their toil; and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels, and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city-murmur swells,—
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence; or the sick,
Hailing the welcome light and sounds, that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.
"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood,—all
Who met him on his way,—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A Leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering,—stepping painfully and slow:
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!"

'Twas now the first
Of the Judean autumn; and the leaves
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,

Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful; and life
Mantled in elegant fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons;—*and this was he!*
And he went forth—alone! Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of his heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips;
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
—Footsteps approached; and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" and, in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name,
"Helon!"—The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And, for a moment, beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill!—
"Helon! arise!"—and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,

As he beheld the Stranger.—He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at His back,—nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear;—yet, if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
A lion would have crouched-to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and His sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touched with the opening innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm as is the sky
In the serenest noon; His hair unshorn
Fell to His shoulders; and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
—He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart were moved; and, stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand,
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him; and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins;
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole:
His leprosy was cleansed; and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped Him.

A WALK IN A CHURCHYARD.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

WE walked within the churchyard bounds,
My little boy and I,—
He laughing, running happy rounds,
I pacing mournfully.

"Nay, child! it is not well," I said,
"Among the graves to shout,—
To laugh and play among the dead,
And make this noisy rout."

A moment to my side he clung,
Leaving his merry play,
A moment still'd his joyous tongue,
Almost as hushed as they:

Then, quite forgetting the command,
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my hand,
Joyous as at the first.

And now I did not check him more,
For, taught by Nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before,
Ev'n in that moment's space.

She spread no funeral pall above
That patch of churchyard ground,
But the same azure vault of love
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass
As freely as elsewhere;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue might wear.

And formed from out that very mould,
In which the dead did lie,
The daisy, with its eye of gold,
Look'd up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
Nor hastened to be gone;
The small bird did its glad notes shed,
Perched on a grey headstone.

And God, I said, would never give
This light upon the earth,
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live,
These springs of gushing mirth,

If our one wisdom was to mourn,
And linger with the dead,

To nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn
Of worm and earthy bed.

Oh no! the glory earth puts on,
The child's uncheck'd delight,
Both witness to a triumph won—
(If we but read aright):

A triumph won o'er Sin and Death—
From these the Saviour saves;
And, like in happy infant, Faith
Can play among the graves.

HOW BARZILLAI SERVED THE KING.

S. R. GELDARD.

THE home of old Barzillai
Beyond the Jordan lay,
Where Gilead's upland pastures lie
With oaks of Bashan towering high;
His cattle grazed on many a hill,
His sheep beside each mountain rill,
And thus life passed away.
Labour by day and rest by night,
Such was his tranquil life;
But present still in memory bright
Lay many a scene of deadly fight
And tale of ancient strife;
When Israel's bravest quailed to hear
The haughty giant's tread draw near,
Till by young David overthrown,
Armed with his shepherd sling and stone:
And still Barzillai loved to say,
"The hand that wrought with God that day,
The hand that grasped the sling,
Hath led our hosts in many a fight,

And put our foes to shameful flight;
God bless him and his men of might,
David, our lord and King!"

One night the old man rested calm,
'Neath trellised vine and graceful palm,
That waved beside his home;
But with the dawning came the cry,
"Barzillai, Barzillai,
Arise, the King hath come!"
The old man started at the cry—
"My lord the King! and is he nigh,
And will he come to me?
Oh, will he deign to be my guest,
And shall my failing eyes be blest,
The King's own face to see?"

—"He comes: a humbled man and poor,
Jerusalem is his no more—
His son hath driven him from his home—
His pampered darling, Absalom,
Usurps the crown he wore.
He crossed the ford ere morning light,
And with him came in hasty flight
A host of weary men.
Chilled with the Jordan's dashing spray,
Hungry and weak and cold are they,
Even mighty men, unused to fly—
Abishai, Joab, Ittai—
In mute despair stand helpless by,
As if all hope were vain;
Ahinoam and Abigail
Weep silent 'neath their shrouding veil,
Or hush the children's piteous wail,
Then turn to weep again."

"And dare the traitors bid him flee
From his own Zion's hill?

Yet shall our lord King David see
Our hearts are loyal still.
Chimham, in haste the tidings tell
To Machir, son of Ammiel,
And Shobi too, of Ammon's race—
His life he owed to David's grace
When conquered Rabbah fell—
Say that the King of help hath need,
And bid them bring their gifts with speed.
And you, my children, use to-day
Swift foot and ready hand;
Warm loving hearts will find the way
To serve without command.
Some slay the kine that we may feed
King David's mighty men,
And make them strong for gallant deed
Against the foe again.
My maidens, make the millstones move,
And at your labour sing,
'"'Tis sweet to work for one we love,'
We labour for our King.'
Go search our hoards with eager care
For garments new and old,
To wrap the warriors' children there
Who shiver with the cold;
And kindle fires beneath the hill—
Bring pine and cedar bough.
Why should sad hearts grow sadder still
For lack of comfort now?
And cheery word and hopeful smile
Take with you on your way,
That all may see 'tis joyful toil
To serve our King to-day."

He spoke, and eager hands obeyed,
The chronicle records;
Yourselves have oft the story read
In Scripture's simple words,

How Shobi and Barzillai,
And Machir from Lo-debar nigh,
Brought fatlings of the herd and flock,
Butter and honey from the rock,
Lentils and parchèd corn,
And wheaten flour, and barley bread,
That so the hungry might be fed,
And drink for many a thirsty soul
In earthen cup or carven bowl;
And beds where weary ones might rest,
Because they saw them sore distrest,
And homeless and forlorn.
Not long King David tarried there,
Beneath the old man's loving care;
For soon arose the battle cry
Of Joab and Abishai,
And soon King David and his men
In saddened triumph met again,
While Absalom was left alone
Beneath his cairn of pilèd stone.

* * * * *

They stood where Jordan's tide rushed by,
David and old Barzillai:
"Come thou with me," the monarch said,
"Long at thy board we have been fed;
Finished is now my wandering.
Within the palace of thy King
Thy dwelling-place shall be.
Jerusalem my home is fair,
Glad will I feed thee with me there;
Come then, and feast with me!"

* * * * *

Christian, you know the tale I tell;
Now read its moral true and well.
Our King has left His household here:
Their griefs to soothe, their hearts to cheer,
Is what He asks from you.

His strong men faint for lack of aid,
He hears the children cry for bread,
He sees them shiver with the cold,
And counts your silver and your gold.
Brothers, what will you do
When face to face you meet your Lord?
Oh, can you claim the rich reward?
Oh, will your welcome be,
"Ye succoured Me in succouring them;
Now in the New Jerusalem
Come ye and feast with me"?

BRIDGES.

I HAVE a bridge within my heart,
Known as the Bridge of Sighs:
It stretches from life's sunny part,
To where its darkness lies.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch life's tide below,
Sad thoughts come from the shadowy land,
And darken all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along
To sorrow's bitter sea,
Oh! mournful is the spirit-song
That upward floats to me.

A song which breathes of blessings dead,
Of friends and friendships flown,
And pleasures gone—their distant tread,
Now to an echo grown.

And hearing thus, beleaguering fears
Soon shut the present out,
While joy but in the past appears,
And in the future doubt.

Oh! often then will deeper grow
The night that round me lies;
I wish that life had run its flow,
Or never found its rise!

I have a bridge within my heart,
Known as the Bridge of Faith;
It spans, by a mysterious art,
The streams of life and death.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch the tide below,
Sweet thoughts come from the sunny land,
And brighten all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along
Down to a distant sea,
Oh! pleasant is the spirit-song
That upward floats to me.

A song of blessings never sere,
Of love "beyond compare,"
Of pleasures flowed from troublings here,
To rise serenely there.

And, hearing thus, a peace divine
Soon shuts each sorrow out;
And all is hopeful and benign,
Where all was fear and doubt.

Oh! often then will brighter grow
The light that round me lies,
I see from life's beclouded flow
A crystal stream arise.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale of the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on Ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won:
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place
With costly marble dress'd,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall;
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher,
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state where angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave—

In that strange grave without a name
Whence his uncoffined clay

Shall break again—most wondrous thought!
Before the judgment-day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod;
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb on Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell:
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

LORD BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd!
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride!
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

THE SOUL'S PARTING.

DORA GREENWELL.

SHE sat within Life's Banquet Hall at noon,
When word was brought unto her secretly,
"The Master cometh onwards quickly; soon
Across the threshold He will call for thee."
Then she rose up to meet Him at the door,
But turning, courteous, made a farewell brief
To those that sat around. From Care and Grief
She parted first: "Companions sworn and true
Have ye been ever to me, but for friends
I knew ye not till later, and did miss
Much solace through that error; let this kiss,
Late known and prized, be taken for amends;
Thou, too, kind, constant Patience, with thy slow
Sweet counsels aiding me; I did not know
That ye were angels, until ye displayed
Your wings for flight; now bless me!" but they said,
"We blest thee long ago."

Then, turning unto twain
That stood together, tenderly and oft
She kissed them on their foreheads, whispering soft,
"Now must we part; yet leave me not before
Ye see me enter safe within the door;

Kind bosom-comforters that by my side
The darkest hour found ever closest bide,
A dark hour waits me, ere for evermore
Night with its heaviness be overpast;
Stay with me till I cross the threshold o'er."
So Faith and Hope stayed by her till the last.

But giving both her hands
To one that stood the nearest,—"Thou and I
May pass together; for the holy bands
God knits on earth are never loosed on high.
Long have I walked with thee; Thy name arose
E'en in my sleep, and sweeter than the close
Of music was Thy voice; for Thou wert sent
To lead me homewards from my banishment
By devious ways, and never hath my heart
Swerved from Thee, though our hands were wrung apart
By spirits sworn to sever us; above
Soon shall I look upon Thee as Thou art."
So she crossed o'er with Love.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said:

Errands on which the willing feet had sped—
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance,
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance.
And soften in the old, familiar way,
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive! oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

DAVID ANSWERED.

A TALMUDIC LEGEND.

HENRY LLOYD.

ONCE, while resting from his labours on a pleasant summer's day,
David saw a swift mosquito busy seeking for his prey;
"Surely," said the Psalmist starting, for the foe was fierce, though small,
"For such vile and spiteful creatures there can be no use at all.
Everywhere the insects find us, and annoy us while at rest;
Useless wretch, begone," he uttered; "dangerous and insatiate pest,

Had I made the world of insects, from thy race should man be free;
Savage and bloodthirsty monster, I had ne'er created thee."

When Saul's warriors were sleeping, David, in the gloomy night,
Stole among them, never footfall fell more quietly and light.
'Twas the spear of Saul he sought for, creeping through the hostile host,
Watching, listening, moving, halting, silent as a very ghost.
As he passed the sleeping Abner, lo, the sleeper turned around;
And the Psalmist, fearing capture, threw himself upon the ground.
Lying motionless and breathless, in the midnight hot and dim,
Restless Abner sleeping, moving, flung on him a heavy limb.
And the Psalmist, thus imprisoned, without power to get away,
Felt his spirit sink within him, thought no more to see the day.

Cutting through the gloomy darkness, came a sharp and well-known sound,
And he saw a small mosquito sailing swiftly near the ground.
Now on Abner's limb alighted, lo, he feels the venomed sting,
And the strong man, with a murmur, moves his leg with sudden fling.
Saved from death by such a creature, David humbly bowed his knee,
Crying, "Lord, my folly pity; there is none like unto Thee."

David, walking in the country, one day saw upon the road
Such a strange and fearful object, that his tears with pity flowed.

Babbling, scowling, fighting, howling, till the people stood afeared,
Came a madman wild and frantic with his long and matted beard.
Then said David, "God the Father, He is wise and kind alway,
Yet this wretched madman puzzles and destroys my calm to-day;
From the sight of such a terror, nought but harm can come, I ween;"
And the Psalmist wandered homeward with a dark and troubled mien.

David, flying from his foemen, flying from the face of Saul,
In Philistia sought asylum, hiding from the sight of all.
To the King they bore him, crying, "This is David, great in fight,"
And the brow of Achish darkened, like unto the frown of night.
Then on David flashed like lightning thoughts of that demented man,
How he grinned, and scowled, and shouted, how he slobbered as he ran.
And so David, imitative, played the madman's piteous case:
Danced and chuckled, laughed and shouted, leared into the royal face;
Frowned and gasped, and leapt and tumbled, then looked timid and afeared;
Gaped, and yawned, and slobber'd idly like the madman on his beard.
"Call *this* David!" cried the monarch; "take the wretched oaf away.
Let him go; he is a madman. Who dared bring him in my way,—
Here, within the royal palace? Thrust him forth beyond the gate;
Well I know not who is guilty, or he would bemoan his fate."

And, again in safety, David bowed his head and bent his knee,
Crying, "Lord, my folly pity; there is none like unto Thee."

Once again sat David resting, and he saw a spider crawl
From the floor unto the ceiling leisurely along the wall,
Like a fierce and cunning tiger seeking whom he might devour,
And the poet's soul was angry and his brow began to lower.
"Wherefore was this thing created?" cried he, for his ire was hot;
"Hideous in its every feature, use or beauty hath it not.
Puzzles in the world are many, this is one of them, I wis:
Wise he'd be beyond his fellows who'd reveal the use of this."

Enemies once more surround him, and he seeks his life to save
Hiding in the dim recesses of the dark Adullum cave.
Wearily he sat and listened, scarce he dared to draw a breath,
Lest his enemies should hear him, enter, find and put to death.
Fast his heart beat and yet faster, as he heard their voices near,
And he prayed that some bright angel for his succour might appear.
Yet he had a friend to help him,—not an angel fair and tall,
But a useless little spider, as he thought it, mean and small.
For it happened when he entered, just above the cavern door
Sat a solemn spider, thinking how he might some food secure.
And, when he had passed, the spider travelled swift from side to side,
Weaving, spinning, working, hasting, till his web was woven wide

All across the murky entrance, wisely planned and deftly spun,
Then he rested in the centre, basking in the pleasant sun.

Now the soldiers seek the cavern, mark the entrance dim and wide;
"Look," said one, "he may have entered and be hiding here inside.
Let us in and find and slay him, win our honour and our gold—
Spears are sharp and hands are willing; and the day is waxing old."
"Fool!" a brother soldier answered; "how can he have passed the door
Without beating down this spider and the web that stands before?

Had he entered, all this weaving he had swept away in haste;
Leave the cave, for it is empty, and we have no time to waste."
Then they passed, and David, humbled, cried again on bended knee,
"Lord, my folly pity, pardon; there is none like unto Thee."

YELLOW LILIES.

HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN.

THERE lived a holy hermit in hoary Bethnal Wood,
His home a leaf-strewn cavern, and bitter herbs his food;
For prayer and thought and fasting he chose the solitude.

One day a stranger entered. His head and feet were bare;
His robes were soiled and tattered, uncombed his beard and hair;
He asked a drink of water and the way to Bethnal Fair.

The hermit brought the water in a yellow wooden cup,
Which bore a carven image of the Lord Christ lifted up,
And he said: "At the fair at Bethnal I charge thee do not stop.

"There all the vilest gather for pleasure, ease, or gain,
And with revelry unhallowed the starry nights profane,
While not a soul remembers the Lord Christ in His pain."

"Nay, brother, we are soldiers, and this the battle-ground:
Before the devil's stronghold should Christ's best men be found;
Where wickedness aboundeth His grace shall more abound."

Soon as the stranger vanished the hermit knelt to pray,
But a pressing call of duty rang in his ears all day;
To Bethnal Fair at sunset he rose and took his way.

In the borders of the forest he found a starving child,
Whose parents had been murdered by robbers in the wild;
He bore it to a dwelling where peace and plenty smiled.

They took the little orphan in the place of one who died;
Then on to find the stranger at Bethnal Fair he hied,
And found, indeed, for twenty years, work for the Crucified.

He cheered the heart of sorrow, he soothed the nerves of pain,
He taught the sin-sick soul the way eternal life to gain,
And saw no more the hermitage till life was on the wane.

And when they bore him thither, to die the spring beside,
He sought in vain the carven cup with the Lord Christ crucified,
But a wondrous golden goblet its rocky niche supplied.

And while he drank, the stranger of twenty summers past
Looked on him through the water, and he knew his Lord at last—
Straight up into His loving arms his weary spirit cast.

They buried with the hermit the wondrous golden cup;
From the grave, another spring-time, a lily plant came up,
Whose yellow chalices still breathe of love and faith and hope.

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[The manner in which the Waldenses disseminated their principles among the Catholics, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they intimated that they had inestimable jewels, and would then present their purchasers with a Bible or Testament.]

Oh, lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;
And my pearls are as pure as thine own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie,
I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?

And the lady smiled on the worn old man, through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turn'd away,
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair, I have yet a gem, which a purer lustre flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl, of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee, and a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel, where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls between;
"Bring forth the pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller grey and old—
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count the gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, the Word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind,
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the grey old halls, where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God.

THE LAST MAN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying, "We're twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go:
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though, beneath thee, man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will?—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrownèd king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men;
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"E'en I am weary, in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire!
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see, thou shalt not boast:
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No, it shall live again, and shine

In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory!
And took the sting from death!

"Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

FACING A GIANT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY DAVID KER.

"FRAU SCHMIDT, will you please to watch mother for a minute? I'm going to try if I can find father."

Christian Klein's mother was very ill—ill of a complaint called hunger, of which many people died in the cruel old times, nearly four hundred years ago. His father had been away since daybreak, in the hope of getting food for her; and now it was evening, and he had not returned. So Frau Schmidt came in and Christian Klein went out.

Very picturesque looked the old town of Riesenburg (Giant's Town) in the red light of sunset. Its grey, old church towers, and steep, narrow streets, and queer little loophole-shaped windows, and tall, wooden house-fronts, striped with white and black—all looked fairy-like in the crimson glow. High over all rose the shadowy pines that covered the rocky hill, on the brow of which stood out dark and stern the battlements of the Grand Duke Ludwig's castle.

But the townspeople were in no mood to enjoy the view, splendid though it was. To them that grand old fortress overhead was like a wolf's den or a vulture's nest. Oppressed, ground down, forced to pay such heavy taxes that they had barely enough left to live upon, and in daily terror of being murdered beside (for a prince of the fifteenth century held all his subjects' lives in his hand), the poor wretches had no hope except the Grand Duke might die or be killed, and that his successor might be a little less cruel and hard-hearted.

Suddenly there came a merry burst of hunting-horns from the wood above, and up the narrow path leading to the castle rode a long train of green-coated horsemen, headed by a figure at the sight of which every one trembled. Could a huge black bear have mounted on horseback, it would have been a very fair likeness of the terrible Grand Duke, whose chief pleasure was to go out and kill something, whether man or beast mattered not a whit.

The blast of horns disturbed for a moment a group that had gathered around a pale, scared-looking man in the dress of a peasant, who seemed to be telling them something very startling indeed.

"I saw him with my own eyes," he was saying, "bound hand and foot upon a horse. They said he had killed one of the Grand Duke's deer, and he's to be hunted to death for it by the staghounds to-morrow morning. Poor neighbour Klein!"

A faint cry broke forth behind the speaker, and he turned hastily around, but only saw a little boy disappearing behind the corner.

The Grand Duke's deer-park lay upon the side of the hill upon which his castle stood, surrounded by a palisade so high and strong that it was no easy matter to get into it. Nor, indeed, would anybody be likely to try, for what with the savage dogs that kept watch there all night, and what with the Grand Duke's fierce soldiers, who had orders to kill anybody who was found trespassing, whoever got in had little chance of ever getting out again.

Just as the moon rose that night, a man who was pacing to and fro, like a soldier on duty, in an open space at the upper end of the deer-park, heard a slight rustling among the boughs overhead, and a small, dark figure, no larger than a child, dropped almost at his feet.

The man started back, but the child, so far from being frightened, came up to him and said eagerly:

"Oh, please can you tell me where the Grand Duke is? I want to see him."

The soldier stared blankly at him for a moment, and then burst into a loud horse-laugh.

"A brisk lad, in truth! And pray, what dost thou want with the Grand Duke, my young prince?"

"I am not a prince," said the boy simply; "I am Christian Klein, of the Leder Strasse (Leather Street), and my father is to die to-morrow for killing one of the Grand Duke's deer. But I am sure if the Grand Duke knew why he did it he'd never be so cruel as to kill him."

"And why did he do it then?" asked the soldier.

"Mother's dying for want of food, and father went out to try and get her some, and she's been watching for him all day, and if he don't come back she will die, I know she will."

The man was silent a moment, and then asked:

"How came a slip of a boy like thee here at this hour of the night? Knowest thou not that the Grand Duke's bloodhounds are loose, and we have orders to kill any one who enters without leave?"

"I know that, but I don't care if I can save father."

"A brave boy, truly," muttered the sentinel. "I doubt if any living soul would do as much for me. Well, lad, if thou fearest not dogs and spearmen, art thou not afraid of the Grand Duke?"

"No," said the little hero, firmly. "I know that they tell fearful stories about him, but I can't believe he's so bad as they say; and then I always think how sad and lonesome it must be to have everybody hating him so, and no little children to love him as I love papa."

The soldier was silent for a moment, and then said in an altered voice:

"Child, thou hast thy wish. I am the Grand Duke. Behold him now."

He threw back his cap as he spoke, and the savage face that haunted the dreams of every man in Riesenburg stood out in all its terrors under the brightening moonlight. But to Ludwig's unbounded amazement, the child, instead of screaming or shrinking back, sprang forward and cried joyfully:

"Oh, I'm so glad; I thought I'd never find you, or that the soldiers wouldn't let me speak to you. You'll let father come back to us?"

"What, after killing one of my deer?" growled Ludwig in his harshest voice. "No, he has broken my laws, and he shall die."

The boy's face fell and he stood a moment as if thunderstruck, while the Grand Duke watched him keenly.

"Kill me, then, and let father go," said Christian at length; "I'm too little to work for mother, and she can do without me; but if any harm should come to father, she would die."

As he stood there in the moonlight, with the black shadows of the wood behind him, Ludwig fancied that he saw in his face a strange likeness to his own little boy who had died long ago—one of the few living things which that iron-hearted man had ever loved.

"Come with me and show me where thy mother lives," said the Grand Duke at last. "If thou hast spoken truly, well and good; if not——"

The flash of those terrible eyes, which had never known fear nor mercy, sufficiently filled up the blank as the prince and the peasant boy went forth in the darkness.

"Good news, mother!" cried little Christian, rushing into the dark and dismal room where his mother was lying alone, for good Dame Schmidt had at length been forced to leave her.

"Who talks of good news?" answered Frau Klein, in a dreamy voice; for her mind was so weakened by hunger and distress that she hardly knew what was passing around her. "There is no good news for us, unless it pleases God that the Grand Duke should die."

A quick-drawn breath, as of some one in pain, answered her from without, and Prince Ludwig's mighty figure stalked into the room, which he surveyed wonderingly by the light of the lantern that he carried.

"The boy spake truth in very deed," muttered he. "What a place! 'Tis worse than any one of my castle dungeons."

It was indeed. The plank wall shook and groaned at every gust of wind. The mud floor was worn into countless hollows by the rain that had trickled through the cracks in the roof. The air was chilling and damp as a burial vault, and the white, pinched face of the poor creature who lay helpless on her rotting straw might well have passed for one that was already dead.

Roused by the stranger's entrance (though she did not recognise him), she rose half erect, with a look of terror in her sunken eyes.

"What has happened?" gasped she. "My husband——"

"Fear not. Thy husband shall be here within two hours," said Ludwig, turning hastily away as if ashamed of himself. But at the door he turned again, and holding out his hands to Christian, said:

"Little one, wilt thou kiss me before I go?"

The child put his thin arms around the great, thick neck, and as his little wan cheek touched the old tyrant's grim, bearded face, Ludwig's savage eyes grew dim with unwonted tears.

Two hours later Hans Klein was in his sick wife's arms, and little Christian looked wonderingly at a packet containing a heavy gold chain that he had seen on the Prince's neck, with a slip of parchment inscribed: "From Grand Duke Ludwig to the little boy who did not hate him."

Thirty years later two men, the one in the dark robes of a monk, and the other wearing the rich dress that showed him to be the Mayor of Riesenburg, stood together in the old church of St. Adelbert, beside the marble tomb in which the Grand Duke Ludwig had just been laid.

"God bless him!" said the Mayor. "If he began by doing evil, he ended by doing much good."

"Thanks to thee, Master Klein," answered the monk. "And they may well write upon thy tomb (though I trust it may be long ere thou needest one) what they have written on thy monument in the market-place yonder: 'God hath sent His angel, and shut the lion's mouth.'"

V.

SHORT POEMS FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

THE GIANT.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THERE came a giant to my door,
A giant fierce and strong,
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowl'd and frown'd; he shook the ground;
I trembled through and through;
At length I looked him in the face,
And cried, "Who cares for you?"

The mighty giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale, and thin, and small;
And through his body, as 'twere smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
He whisper'd soft and low.
"Is this," I cried, with glowing pride,
"Is this the mighty foe?"

He sunk before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away,
And left no shadow on his place
Between me and the day.
Such giants come to strike us dumb—
But, weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
  Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
  To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
  To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
  Amidst the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
  Where weary men might turn;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again—and lo! the well,
  By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
  And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought;
  'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
  But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
  And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
  A monitory flame.

The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

BY-AND-BY.

THERE'S a little mischief maker
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dreamland,
That are never seen in this;
Dashing from the lips the pleasures
Of the present while we sigh;
You may know that mischief maker,
For his name is By-and-by.

He is sitting by your hearthstone,
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whispering of the coming morrow,
As the social hours advance;
Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh;
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, By-and-by.

You may know him by his winning,
By his careless, sportive air;
By his sly, obtrusive presence,
That is straying everywhere;
By the trophies that he gathers
Where his sombre victims lie;
For a bold, determined fellow
Is this conqueror, By-and-by.

When the calls of duty haunt us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that ever mortals
Snatch from dark eternity,
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a painted sky,
For a cunning little artist
Is this fairy, By-and-by.

"By-and-by," the wind is sighing;
"By-and-by," the heart replies;
But the phantom just above it,
Ere we grasp it, ever flies.
List not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie—
Oh, do not believe or trust in
That deceiver, By-and-by.

THE STREET OF BY-AND-BYE.

MRS. ABDY.

OH, shun the spot, my youthful friends, I urge you to beware!
Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes the air;
Yet none have ever passed to scenes ennobling, great, and high,
Who once began to linger in the street of By-and-bye.

How varied are the images arising to my sight,
Of those who wished to shun the wrong, who loved and found the right!

Yet from the silken bonds of sloth they vainly strove to fly,
Which held them gently prisoned in the street of By-and-bye.

A youth aspired to climb the height of Learning's lofty hill;
What dimmed his bright intelligence?—what quelled his earnest will?
Why did the object of his quest still mock his wistful eye?
Too long, alas! he tarried in the street of By-and-bye.

"My projects thrive," the merchant said;—"when doubled is my store
How freely shall my ready gold be showered among the poor!"
Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the mourner's tear to dry;
He never journeyed onward from the street of By-and-bye!

"Forgive thy erring brother, he has wept and suffered long!"
I said to one; who answered—"He hath done me grievous wrong;
Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him ere I die:"
Alas! Death shortly found him in the street of By-and-bye!

The wearied worldling muses upon lost and wasted days,
Resolved to turn *hereafter* from the error of his ways,
To lift his grovelling thoughts from earth, and fix them on the sky;
Why does he linger fondly in the street of By-and-bye?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends; work on while yet you may;
Let not old age o'ertake you, as you slothfully delay,
Lest you should gaze around you, and discover with a sigh,
You have reached the house of "Never"—by the street of By-and-bye!

BE THOROUGH, BOYS.

WHATSOE'ER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honour bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists, or alters
Little atoms, when we speak,
May deceive me,
But, believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong:
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.

Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain!

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Prayer in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And for ever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

FARMER ROUGH AND FARMER SMOOTH.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Old Farmer Rough was grim and gruff,
And drove his men about,
With "here" and "there," and oft would swear
When things went wrong, no doubt.
Work must be done by set of sun,
And all in order, too,
Upon the farm, or else he'd storm
Till everything looked blue.

A pleasant word was seldom heard
From him. "It is enough
From day to day their hire to pay,"
Said surly Farmer Rough.
"To keep my rules as well as tools
In order, I have found
Upon a stone—with strap and hone—
They must be often ground."

'Twas thus he wrought, and thus he bought
Rich treasures from the soil,
Believing still men worked with will
Whom praises did not spoil.
But sad and grave, though strong and brave,
With sinews firm and tough,
The labourers grew—and the women, too—
Who worked for Farmer Rough.

When ill-luck came, with frost and flame,
And swept his goods away,
When loss of health and loss of wealth
Brought on an evil day,
Then Farmer Rough, so grim and gruff,
Gave many a bitter groan,
To think that he, alas! should be
Left friendless and alone.

But Farmer Smooth, who in his youth
The benefits had learned
Of tools well-oiled, from those who toiled
For him affection earned.
He spoke them soft, and helped them oft
With counsels wise and true,
And ne'er begrudged to those who drudged
The praise which was their due.

And when the floods swept all his goods
Away, and he was left
In sorry plight—all in one night
Of smiling lands bereft,
Friends flocked around, in grief profound,
And gave substantial aid;
And Farmer Smooth said, "In good sooth,
Who gives is well repaid."

LIVE IT DOWN.

ANONYMOUS.

SHOULD envious tongues some malice frame,
To soil and tarnish your good name,
Live it down!

Grow not dishearten'd; 'tis the lot
Of all men, whether good or not:
Live it down!

Rail not in answer, but be calm;
For silence yields a rapid balm:
Live it down!

Go not among your friends and say,
Evil hath fallen on my way;
Live it down!

Far better thus yourself alone
To suffer, than with friends bemoan
The trouble that is all your own:
Live it down!

What though men evil call your good!
So Christ Himself, misunderstood,
Was nailed unto a cross of wood!
And how shall you for lesser pain,
Your inmost soul for ever stain,
By rendering evil back again?
Live it down!

Oh! if you look to be forgiven,
Love your own foes, the bitterest even,
And love to you shall glide from heaven;
And when shall come the poison'd lie
Swift from the bow of calumny,
If you would turn it harmless by,
And make the venom'd falsehood lie,
Live it down

THE WHISPER.

ROBERT NICOLL.

"My hand is strong, my heart is bold,
My purpose stern," I said;
"And shall I rest till I have wreath'd
Fame's garland round my head?
No! men shall point to me, and say,
'See what the bold can do!'"
"You dream!" a chilling whisper said;
And quick the vision flew.

"Yes, I will gain," I musing thought,
"Power, pomp, and potency;
Whate'er the proudest may have been,
That straightway will I be.
I'll write my name on human hearts
So deep, 'twill ne'er decay!"
"You dream!" and as the whisper spoke,
My vision fled away.

"I'm poor," I said; "but I will toil,
And gather store of gold;
And in my purse the fate of kings
And nations I will hold:
I'll follow fortune till my path
With wealth untold she strew!"
Again, "You dream!" the whisper said,
And straight my vision flew.

"I'll breathe to men," I proudly thought,
"A strain of poesy,
Like the angelic songs of old,
In fire and energy.

My thoughts the thoughts of many lands,
Of many men shall grow;"
"You dream!" the whisper, scorning, said—
I dared not answer, No.

If I can gain nor name nor power,
Nor gold, by high emprise,
Bread to the hungry I will give,
And dry the orphan's eyes:
Through me the sun of joy shall find
Its way to sorrow's door:
"The wildest dream of all," then said
The whisper—"you are poor!"

"I'm poor, unheeded; but I'll be
An honest man," I said;
"Truth I shall worship, yea, and feel
For all whom God hath made:—
The poor and honest man can stand,
With an unblenching brow,
Before earth's highest,—such I'll be:"—
The whisper spoke not now!

THE TWO CHURCH-BUILDERS.

JOHN G. SAXE.

A famous king would build a church,
A temple vast and grand;
And that the praise might be his own,
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame,
Upon a tablet broad and fair,
In letters all aflame
With burnished gold, the people read
The royal builder's name.

Now when the king, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come
(A halo round his head),
Erase the royal name, and write
Another in its stead.

What could it be? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came;
Three times he saw that angel hand
Erase the royal name,
And write a woman's in its stead
In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne
To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone;
And so it was, the courtiers found
A widow poor and lone.

The king, enraged at what he heard,
Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
And to the woman trembling sore,
He said, "'Tis very clear
That thou hast broken my command;
Now let the truth appear!"

"Your majesty," the widow said,
"I can't deny the truth;
I love the Lord—my Lord and yours—
And so in simple sooth
I broke your majesty's command
(I crave your royal ruth).

"And since I had no money, Sire,
Why, I could only pray
That God would bless your Majesty;
And when along the way

The horses drew the stones, I gave
To one a wisp of hay!"

"Ah! now I see," the king exclaimed,
"Self-glory was my aim:
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame—
'Tis my command the tablet bear
The pious widow's name!"

A TALE OF A DOG.

JOHN G. SAXE.

I've heard a story, and believe it true,
About a dog that chanced to break his leg;
His master set it and the member grew
Once more a sound and serviceable peg;
And how d'ye think the happy dog exprest
The grateful feelings of his glowing breast?

Twas not in words; the customary pay
Of human debtors for a friendly act;
For dogs their thoughts can neither sing nor say
E'en in "dog-Latin," which (a curious fact)
Is spoken only—as a classic grace—
By grave Professors of the human race!

No, 'twas in deed; the very briefest tail
Declared his deep emotions at his cure;
Short, but significant;—one could not fail,
From the mere wagging of his cynosure
("Surgens e *puppi*"), and his ears agog,
To see the fellow was a grateful dog!

One day—still mindful of his late disaster—
He wandered off the village to explore;

And brought another dog unto his master,
Lame of a leg, as he had been before:
As who should say, "You see!—the dog is lame;
You doctored me; pray, doctor him the same!"

So runs the story, and you have it cheap,—
Dog-cheap, as doubtless such a tale should be;
The moral, surely, isn't hard to reap:
Be prompt to listen unto mercy's plea;
The good you get, diffuse; it will not hurt you
E'en from a dog to learn a Christian virtue!

THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE ivy in a dungeon grew
Unfed by rain, uncheer'd by dew;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave-moistures foul, and odours dank.

But through the dungeon-grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky;
It slept upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to the root:
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it push'd, it clomb—
Long had the darkness been its home;
But well it knew, though veil'd in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong;
Its stem expanded firm and long;
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourish'd fair.

It reach'd the beam—it thrill'd—it curl'd—
It bless'd the warmth that cheers the world;
It rose towards the dungeon bars—
It look'd upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting Spring,
It heard the happy skylark sing;
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

By rains, and dews, and sunshine fed,
Over the outer wall it spread;
And in the daybeam waving free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace.
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day.
Would'st know the moral of the rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light, and climb!

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

"UPHOLD my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray,"
Thus to the Elm, her neighbour,
The Vine, was heard to say;
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A weary lot is mine,
Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine."
The Elm was moved to pity;
Then spoke the generous tree:
"My hapless friend, come hither,
And find support in me."

The kindly Elm receiving
  The graceful Vine's embrace,
Became, with that adornment,
  The garden's pride and grace;
Became the chosen covert
  In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of shepherds,
  And the glory of the spring.

A beautiful example,
  For youthful minds to heed!
The good we do to others
  Shall never miss its meed:
The love of those whose sorrows
  We lighted shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
  That love shall scatter flowers.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old, and ragged, and grey,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;

Past the woman so old and grey,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever so poor, and old, and grey,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was—"God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare,
His face was ruddy and full and fair;
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture book;

His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary, weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint—
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.

At last between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips the husband spoke:
"There's taxes to raise, an' int'rest to pay—
And ef there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
T' have somethin' put by; for folks must die,
And there's funeral bills, and gravestones to buy—
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.
So'f I was you, this is what I'd do:
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
Extra fires don't du any good—
I'd be savin' of soap, and savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather savin' of coffee an' tea,
For sugar is high,
And all to buy;
And cider is good enough drink for me.
I'd be kinder careful of my clo'es,
And look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nature knows;
Extra trimmin'
'S the bane of women.
I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good, nigh about, as money;
And as to the carpet you wanted new—
I guess we can make the old one du.

And as for the washer, and sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em slick and clean.
What do they know about women's work?
Do they kalkilate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row,
They saw their patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples grey, her cheeks sunk in,
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then, with a wrath he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother—
"You talk of savin' wood and ile,
An' tea an' sugar all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

LITTLE PHIL AND THE HEADBOARD.

HELEN RICH.

"MAKE me a headboard, mister, smoothed and painted, you see;
Our ma she died last winter, and sister, and Jack, and me
Last Sunday could hardly find her, so many new graves about,
And Bud cried out, 'We've lost her,' when Jack gave a little shout.
We have worked and saved all winter—been hungry sometimes, I own—
But we hid this much from father under the old door stone.
He never goes there to see her; he hated her; scolded Jack
When he heard us talking about her and wishing she'd come back.

But up in the garret we whisper, and have a good time to cry,—
Our beautiful mother who kissed us, and wasn't afraid to die.
Put on it that she was forty, in November she went away,
That she was the best of mothers, and we haven't forgot to pray;
And we mean to do as she taught us—be loving, and true, and square,
To work and read, to love her, till we go to her up there.
Let the board be white like mother" (the small chin quivered here),
And the lad coughed something under, and conquered a rebel tear.
"Here is all we could keep from father, a dollar and thirty cents,
The rest he has got for coal and flour, and partly to pay the rents."
Blushing the white lie over, and dropping the honest eyes,
"What is the price of headboards, with writing and handsome size?"
"Three dollars!" A young roe wounded just falls with a moan, and he,
With a face like the ghost of his mother, sank down on his tattered knee.
"Three dollars! and we shall lose her, next winter the graves and the snow!"
But the man threw his arms about him, and cuddled the head of tow
Close up to the great heart's shelter, and womanly tears fell fast—
"Dear boy, you shall never lose her, oh,—cling to your sacred past!
Come to-morrow, and bring your sister and Jack, and the board shall be
The best that the shop can furnish; then come here and live with me."

* * * * *

When the orphans loaded their treasure on the rugged old cart next day,
The surprise of the footboard varnish, with all that their love could say;
And "*Edith St. John, Our Mother!*" baby Jack gave his little shout,
And Bud, like a mountain daisy, went dancing her doll about.
But Phil grew white and trembled, and close to the man he crept,
Kissing him like a woman, shivered, and laughed, and wept:
"Do you think our mother sees it in heaven and *she'll* be glad?"
"Not so glad as *you* are, Philip, but finish this job, my lad."

THE SILVER PLATE.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

They passed it along from pew to pew,
And gathered the coins, now fast, now few,
That rattled upon it; and every time
Some eager fingers would drop a dime
On the silver plate with a silver sound,
A boy, who sat in the aisle, looked round
With a wistful look—"O, if only he
Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be!"
He fumbled his pocket, but didn't dare
To hope he should find a penny there;
And much as he searched, when all was done,
He hadn't discovered a single one.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes,
As the minister, in a plaintive wise,
Had spoken of children all abroad
The world, who had never heard of God;

Poor pitiful Pagans, who didn't know,
When they came to die, where their souls would go;
And who shrieked with fear when their mothers made
Them kneel to an idol god—afraid
He might eat them up—so fierce, and wild,
And horrid he seemed to the frightened child.
"How different," murmured the boy, while his
Lips trembled, "How different Jesus is!"

And the more the minister talked, the more
The boy's heart ached to its inner core;
And the nearer to him the silver plate
Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate,
That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed)
To give that the heathen might hear of Christ.
But all at once, as the silver sound
Just tinkled beside him, the boy looked round.
Then bravely turning, as if he knew
There was nothing better that he could do,
He spoke, in a voice that held a tear—
"Put the plate on the bench beside me here."
And the plate was placed, for they thought he meant
To empty his pockets of every cent.
But he stood straight up, and he softly put
Right square in the midst of the plate—his foot,
And said, with a sob controlled before,
"I will give myself—I have nothing more!"

DIMES AND DOLLARS.

HENRY MILLS.

"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
Thus the old miser rang the chimes,
As he sat by the side of an open box,
With ironed angles and massive locks;
And he heaped the glittering coin on high,
And cried in delirious ecstasy—

"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Ye are the ladders by which man climbs
Over his fellows. Musical chimes!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

A sound on the gong, and the miser rose,
And his laden coffer did quickly close,
And locked secure. "These are the times
For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
A letter! Ha! from my prodigal son.
The old tale—poverty—pshaw, begone!
Why did he marry when I forbade?
As he has sown, so he must reap;
But I my dollars secure will keep.
A sickly wife and starving times!
He should have wed with dollars and dimes."

Thickly the hour of midnight fell,
Doors and windows were bolted well.
"Ha!" cried the miser, "not so bad;—
A thousand guineas to-day I've made.
Money makes money; these are the times
To double and treble the dollars and dimes.
Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan,—
Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
And he fell to sleep with the midnight chimes,
Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high, with its beaming ray
Into the miser's room found way.
It moved from the foot till it lit the head
Of the miser's low uncurtained bed;
And seemed to say to him, "Sluggard, awake;
Thou hast a thousand dollars to make.
Up, man, up!" How still was the place,
As the bright ray fell on the miser's face!
Ha! the old miser at last is dead;
Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,

And left behind but an earthly clod,
Akin to the dross that he made his god.

What now avails the chinking chimes
Of dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes?
Men of the times! men of the times!
Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.
Use them well, and their use sublimes
The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.
Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.
Men of the times! men of the times!
Let charity dwell with your dollars and dimes.

A STREET INCIDENT.

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

'TWAS a crowded street, and a cry of joy
Came from a ragged, barefoot boy—
A cry of eager and glad surprise,
And he opened wide his great black eyes,
As he held before him a coin of gold
He had found in a heap of rubbish old
By the curb-stone there.
The passers-by
Paused at hearing that joyous cry,
As if 'twere a heavenly chime that rung,
Or a note from some angel song had been sung
There, in the midst of the hurry and din
That raged the city's heart within,
And they wondered to hear that song of grace
Sung in such strange, unusual place.

As ofttimes into a dungeon deep
Some ray of sunlight perchance will creep,
So did that innocent, childish cry
Break on the musings of passers-by,

Bidding them all at once forget
Stocks, quotations, and tare and tret,
And the thousand cares with which are rife
The daily rounds of a business life.

"How it sparkles!" the youngster cried,
As the golden piece he eagerly eyed;
"Oh, see it shine!" and he laughed aloud,
Little heeding the curious crowd
That gathered around. "Hurrah!" said he,
"How glad my poor old mother'll be!
I'll buy her a brand new Sunday hat,
And a pair of shoes for Nell at that.
And baby sister shall have a dress—
There'll be enough for all, I guess;
And then I'll——"

"Here," said a surly voice,
"That money's mine. You can take your choice
Of giving it up or going to jail."
The youngster trembled, and then turned pale,
As he looked and saw before him stand
A burly drayman with outstretched hand;
Rough and uncouth was the fellow's face,
And without a single line or trace
Of the goodness that makes the world akin.
"Come, be quick! or I'll take you in,"
Said he.

"For shame!" said the listening crowd.
The ruffian seemed for a moment cowed.
"The money is mine," he blustered out;
"I lost it yesterday hereabout.
I don't want nothin' but what's my own,
And I'm going to have it."

The lad alone
Was silent. A tear stood in his eye,
But he brushed it away, he *would not* cry.

"Here, mister," he answered, "take it then;
If it's yours, it's yours; if it hadn't been——"
A sob told all he would have said,
Of the hope so suddenly raised, now dead;
And then with a sigh, which volumes told,
He dropped the glittering piece of gold
Into the other's hand. Once more
He sighed—and his dream of wealth was o'er.
But no! Humanity has a heart
Always ready to take the part
Of childish sorrow, wherever found:
"Let's make up a purse"—the word went round
Through the kindly crowd, and a hat was passed,
And the coins came falling thick and fast.
"Here, sonny; take this," said they. Behold
Full twice as much as the piece of gold
He had given up was in the hand
Of the urchin. He could not understand
It all. The tears came thick and fast,
And his grateful heart found voice at last.
But lo! when he spoke, the crowd had gone—
Left him, in gratitude, there alone.

Who'll say there is not some sweet good-will
And kindness left in this cold world still?

THE BEGGAR BABY.

PALE and weary, strangely old,
Wan with hunger, pinched with cold,
Clothed with rags, around it rolled—
A little beggar baby.

Careless travellers going by
Walked around, lest, coming nigh,
They might hear the hungry cry
Of the poor beggar baby.

Rich men passed, and thought within,
"'Twere well that life had never been,"
As though misfortune were a sin
In a poor beggar baby.

Only the pauper mother smiled,
Only the mother blessed the child,
And murmured love in accents mild
To that poor beggar baby.

But by-and-by the baby died,
And they buried it on the paupers' side
Of the yard;—only the mother cried
For that poor beggar baby,

Who used to cling to her lonely breast,
And kiss her cheek ere it sunk to rest,
Like a little bird in a happy nest—
Poor little beggar baby!

But lo! beyond the pauper tomb
A wondrous light stole through the gloom,
And voices sang, "In Heaven there's room
For that poor beggar baby."

And then in garments white and new,
Upwards the ranks of angels through,
The radiant ransomed spirit flew
Of that poor beggar baby.

THE KAISER'S QUESTIONS.

MARY A. BARR.

THE Kaiser would go to the orphanage,
Upon a summer day;
And the children braided their flaxen hair
And tied it with ribbons gay.
They tied it with ribbons pink and blue,
And each wore her dress of white,

And the Kaiser said he thought no man
Could see a lovelier sight.

Then he took his plumed hat off his head,
And they curtseyed to him low,
He said, "God bless you, children dear,
And make you in wisdom grow."
He called to his side a blue-eyed girl
(She was fair as a child could be),
And he said: "Stand here, thou little one,
And answer me questions three."

"This lily, so fair and white and sweet,
To what kingdom does it belong?"
"To the vegetable kingdom, Sire;"
And her voice was like a song.
"And this little toy of purest gold?"
(He showed her a mimic lyre),
And she looked up with a smile, and said:
"To the mineral kingdom, Sire."

"Now tell me, my clever little maid,
To what kingdom do *I* belong?"
She thought of lions, of cows and sheep,—
The *animal* sure is wrong.
She looked at his kingly air and dress
(She was but a child of eleven),
And said, with a still and solemn air:
"I think—to *the kingdom of Heaven.*"

The Kaiser looked down, and then looked up,
And his eyes were full of tears,
"The wisdom of heaven dwells," he said,
"In the child of tender years."
He felt as if by an angel taught,
And his soul to its depths was stirred;
So he left a royal largess there,
For the little damsel's word.

THE PRINCES' TREASURES.

REV. W. ARNOT.

SAT a band of German princes
Once at Worms, in Cæsar's Hall,
Counting wealth and subjects praising,
Each his own land over all.

Proudly spake the Prince of Sachsen:
"My dominion and its worth!
Why, the mountains teem with silver,
I draw treasures from the earth."

"See my land's exub'rant richness,"
Said the ruler of the Rhine;
"Golden harvests in her valleys,
On the hill-slopes luscious wine."

"Pop'lous cities, well-stored cloisters,"
Ludwig, lord of Baiern, cries,
"For my country over others
Justly claims the foremost prize."

Up spake Everard, the bearded,
Wurtemberg's loved chieftain then:
"My land owns not mines, nor cities
Charged with myriads of men.

"Yet it holds a hidden jewel,
This—that wheresoe'er I tread,
On the breast of every subject
I can safely lay my head."

Then confessed the lord of Sachsen,
Lord of Baiern, lord of Rhine:
"Bearded count, thou art the richest;
Ours is dross, the gem is thine."

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,—
And dashed his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth
It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"
A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn!"

* * * * *

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend—
There lies the happiest land."

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In golden cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling, cried, "My lords! a toast!
To all our ladyes fair;
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Stanton's proud and beauteous dame—
The Ladye Gundemere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung
As Stanley gave the word:
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the ladye of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His ladye's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise,
On him are fixed those countless eyes—
A gallant knight is he:
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in ladye's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye,
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LITTLE BELL.

BY THOMAS WESTWOOD.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."
The Ancient Mariner.

PIPED the Blackbird, on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name? Oh! stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks,
"Bonny bird!" quoth she,
"Sing me your best song, before I go."
"Here's the very finest song, I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped—you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird;
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now so soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out, freely, o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seem'd to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripp'd, and through the glade—
Peep'd the Squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree,
Swung and leap'd and frolick'd, void of fear,
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear—
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, Squirrel! to your task return;
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kiss'd brown by July sun,
In the little lap drops, one by one—
Hark! how Blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"*Happy* Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell look'd up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny Blackbird, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolick playmates twain
Piped and frisk'd from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seem'd to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice, to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Croon'd the Blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, *dear* Bell!" croon'd he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmur'd, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love deep and kind
Shall watch round and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

LORD HOUGHTON.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night! good-night!

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night! good-night!"

The horses neigh'd, and the oxen low'd,
The sheep's bleat! bleat! came over the road—
All seeming to say with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night; good-night!"

She did not say to the sun "good-night!"
Tho' she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violet courtseyed and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favourite pray'r.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day—
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
Good-morning! good-morning! our work is begun!

DOWN IN A FIELD.

DOWN in a field one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished to be a daisy.

For daisies grow so straight and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome colour,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day, when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said;
"I think you must be crazy!
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all be wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup,
Just here where you are growing.'

CATCHING THE CAT.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE mice had met in council;
They all looked haggard and worn,
For the state of affairs was too terrible
To be any longer borne.
Not a family out of mourning—
There was crape on every hat.
They were desperate—something must be done,
And done at once, to the cat.

An elderly mother rose and said:
"It might prove a possible thing
To set the trap which they set for us—
That one with the awful spring!"
The suggestion was applauded
Loudly by one and all,
Till somebody squeaked: "That trap would be
About ninety-five times too small!"

Then a medical mouse suggested—
A little under his breath—
They should confiscate the very first mouse
That died a natural death,
And he'd undertake to poison the cat,
If they'd let him prepare that mouse.
"There's not been a natural death," they shrieked
"Since the cat came into the house!"

The smallest mouse in the council
Arose with a solemn air,
And, by way of increasing his stature,
Rubbed up his whiskers and hair

He waited until there was silence
All along the pantry shelf,
And then he said with dignity,
"*I* will catch the cat myself!

"When next I hear her coming,
Instead of running away,
I shall turn and face her boldly,
And pretend to be at play;
She will not see her danger,
Poor creature! I suppose;
But as she stoops to catch *me*,
I shall catch *her*, by the nose!"

The mice began to look hopeful,
Yes, even the old ones, when
A grey-haired sage said slowly,
"And what will you do with her then?"
The champion, disconcerted,
Replied with dignity, "Well,
I think if you'll all excuse me,
'Twould be wiser not to tell!

"We all have our inspirations"—
This produced a general smirk—
"But we are not all at liberty
To explain just how they'll work.
I ask you, then, to trust me;
You need have no farther fears—
Consider our enemy done for!"
The council gave three cheers.

"I do believe she's coming!"
Said a small mouse, nervously.
"Run, if you like," said the champion,
"But *I* shall wait and see!"

And sure enough she was coming—
The mice all scampered away
Except the noble champion,
Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith, of course they had—
They were all of them noble souls,
But a sort of general feeling
Kept them safely in their holes,
Until some time in the evening;
Then the boldest ventured out,
And saw, happily in the distance,
The cat prance gaily about!

There was dreadful consternation,
Till some one at last said, "Oh,
He's not had time to do it,
Let us not prejudge him so!"
"I believe in him, of course I do,"
Said the nervous mouse, with a sigh,
"But the cat looks uncommonly happy,
And I wish I *did* know why!"

The cat, I regret to mention,
Still prances about that house,
And no message, letter, or telegram
Has come from the champion mouse.
The mice are a little discouraged;
The demand for crape goes on;
They feel they'd be happier if they knew
Where the champion mouse has gone.

This story has a moral—
It is very short, you see;
So no one, of course, will skip it,
For fear of offending me.

It is well to be courageous,
And valiant, and all that,
But—if you are mice—you'd better think twice,
Before you catch the cat.

THE HIRED SQUIRREL.

(A RUSSIAN FABLE.)

LAURA SANFORD.

A LION to the Squirrel said:
"Work faithfully for me,
And when your task is done, my friend,
Rewarded you shall be
With a barrel-full of finest nuts,
Fresh from my own nut-tree."
"My Lion King," the Squirrel said,
"To this I do agree."

The Squirrel toiled both day and night,
Quite faithful to his hire;
So hungry and so faint sometimes
He thought he should expire.
But still he kept his courage up,
And tugged with might and main.
"How nice the nuts will taste," he thought,
"When I my barrel gain."

At last, when he was nearly dead,
And thin and old and grey,
Quoth th' Lion: "There's no more hard work
You're fit to do. I'll pay."
A barrel-full of nuts he gave—
Ripe, rich, and big; but oh!
The Squirrel's tears ran down his cheeks.
He'd *lost his teeth*, you know!

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

ALFRED DOMET.

(Old Style. 1837.)

It was the calm and silent night!—
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home!
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for nought
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference!—low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares:
The earth was still—but knew not why;
The world was listening—unawares!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed.
Man's doom was linked no more to sever
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

TRUE faith, producing love to God and man,
Say, echo, is not this the Gospel plan?
The Gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?
Love him still.

If he my failing watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?
As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blest,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;
And if I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?
Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?
Be patient still, and still forgive.

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove!
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love!
Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart, then be it so;
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know;
And now to practise I'll directly go.
Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.
Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on Him my every care,
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.
Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done,
Must I, in point of merit, them disown,
And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?
Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough! thy counsels to mine ear
Are sweeter than, to flowers, the dewdrop tear;
Thy wise instructive lessons please me well:
I'll go and practise them. Farewell, farewell!
PRACTISE them. Farewell, farewell!

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

CAROLINE BOWLES (MRS. SOUTHEY).

LAUNCH thy bark, Mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands!
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily;
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily!
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee!
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the fore-sail there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear;
There swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?
"Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant!
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold!
There—let the ingots go!
Now the ship rights.
Hurrah! the harbour's near,—
Lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer—
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
HEAVEN IS THY HOME!

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

GEORGE W. DOANE.

WHAT is that, mother?—
The lark, my child.—
The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—
The dove, my son,—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?—
The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;

His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—
The swan, my love.—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

"METHINKS this world is oddly made,
And everything amiss,"
A dull, complaining Atheist said,
As stretched he lay beneath a shade,
And instanced it in this:—

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upward cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

"While on this tree, a fruit so small,
So disproportion'd grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

"My better judgment would have hung
That fruit upon this tree,
And left this nut thus slightly strung,
'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be."

No more the caviller could say,
No further faults descry,
For upward gazing as he lay,
An acorn, loosen'd from its stay,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punished for the sin:
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimseys would have worked no more,
Nor skull have kept them in.

THE BETTER LAND.

FELICIA HEMANS.

[This piece may be recited as a dialogue.]

Child. I hear thee speak of the Better Land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flow'r of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance thro' the myrtle boughs?—
Mother. Not there, not there, my child!

Child. Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Mother. Not there, not there, my child!

Child. Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Mother. Not there, not there, my child!

Mother. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,—
It is there, it is there, my child!

THE TRUMPET.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
Light up the beacon pyre!
A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire,
A hundred banners on the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast—
And, hark! was that the sound of seas?
A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in the hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth.
The mother on her first-born son
Looks with a boding eye—
They come not back, though all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound,
The falchion to his side;
E'en for the marriage-altar crowned,
The lover quits his bride.
And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By *earthly* clarion spread!
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead?

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